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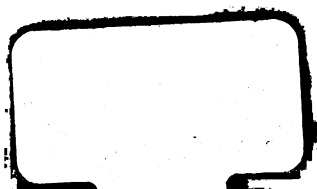
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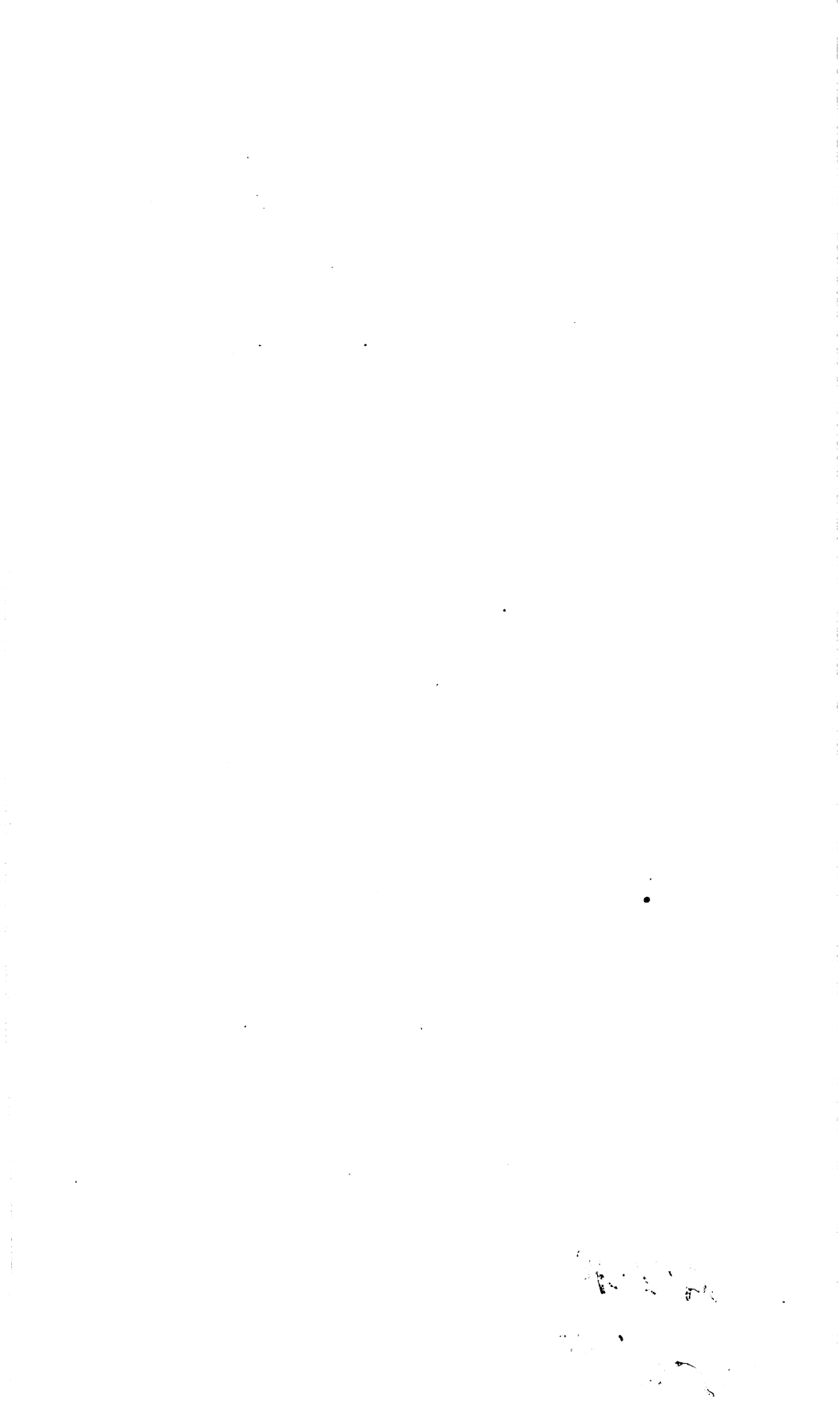
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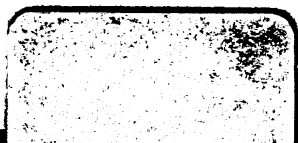
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BIZARRE,

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

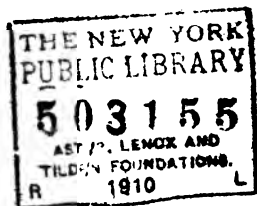
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VOL. II.

NOVEMBER—MARCH, 1852—3.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farquhar.*

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"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MAD-CAP?"—*Farquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

VOLUME II. }
PART 14. }

FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1852.

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DAGUERREOTYPES—TAKEN GRATIS.

Gentle reader, probably if we sketch you off, just as you appear to your neighbors, you will advance with a menacing stride to wreak your vengeance; but like Mercury, we grasp a sword which renders us quite invisible, sir, so if you do make an attack you will only beat the air. Take a seat, draw up the light, pshaw, don't look up at the sun. We have no reference to the sun; draw up the light of truth. That's the true light after all, and let the ray fall just so on your mental profile, on your moral phiz, on your whole system of habitudes which constitute your actual features. That is, the real man. When you have depicted on the canvass, or portrayed in the daguerreotype, your corporeal lineaments, you think you have got yourself. Get away with that kind of philosophy. You have no more got yourself, than you have got the grand Lama of Thibet. When you have got the nut-shell, do you think you have got the kernel? When you have got the melon-rind, (excuse the exceeding homeliness of the illustration,) have you got the refreshing fruit? And when you have got lines and coloring, and a' that and a' that, have you got the man? Is this mere surface the faithful delineator of your temperament and habitudes? Is it the exponent of your higher nature? Oh! take a seat; for you have never had your likeness taken yet, although you have got a box of miniatures and daguerreotypes. Don't look astonished and indignant—don't think we are cracking a joke on you. We speak the words of truth and soberness. But as we perceive you are beginning to acquiesce in our decision, we will promise you to treat you politely and mildly, while we sketch you. We will say everything with a view to your best interest, and after we have drawn you, we pledge ourselves not to put a label on you, and place you in a show case. No other eye but your own shall rest upon the daguerreotype—shall we coin a word, and say the Alethotype? Do you understand Greek? or Veritype. Do you comprehend Latin?

or the Amethatype. Do you read Hebrew without the points? At any rate whether you understand the dead languages or no, we will give you and you alone, the living type—the breathing delineation; and then we will expect you to hang it up in the chamber of conscience, and refer to it as often, as you do to your time-piece; and straighten that feature, and correct that, and modify that, and develop that more strongly, and bring yourself up to the true standard of moral perfection. If you do this, then the world will fall in love with you, and you will be one of the most popular, yes, the most popular of the moderns. You will eclipse old Aristides—you will contest the palm with Titus the son of Vespasian, to be called *Deliciae humanarum generum*—the women will all be enamored of you, and when you select one for a companion, they will pine away in troops, as the virgins are said to have done in the case of Mahomet, because good luck did not predestine you to be the happy and successful fair one; and twenty to one, if some of these days you will not be a candidate for the Presidency, and drive the whole world before you, as you used to drive a snow-ball or trundle a hoop. That is with the same indefinable ease. In a word you will be *facile princeps*.

But you are in the chair, and we commence. Fix your eye on that point, while we admit a ray of truth. Look steadily at that end of the box. There, that will do. You are on the plate and you need no coloring. The plate says that you possess a good deal of self-conceit, and have pretty exalted notions of your acquired abilities, and that you frequently underrate the respectable claims of others. Now you promised not to get angry, didn't you? The plate says that you have not quite that amount of sympathy which prompts the good man to rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with those who weep; that you sometimes pass by on the other side with the Priest and Levite, and leave the poor wounded man, to his pains and misery; that you do not often pluck the thorn from the pillow of misfortune, and that

you plant more dahlias in your garden, than you do flowers of genuine beneficence, in the pathway of the disconsolate. Don't start so! The light I hope does not materially injure your eyes. The plate says that you are sometimes a little wanting in filial affection; and while you are full of bows among your acquaintances, you at home leave off the Frenchman, and assume the box-coat of Amsterdam; that you draw on the amiable when you go abroad, as you would draw on your kid gloves; and throw it off when you enter the domicile of your youth, as you do that loose morning wrapper, which your kind old grandmother made you; she who has gone to God. You seem to sit uneasy—keep calm—I am not at all angry with you. We will part the best of friends, when I put the daguerreotype in its showy little case.

I am informed by the talismanic plate, that at a party the other night, you professed to be quite a proficient in French literature, and had been duly initiated into the profound mysteries of Racine and Moliere, when you were perfectly confident that you had only dipped a little into the contents of the aforesaid authors, but not been sufficiently immersed for the scent of the roses to cling to you still. You did this to please a dashing young belle, who had proved to your entire satisfaction, that your heart was not made of the tongs, and who being fresh from the select seminary of Monsieur Recherché, was enamoured with any one who could equal her ladyship in a smattering of the lingo Français. Has any mosquito stung you my friend, or has some attic bee got inside of your neckcloth? Don't dream that I am getting waspish in temperament, for I never felt more of the milk of human kindness in my veins, than at the very moment I am holding you so uneasy. You must not be so perplexed, because you have been ferreted out by this so searching ray of truth, which seems to be akin to the lynx, in its investigating properties. I want to know if you are the first fellow who has whispered a little soft exaggeration into the ear of some captivating Desdemona, and spoken the verity with a few insignificant variations. Certainly not, it is as fashionable to annex variations to narrative, as it is too add variations to popular pieces of music. Musical connoisseurs inform us, that the essence of the melody actually resides in such variations, and by parity of reasoning, the essence of the spice of colloquy is hidden in the slight modifications of the narrative which enliven, while they develop very materially the inventive genius of the speaker. *Ecartez-vous, mon ami; Comprenez-vous?* But not to be hypocritical, I am informed by the plate, that you do generally bow at the shrine of truth, and it is only on occasions when the

homely features of the old-fashioned dame are repulsive to the exquisites, that you take her by the shoulders, and Goddess though she is, tell her that although you are avowedly her worshipper, yet at a soiree she is rather out of her element. But the unequivocating old lady, not liking your special pleading, goes off, at the same time stirring up the embers of conscience, to advocate her cause during her absence. Now, if you can sit right quiet for about ten minutes, we will prorogue the parliament without any flourish of trumpets, and dismiss you to your habitation, with your picture in your hand, and we trust a love of good principles in your heart of hearts. We suspect by this time you begin to think that you are either Shadrach, Meshach, or Abednego, and that we are Nebuchadnezzar revived, heating the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heated. But no, my friend, you are not one of the Jewish children at all. Be careful not to put yourself in the wrong catalogue. And certainly, we ourselves, claim no blood-relationship to old Nebuchadnezzar. Still, if you do get a little taste of the fire, it will eventuate we trust in purifying you from a little of your dross, and then we shall see the fine gold of that true nature which has been somewhat alloyed by conventional silliness. Ah! we had almost forgotten to say, that the plate intimates pretty strongly, that you are comparatively delinquent in meeting your pecuniary obligations. Oh, dear friend, the plate does say it. Look for yourself. Do you not observe that dark cloudy something, which is moving over, and now resting on that peculiarly straight line, which is labelled honesty? When that dark shadow rests there, it tells a tale. It says that when the precise tailor presents his lawful bill, you dodge him as you would a horned rhinoceros; that when you meet him on the street, you shirk from his keen look as if each of his visual orbs darted poisoned copper balls to make way with you completely; that you sometimes pay indeed a liberal per centage of your debts, say twenty cents on the dollar, and then felicitate yourself, that thousands are far more roguish than you are, and far less inclined to be just before they are generous; that you would rather live genteelly, even if it came out of the popular revenue, than emulate old Diogenes in his tub, luxuriating on his meal and water; in fine, that you consider to be pressed by debt, which has nothing in it of dishonor, unless the legal functionary is positively down upon you with his warrant; and that John Randolph, was only evincing one of his eccentricities, when he got up in the Senate, and said that he had discovered the philosopher's stone, which would transmute everything to gold, and that was,

"Pay as you go." My friend don't pick up your hat. It is not at all polite when a man is so cordially welcomed, and so agreeably entertained as you have been to-day, to get up in that summary way, and make for the door, as if he had suddenly been blessed with a sight of the boa constrictor. Do make yourself perfectly at home, I beseech you.

Do you smoke? For if you do, in a few minutes I will hand you one of the finest flavored cigars, that you ever laid eyes on, or lips to. We will turn out aborigines of the first water, and smoke the pipe of peace, with a vigor which would astonish King Philip of Mount Hope, or any Sachem of the Narragansetts. There is you know nothing equal to a smoke, for conciliating differences. The rainbow of peace encircles every ascending whiff, and tells us that the storm-cloud has rolled off to all intents and purposes, and golden-tintured amity comes forth to be major-domo and master of the ceremonies. Well, as we said before, we promise you a cigar, if you will only keep quiescent, and lend a willing ear to the balance of our observations on your peculiar characteristics. On the line which indicates reverence for religious observances, quite a bright light seems to linger. That testifies that you are by no means indisposed to evince your practical regard for the Sabbath, by attending a place of worship, and listening to a finely elaborated discourse on doctrinal topics. For moral sermons, those which enforce the paramount obligation of relative duties, you have no special regard. You love the music of a good choir. Indeed, you regard music as the life of devotion, and look upon the man who has no taste for it as "fit for treason, stratagems and spoil," nay, fit for the old fiend himself; who cannot be moved by concord of sweet sounds to amend his ways, and be more refined and polished in his manners. This element in your character is ominous of future good. No man can frequent the sanctuary, without being somewhat influenced for right and justice. My delineation of your character is nearly over. You have one good feature, and that is perseverance. There is about you an elastic energy which is calculated to prompt to the achievement of worthy deeds. When once you have commenced an undertaking, you adhere to it like a United States post stamp to a letter. Difficulties do not often intimidate you, nor obstacles dampen your generous ardor. Taken on the whole you might be a worse fellow, yes, infinitely worse. You might be all black, while now you are grizzly grey, and that you know is a decided approximation to virgin white. You must not think that I have rubbed you with attic salt, with the avowed design of taking the skin off. I do not hold to the doctrine of skinning one of

the feline brotherhood, much less one who belongs to a fraternity with heavier whiskers than the cat tribe; and that is the biped whose mouth is concealed by one vast wilderness, one boundless contiguity of hair. But are you running off without your cigar. Stop, stop, and, whether you smoke or not, carry home with a good heart your secret daguerreotype.

Suspend it in some safe spot, and if you want to emulate the ancients in classical propriety and gracefulness, procure the services of a little page, and let him whisper in your ear at stated intervals, "Philip of Macedon, that is thy daguerreotype." This will wake you up if you happen to get into a reverie, recal your scattered senses, and settle you nicely on the mount of meditation. We sincerely hope that since we have made no charge for our trouble, you will recommend us to the commonwealth, as one who shows off to advantage, the internal frame-work, the actual existing *homo*, as a sentiment of responsible being, and places a man in spite of his endeavors to the contrary, in the very best of company—that is, in company with himself:—

"Oh, if the Gods the gift would gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us,
It would fra many a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

We just thought as we were about to finish our discursive disquisition, whether, if the daguerreotypes of the actual man, were suspended in show-cases at the bulk-windows of our fancy stores, quite so many citizens would complacently stand to contemplate the delineations as now gaze at the shadowy semblances of those they love? Whether a visitor would have placed in his hand the likeness of his host, of that likeness was a tell-tale affair, which in a few artistic lines summed up his biography from the day he chiselled his schoolmate out of his jack-knife, to the hour that he shaved that nose so dexterously, and chuckled over his success as a broker of the first water. We have an idea that show-cases in such a state of affairs would be soon demolished, and Talbotypes, and all other kind of types, put carefully away in the garret by the frightened anti-types. Theologians even, might lose their regard for everything typical in Moses, and like the Iconolasts, wield the axe of extermination. As such a state of society would be too disastrous, we will deprecate its occurrence, and pray that the time will never come when our neighbors shall see us just as we are, and keek through us, to use the words of the Ayeshire bard with sharp and sly inspection. No, give us the graceful mantle of a feigned nature, and we will have envelopes for our hearts, as well as for our

letters, and thus keep up the rule of proportion, and maintain the unities of action. There now, Diogenes, keep under your tub.

TERRA DEL FUEGO.

FROM A PAINTING BY HAMILTON.

The land of terrors with its giant cliffs
Pressing towards the skies; steep mountain heights

In rivalry excelling, till the clouds
Have found an earthly base, the light a place
On which to rest, when gleam of setting sun
Hath long since passed from off the western clouds,

And left the sea to-night. The chasms fierce

With craggy sides precipitate, and faced
By darkness even in meridian day,
Drive back the insolent surge that found its way,

Child of the wandering billow, there to sport
With spirits of the gloom, who love its light,
Its fleecy silvery spray, and fain would keep
Possession of its form. These rocks on rocks,

These giant grandees of a continent,
Well may their name be terrible; the sea
For ages now hath spent its furious wrath,
The great Antarctic continent hath sent
Forward with thundering shock, icebergs to break

Upon their forms, and still they lift their heads

Appealing to the Gods. Cold, cheerless rocks,

To which the sun is but a distant light,
Doomed like the tyrant's prisoners of old,
Only to face your shadows, ye do seem
Of all things most immutable. A barque
Wrecked on your cruel crags, doth typify
Weakness of human power; the soundless sea

Outspread with a dull and listless air
Towards the angry skies, some mighty power

Thou hear'st awhile subdued, and yet shall rise

Again to battle—terrible in strength—
E'en now its billowed armies seem to rise
On the horizon dark.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INKSTAND.

PART SECOND.

My life has been passed as I have already intimated in three distinct quarters of this terrestrial ball. Upon the decease of Tom I fell into the legitimate custody of his son William, who has for a number of years been settled in one of the Southern States. Upon my

first settlement in Richmond, I was somewhat out of my element, I missed the usages of Bolivia, and felt non-plussed at some of the customs prevailing in conventional life, I believe an inkstand can get as much attached to localities as those who are denominated reflective and sentient beings, and regret as much as they the dissolution of old and sacred ties. But I gradually accommodated myself to existing circumstances, and in the course of a few months had all the settled complacency about me which characterizes the fully-naturalized citizen. But now a change came o'er the spirit of my dream, or rather a change came o'er the color of my ink. One morning an agent for a new species of blue ink called upon William and urged his claims so very strenuously that my master purchased some bottles and forthwith replenished me with a tide of blue. I never uttered a remonstrance but I am confident had my master known the bitter reflections which assailed me at the moment, he would have adhered to the black and given the cold shoulder to all innovation. I had been furnishing my partner, the goose-quill, with black potations for a century, and now to stop off his supply of the Simon pure article, and offer him some fanciful ethereal milk and water stuff which could scarcely be perceptible on paper was rather too much for my nerves. I felt like a fellow, who, in spite of his conscience, has to get off his damaged goods to the best advantage, while all the while he repudiates the principle of roguery. But I question whether reasoning bipeds ever do repudiate the principle.

Men change their politics with a good conscience. They turn from black to blue and from blue to vermilion with very little compunction of the inward monitor. They avow theories of every shade till they have got through all the colors of the prism, and then congratulate themselves upon being men of consummate policy and wondrous forecast. Equally prompt are they at changing their theological tenets. They empty their craniums of the black and fill them with the blue without experiencing a single emotion of grief; heterodox to-day, orthodox to-morrow, the third day on the socialist order, and, finally squinting towards atheism. Let some one come along like the agent for the model ink, and with great pomposity of manner, and a share of modest assurance, recite most glowingly the numberless advantages of a new creed whether religious or political, and followers throng his steps like the locusts of Egypt when spoken into existence by the magic fiat of him who acted as the ambassador of Jehovah to scourge the rebellious land of Miriam. An old preacher once said that if he were to judge of people by their restlessness, he would say that most of man-

kind were stung by the gad-fly. My old Master Jennings used to remark that variety was the spice of life that gave it all its flavor. But when the whole meal is metamorphosed into condiments, we think that the stomach had better resign its commission, for certainly too much spice will debilitate its functions. Variety however was not the spice for me, I longed heartily to get back to my old color, and although I knew perfectly well that Minerva was blue-eyed, and the celestial expanse was of an azure tint, and the meandering streamlet was blue, still I recalled the fact that a rigid Puritan was called a true blue rather reproachfully, and that a man who had dipped into alcohol was said to be rather blue. And somehow or other the reproachful epithets were more in my mind's eye than the poetical associations. I anticipated with rapture the auspicious era when my master could draw up a statement, or make out a bill, or despatch a letter, and say with emphasis, "there I have it in black and white." This expression had been used by my master's family as far back as my memory served me. But now he was silent. He never said, I hardly think he could have said, "there I have it in blue and white."

My master William was a singularly impatient being,—I hope I will not be looked upon as hypocritical for thus recording his defects.—He was a perfect flash in the pan, as much so as the stump-orator, when you tell him his candidate stands a poor chance of election. He was up in a minute if you differed from him or thwarted his desires, and in case of any mishap or accident which deranged him he was altogether off his guard in deprecating the approach of such contingent disasters, and heaping invectives upon dame chance for allowing them to occur to ruffle his equanimity. If the goose-quill got a little fractious, and spouted a jet of ink over the sheet of white paper, the unfeeling knife was set to work upon it with all the merciless rapacity of a surgeon, and it was split up and still split up till nothing but feathers were left to testify that "Troja once fuit, but was not any more," I have repeatedly thought on such occasions, when expecting myself to be broken in pieces, like a potter's vessel, of the wonderful self-control of Sir Isaac Newton. It appears that no disaster or contingency could in the least discompose his spirit; his was that uniform complacency which confers lasting happiness on its possessor, and which I am sorry to say, is rarely found in this unquiet, restive, factious age of the world. He could close down the valves of passion with the ease and skill of the engineer, and thus escape getting scalded himself, and helping his fellow-man with the hot-steam of irritation. My readers have doubtless heard of that beautiful instance of his self-control which should

be a standard of universal imitation. He had just completed a complex calculation in the mathematics, which had quite exhausted his physical strength, and the result of his elaborate study was before his delighted eyes in the tangible form of writing; his little dog Diamond, in skirmishing about the table of our philosopher, upset the contents of the inkstand very unceremoniously upon the papers which contained the calculations and completely marred the performance of the profound astronomer. Sir Isaac, however, was composed. He neither demolished the inkstand, nor shot the dog, although he had emphatically proved himself to be a diamond in the rough. With perfect equanimity he first looked at his damaged papers, and then at the canine culprit, and exclaimed in accents of sorrow, but not of anger, "Oh! Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done." I have no doubt that the inkstand of Newton, which had been thus an unwilling accessory to the disaster, felt more inclined to castigate the quadruped than any one imagines, but being in the presence of so great a dignitary, it wisely kept its tongue, and only looked black at the offender. Inkstands, you know, like passengers in a stage-coach, will sometimes be upset against their will. They always endeavor to retain their position, and that is more than can be said of mankind at large; for some men, the drunkard for instance, are perfectly reckless as to whether they keep their standing or not, and tilt over, not caring for the blots they make on their reputation, which are certainly far more to be deprecated than blots upon paper, or peach-stains on your new pair of white pants. My poor master however was a kind-hearted man despite his impulsive temperament. I believe he honestly bewailed his quickness of temper, and I have often heard him read the very incident in the life of Newton just adverted to, and bestow the highest encomiums on the great Christian sage. Ah! how many see their errors but have not the moral power to correct them! How many bewail what they never attempt to rectify, and mourn over what they seem unable to restrain! Had my master William a wife, who could lay her gentle hand upon his shoulder just at the time when he was chafing with vexation, could he hear the expostulating syllables of some sweet charmer just as he was launching out into a strain of invective, doubtless he would soon be metamorphosed, into a subdued Isaac Newton. But he is without a wife. And probably his petulance is on the increase because he has none. If it would not be stepping out of my sphere I would like to suggest the propriety of his taking to himself a better half, but I am very slow to move in the premises, as an inkstand in the gener-

ality of instances always likes to keep its place.

There is one circumstance which has materially conduced to engender this morbid irritability in my honored owner, and it is this; he is excessively annoyed at those persons who are ever and anon greeting his ears with the euphonic accents, "will you be kind enough to lend me your inkstand for a few minutes?" To be sure he will with ineffable grace extend to them the loan of the much desired article, but no sooner are they out of hearing than he bursts out into a tirade of sarcasm and invective, and wishes most heartily that people would be considerate enough to supply themselves with inkstands and umbrellas. I do not much wonder that my master dislikes the fraternity of borrowers, and verily their name is legion. They are not generally a class whose pecuniary circumstances are so straitened that they cannot afford themselves the luxuries of pen, ink, and paper, or else practical philanthropy would cheerfully dictate the temporary supply of these necessities. No, they are more like an old Spaniard who formerly frequented my old master's abode in Bolivia; they are always going to make such a purchase, but they fail when it comes to the test. I shall never forget that old greasy-looking specimen of humanity; he was a borrower par excellence; did he wish to disrobe his face of its redundant growth of hair, he must borrow a razor; did he wish to know whether an earthquake had visited Caracas, or whether the coffee market in Laguayra was still firm and active, he must borrow the daily print; did he even want a string to tie up a bundle of knick-knacks, he must borrow your thread or twine. It did appear as if he looked upon his neighbors as those who were bound by some antecedent conventional stipulation, to supply him gratis with razors, and twine, and newspapers. Often have I been lent to him to furnish him with the sable tide to write a letter to an absent relative whom he was importing to send him some Spanish dollars to meet his emergencies. He always returned the articles loaned, however, and in this feature constituted a striking exception to the class, for even David was posted up to the fact that the "ungodly borroweth and payeth not again;" and we are inclined to think that David's experience is only a transcript of the experience of humanity at large. People should instantly form a society whose object should be to turn the cold shoulder to all applicants who are able to supply themselves with articles, whose utility they never value except just at the nick of time when they are pressed for them. Were such an organization consummated there would not be so many missing umbrellas, just when a poor fellow

wanted to go out to bring his wife from church on a rainy Sunday. Borrowed books would then begin to replenish empty shelves, and the brotherhood of inkstands be allowed to stand on the desk, in the undisputed sovereignty of their own immediate locality. I am afraid I shall never see the society organized, for long before that era I expect to show my brittleness by cracking in two. And now I have almost arrived at the end of my history. I have seen many changes in the world of active beings, and also in my own world of paper and pens. I have beheld the departure of successive bottles of ink, which have been transferred to the virgin page. An exceeding great army of goose-quills have died in my service, and reams upon reams of foolscap been pressed into my employ. The physician has had me by his side when he penned his prescription; the conveyancer when he drew up the final will and testament; the names of the undertaker when he placed upon paper the attending funeral train. I have been close by the elbow of the man of business when he made out his invoices of merchandize, and by the maiden when she wrote her tender missive of a reciprocated affection. I have seen the tear, and heard the sigh of misery; and I have listened to the exuberant shouts of joyous mirth and light-heartedness; I have been in many a clime, and mingled with men of various nations; but I have found that the whole human family participate in kindred joys and sorrows, and that the trials and the pleasures of existence are the same at the pole or the equator; and I have learned to know that, in the words of Dickens, there is but one sky over all the world, and whether it be clear or cloudy, there lies but one Heaven beyond it. Will you say then that inkstand though I am, I have not profited by my experience, and made good use of the boon of my existence.

THE LATE EDGAR ALLEN POE.

"*Nil mortuis nisi bonum*,"—"Say nothing but good of the dead,"—has so long been a popular maxim, that it may seem rather presumptuous to challenge its soundness. And, yet we venture to pronounce the exceptions to its propriety to be very numerous. Especially numerous in the case of authors, whose intellects and characters, embodied in books, continue to act for good or for evil, long after they have in person disappeared from the world. Where such books are tainted with falsity and evil, it assuredly can be no breach of charity to speak both of them and their writers with the utmost plainness of rebuke, compatible with truth. Under such circumstances, the living and the dead are justly amenable to the same tribu-

nals. We would therefore, offer as a substitute for the maxim in question, this—"say nothing of the dead but the truth, and utter even the truth, for truth's exclusive sake."

It may be inferred from these preliminaries, that we purpose speaking with something of reprehension of the writer, whose name heads our paper. Not at all from personal motives, for we never saw him, and cannot claim to know anything of him, save what we have learned from his writings, since we count it fairest to judge him by himself.

Few biographies sadden us like his. We cannot choose, but reckon him a splendidly endowed creature, and yet we take this opinion rather upon trust, than upon demonstrative proof. For, with the exception of his "Eureka," we remember nothing of his, that comes up to what we think he might have achieved, had his development and circumstances been thoroughly genial. But how mournfully little did those fine endowments contribute either to his own happiness or to the welfare of his kind! The sum of his life and performances was a small and marred fulfilment of a radiant promise.

Yes, his genius was undeniable, though for ourselves, we believe in it more from scattered intimations, than from completed achievements. It was, too, of vivid quality and very considerable scope. But it was never allowed fair play, nor ever reached an orderly, healthful development. This is manifest from several prominent faults, which mar all his productions. One of the worst of these, is a haunting self-consciousness, amounting to absolute disease. His description of his mode of composing his "Raven," may be a veracious statement, or a quiz. But, even if true, it was not necessary to the demonstration of what we say, since proofs of it may be found in all his writings. He would seem to have been wont to count each throb of his "pulse poetic," to have listened to each accelerated respiration of his poetic race.

The perfectly healthy man, says the physician, knows not that he has a digestive organ, while the circulations all proceed without his consciousness. It is so, not to the same, but yet to a considerable degree, with the mental operations. Thought has laws of its own—laws inherent in its very essence. We cannot will that this, rather than that thought should suggest itself to us, or determine, by an act of volition, one sequence of ideas, instead of another. We can, it is true, elect to fix our attention on one subject in preference to a different one, and this is all. Having thus elected, one thought follows another in a succession settled by the laws of thought, and wearing the form and coloring decided by the mind's

own general mould and present mood. We gain nothing, therefore, by the exercise of this self-consciousness; by thus standing (so to speak) on one side, and watching the intellectual currents flowing by. On the contrary, we work our own harm. We are not at one with ourselves. This distraction of attention cannot fail to mar the thing performed.

We think this result to be very obvious in most of our author's poetry, to say the least. There is in it very little of a surrender to, and absorption by a flow of genuine inspiration. Every where you detect a cold ingenuity, and an elaborate artificialness. However graceful and swan-like the motion of the vessel, and however musically it ripples along its course, and however great the power manifestly concerned in its impulsion, we hear everlastingly the noise of the engine, and most disturbing and vexing does that noise finally become. Could he but have ignored himself; could he but have lost this intrusive personality in a sublime self-abandonment to the power of the Muse, he must, we think, have produced genuine poetry of a high order—a thing, which in our view he has not done. How it was, that he never became fully possessed by that vivid, rapid faculty of his, is certainly very strange. Genius, that grandest of names; the veritable synonyme of inspiration, or the permeation of its medium by a something higher and greater than itself; how can such a power be other than self-governed? For none save itself is competent to this office—least of all, a faculty so far inferior to it as the critical intellect.

Of course, we speak of the critical intellect comparatively. High ability may be involved in it. But is it not a nobler thing to create than to talk, were it never so wisely and eloquently, about the thing created? No genuine, healthful poet, in his hour of celestial madness, could have wrought, as Poe tells us he did, in the production of the "Raven." For, according to his statement, the critical and the creative, or the analytic and the concrete, powers were acting together throughout, the higher being in subordination to the lower. By necessity therefore, the product was simple mechanism, and not growth.

The creative and the analytic faculties are sometimes found existing in the same mind, of great and equal, or nearly equal strength. But in a mind rightly unfolded, and in a healthy state, however nearly balanced, they never, we suspect, interfere with each other's action, or insist on acting together. Each has its own season of sole activity, and is, the while, the mind's autocrat. Otherwise, the result would be confusion and self-division.

In Poe, the critical power, would seem to

have usurped a permanent domination, and to have never been content to let the other powers work unobstructedly within their natural bounds. It must ever be interfering and dictating, where it was not qualified for the office. Or, at any rate, it must eternally stand by with its disturbing presence.

And here inevitably, comes in a consideration of moral causes. Man is a unit, and the intellect cannot act orderly, where the moral being is disordered. The morbid activity of the analytic function, would grow naturally out of the passional disturbances, which so vexed this unfortunate man. Nor have we any doubt, that such was the fact. No one can read his prose, to say the least, without perceiving the writer to be one of the most unhappy, storm-tossed, and morally chaotic of men. What were the original causes of this state, we have no present call to inquire. We do not, however, believe irregularities of habit to have been the primary source of the evil. They may, and they do aggravate such evil, when once induced, by embroiling the circumstances about the sufferer, and placing him in painful and exacerbating relations towards the world, to say nothing of their injury to the physical health. But they do not, we suspect, originate the mischief. Its springs lie elsewhere, and are of a mental or moral nature.

Is it not strange, that the wise should so long continue to mistake on this point? Can they ever have striven to solve such questions as these? What man, whose heart feels the summer-warmth of happiness, or the autumnal glow of content, ever puts liquid fire in his bosom to melt, though but for a half-hour, that icy lump which weighs so heavily there, and freezes all the life-currents into its own hardness? What man, to whom the actual world and its objects yield their appropriate pleasurable emotions, ever betakes himself to that weird potion, which transports him, for the time, into that factitious realm, where sorrow and bitterness vanish, and wild, glittering dreams and ecstatic madness take their place? It is a deplorable error of multitudes, even of the well-intentioned and kindly, to be perpetually mistaking effects for causes, and therefore to be uselessly tampering with the former, instead of bending their efforts to eradicating the latter.

Be the causes, however, of this morbid state what they may, such state certainly tends to impair the creative faculty, while as certainly it augments the force and activity of the analytic. For the unhealthy, unhappy man is constrained to think of himself, and his own sensations and emotions. He cannot lose this self-consciousness if he would, and

by the mere existence of such a mental mood, the analytic function is kept in sleepless exercise. The same suffering too, which produces this effect, quickens in certain ways the imaginative faculty, but unfortunately does not direct it towards its proper work of creation. Rather is it compelled, instead, to labor as the slave of the analytic power, in multiplying dark, sad images around the primal sources of pain and gloom, and thus to furnish new materials for this fatal habit of self-dilaceration.

A VISIT TO LAUREL HILL.

PART ONE.

THE WATERY PORTAL.

Like fairy voyagers, we embark on the summer waves, themselves silent and calm as the waters of the Golden Horn, that lave the Bosphorean Cemetery of cypresses. High and foliated banks, shut out on either side the sound of labor. Only the ripples flowing shoreward, the flapping of some tiny sail, or wing of bird, or gentle waving of branches on the heights above, save from utter stillness. On and on we glide, untouched by the temptations of green dells, that invite wanderers by their beauty, searchers for the shores of another land. By how many sepulchres, sweep the streams that make glad our earth. We have heard in day their splash and in night their moan, while walking in the massive aisles of the cathedral abbeys of the old world—abbeys that seem to have been built on the ruins of our race, so many the slumberers in their consecrated ground. And thou, bright Albion isle! the spires that from thy watery edge look up, seem ever to answer with their changeless peace to the restless, inflowing tides. Sweeter far than an angels song, this song of waters. It is the song of a life passing, but in wondrous melodies away; of a dream unbroken, and a mission yet to be accomplished. A pious thought it was to build temples beside earth's scattered streams, so making of them ministering spirits. Baptismal waters—well may your seal become the sign of grace. For this it was, I saw the Ganges, from the silver hills in which it rises, one scene through all its length of votive offerings. The sacred character of the running stream, is it not attested by the Persian mistress, when having launched her tiny bark, charged with a glittering flame, she tremblingly watches its progress far adown, deeming the interposition of heaven so near, as to pray that that light on which her hopes are set—emblem of love—may pass away like a fading star, and not be whelmed by the wild, rushing waters.

Above the rivers ceaseless flow, its trees outlined in wavy grandeur on the watery pathway, and with shining tombs inviting heavenward, the place of graves is in our view. We are coming, O ye spirits, that in patience watch over its remembered and unremembered dust. Our feet have left the waters, and we are toiling upward to read the lessons which Death and Life, working together, have together writ. Gifts of frankincense and myrrh, with precious spices, we bear not in our hands, but we are bringing up with us lowly hearts and chastened recollections.

THE ENCHANTED LAND.

Eastern poets have delighted to depict those scenes of enchantment, under which time arrested in his flight sank to earth, and folded his wings to sleep. Yet, after the sleep of ages, one magic word sufficed to break the spell, and restore self consciousness to the wondering dreamer:

"A hundred summers! Can it be!
O whither goest thou, tell me where:
Seek then my Father's house with me,
For there are greater wonders there.

And o'er the hills and far away,
Beyond the utmost purple dawn,
Beyond the night across the day,
Through all the world she followed him."

But here, though failing to conform us to its power, rests a spell no sorcery can overcome, no prayer can weaken. Not a mound stirs, or tablet heaves. We might in very sympathy, take up our rest with so vast a community of sleepers. For sleepers are they all, albeit, the whirlwind and the storm break not the trance. Beautiful and true, the philosophy that taught Athenian scholars in the porches of the academy, that death was only another form of sleep. As one also of our own poets has said:

"How wonderful is Death!
Death and his brother Sleep:
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,
She blushed o'er the world;
Yet both so passing beautiful!"

Milton had need to fence in his paradise with bulwarks so terrible as almost to baffle Satanic power, to break through or scale. Here, in the open view of heaven, this solemn trust of those who can sin no more, is watched so my heart whispers, by God and his angels.

LECTURES OF REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.

We can barely present a synopsis of these effective Lectures. The first was a capital discussion of the sublime, whether seen in nature in its manifold developments, or evinced by moral action. The emotion of sublimity was proved to be innate; the rainbow, ocean, and starry firmament, adduced as instances of natural sublimity; Fulton and Galileo, cited as evincing the true moral, sublime and beautiful allusions made to our revolutionary sires and the Pilgrim fathers. Instances of moral heroism, among the savage tribes of men were adduced, and finally those nobler achievements of self-vanquishment afforded by St. Augustine, Martyn, and Roger Sherman, were referred to. It was throughout enriched with fine quotations in poetry, from Byron, Coleridge and Mrs. Hemans, as apposite, as they were truthful and instructive. The eloquence of the learned lecturer added increased captivation to the gems of thought. The Lecture on Shakspeare, we would like to see published. It unquestionably merits it. He was viewed as the Delphian oracle for all mankind, contemplated as an accurate sketcher of human character, first, as an unrelenting censor, and second, as a gentle and considerate limner. His address of Wolsey—his description of Mercy—scenes from Shylock and Richard II., were interspersed throughout. His descriptive powers were enlarged upon, and instances adduced to show their surpassing character. His comparisons were eulogized, as unique, and exclusively his own. An objection of some critics as to the fanciful and unheard-of nature of some of his figures, was answered in a scholarlike manner, and the Lecture concluded with a fine extract from Irving, in reference to his tomb, which is a pilgrim shrine for all the world. The Lecture enchaind the attention of a fashionable audience, and the applause which followed, proved that it was highly appreciated. We know not where to and a more intensely interesting Lecturer, than the gentleman named above.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

The origin of the Bonapartes is Tuscan. In the middle ages they were senators of the republics of Florence, San Minato, Bologna, Sarzana, and Treviso. Several of them were also prelates of the Romish court. When learning revived in Italy, they were distinguished for their attachment to literary pursuits. "The Widow," one of the first regular comedies of that age, was published by

Guiseppe Bonaparte, and copies of it are preserved in the libraries of Italy and Paris. Jacopo Bonaparte, who was an ocular witness of the sacking of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon, wrote a history of that event, which was published at Cologne in 1756. In 1797, literary men remarked the following circumstance, that since the time of Charlemagne, Rome had been twice conquered by foreign armies, at the head of one of which, was the Constable de Bourbon, and at the head of the other, one of the remote descendants of the family of Jacopo Bonaparte, his historian. This history contains a genealogy of the Bonapartes, carried back to a very remote period, and represented as one of the most illustrious houses of Tuscany. Zopf, in his "*Precis de l'Histoire Universelle*," says that a branch of the Comnena family, which had claims to the throne of Constantinople, retired into Corsica in 1462, and that several members of that family bore the name of *Calomeros*, which is precisely identical with Bonaparte.

καλι μαρος

bona parte;

the name, of course, has been Italianized.

The Bonapartes were allied to the Orsini, the Medici, and the Lomellini families; from the last of these they adopted the Christian name of Napoleon, which has been the theme of much discussion. According to some, its derivation is from the Latin; others derive it from the Greek, and render its signification "*Lion of the Desert*."

Napoleon's great-grandfather had three sons, Joseph, Napoleon, and Lucien. Joseph left one son, whose name was Charles. He was educated at Rome and Pisa, and early married Letitia Ramolino, a descendant of the Neapolitan Colalto family. By her he had five sons, Napoleon, Joseph, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome, and three daughters.

The first of these sons was Napoleon the Great, the third had the *honor* of sending into the world, the present dictator of France, or Napoleon the Little!

THEMES FOR THE PROTESTANT CLERGY.

Among the most remarkable books issued from the press in this city, in many years, is that entitled "*New Themes for the Protestant Clergy*," published about six months ago, and attributed to one of our eminent merchants. The author treats with unhesitating freedom and earnestness, of "creeds without charity, theology without humanity, and Protestantism without Christianity," but in every page betrays a profound acquaintance with the conditions and necessities of society, and a wise and pious desire

that the Protestant clergy fulfil more perfectly their mission of discourse and action, adapted to the age, and calculated under existing circumstances, to develope that spiritualism, which is the highest privilege of man, and of which the highest intelligences most feel the need, instead of enforcing obsolete doctrines, or repeating trite admonitions.

Of the "*New Themes for the Protestant Clergy*," a "*Review*" has just been printed by Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

This book is a failure, the author has neither brains nor manners, nor a good temper. He writes like a school-boy, who has but taken his second lesson. Examine his first paragraph:

"Amidst the multiplicity of works new issuing from the press, calculated merely to gratify the imagination, or please the taste, it is encouraging to find, occasionally, some book which urges upon our notice the duties of humanity. We would not banish the former from our table and libraries, but neither should they make us unmindful of the grave responsibilities of life. Entertaining these sentiments, we are always prepared to judge favorably of any book intended to stir men up to active usefulness, and philanthropic effort. If, therefore, the "*New Themes for the Protestant Clergy*" have failed to gain our approval, it is certainly not because we have perused it in a captious and fault-finding spirit. Indeed, we have been informed of the topics of the work, not by its caption, but, in spite of its title."

Let us with as little alteration as possible, convert this into intelligible English:

"Among the new works designed to gratify the taste or excite the imagination, it is encouraging to find occasionally one in which the duties of men are commended to our notice. We would not banish from our libraries all productions of mere literature, and even these might have some relation to the grave responsibilities of life. With these ideas, we are always prepared to consider favorably, a book calculated to provoke men to philanthropic efforts, or active usefulness. If the "*New Themes for the Protestant Pulpit*," have failed, therefore, of our approval, it is not because we have read them with captious spirit. Indeed, the title of the book failing to convey a just impression of its character, we become acquainted with the topics which are treated of in it, only by its perusal."

Only think of a man's writing "informed of the topics of the work, not by its caption, but in spite of its title!" Pish!—how would Cadmus blush at such "criticism," such prostitution of the alphabet.

We have no disposition to review this "*Review*" but in justification of our opinion of it, we offer a single specimen. The author says:

"We have remarked that, our author seems to consider Christianity as a failure. In illustration of this portion of the "*New Themes*," we shall quote a series of the bitterest denunciations against Christians, we have ever yet encountered. Gibbon is more respectful, and Bolingbroke far more polite, when censuring Christians, than is our professed believer in Christ. The reader will be immediately reminded of the asperity of Voltaire, and the recklessness of Paine. Hear our author's opinion of his fellow Christians!

"Look, then, at those who profess to be his followers, and bear his name. Scores of churches surround us, mutually repelling and attacking each other, and affording a scene of *strife, jealousy, animosity, and evil speaking, with scarce a parallel for virulence in the proceedings of those who profess no fellowship with Christ.*

"Did any of our readers, in all their experience in theological controversy, ever meet with anything quite so bitter as this charge? As to its truth, we need say nothing. It confutes itself. Is there any gall in infidel ink quite equal to the following. If so, we have yet to see it.

"But while this sectarianism is thus a spectacle to the world, it is eclipsed by the internal feuds to which these sects are themselves exposed. Many of them have been convulsed to their centres, or blown asunder by *explosions of strife and evil passions, which were a disgrace to civilization, let alone Christianity.* Apart from these flagrant departures from the spirit of Christianity, what does the current history of the various churches, in greater or less degree disclose? Intense and often unscrupulous rivalry, incessant and unkind competition, a self-glorifying and haughty demeanor."

Now, who that has observed the bitter controversies between the old and new schools, in the Presbyterian church—the feud between the Methodist church South, and the Methodist church North, illustrated in many cases by driving preachers from their pulpits, with stones, and threatening them with tarring and feathering, or death—or that fierce partisanship in the Episcopal church, of which the depositions of the Bishops of New York and Pennsylvania, and the impeachment of the Bishop of New Jersey, are incidents, does not perceive that despite the impotent fustian of this "Layman," the author of the "New Themes" has expressed but notorious and literal truth.

The first Christians were termed Atheists by the heathen, because no statues graced their places of worship, or received their homage as the representatives of some divine attribute; and in modern Italy, the same term is bestowed on those, who doubt the almighty power of the Virgin or the Pope. The reviewer of the "New Themes for the Protestant Clergy," seems to regard that performance as an example of Atheism, because its author sees in the admitted inefficiency of the churches, evidences that they need regeneration. The whole "Review" is but a tissue of impotent rage, without a single redeeming point of good sense, or reasonable appreciation of the design, spirit or tendency of the work reviewed.

NEW AND INTERESTING SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

The Twenty-second Meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science, is now being held in London. We subjoin some of its proceedings:

SIR DAVID BREWSTER in a report made,

gave an account of a case of vision without retina, he says:

"In the course of last summer, I met with a gentleman who had a peculiarity of vision of a very remarkable kind, and one of which I believe there is no other example. While hunting he fell from his horse, and received such a severe blow upon his head as to deprive him entirely of the sight of one eye, and to a great extent of the sight of the other. Neither of the eyes had suffered the slightest local injury from the blow, and therefore the total blindness in one eye, and the partial blindness in the other, arose from the insensibility of the retina, caused by the disorganization of the part of the brain more immediately connected with the origin of the optic nerves. The degree of vision which remained in one eye, was such as to enable its possessor to recognize any friend at the distance of 400 or 500 yards, or more generally speaking at a considerable distance; but in society he could not recognize his most intimate acquaintance. He could see only the eye or the mouth of his friend; and he was not able to obtain, from the duration of the impression of light, and the rapid transference of his eye from one feature to another, such a combination of the separate impressions as to give the likeness which they composed."

DR. ROYLE, read a paper on the Black and Green Teas of commerce. He said:

"It was a remarkable fact, that the subject of the difference between the black and green teas had been, until recently, a matter of great uncertainty. The Jesuits, who had penetrated into China, and Mr. Pigou, were of opinion that both the black and green teas were produced from the same plant; while Mr. Reeve believed that they were manufactured from two distinct plants. Now, as regarded himself, he (Dr. Royle) had adopted the view that the best kinds of black and green tea were made from different plants; and examination of tea samples seemed to confirm that view, but a repetition of the experiment had not done so. Mr. Fortune subsequent to the China war, having been sent out to China by the Horticultural Society of England, made inquiries on the subject. He there found the *thea bohea* in the Southern parts of China, employed for making black tea; and in proceeding as far north as Shanghai, he found the *thea viridis* used in making green tea near the districts where the best green tea was made. So far, therefore, the information seemed to confirm the view of two different species of *thea* being employed to make the two different kinds of tea; but Mr. Fortune, in visiting the district of Fokien, was surprised to find what he conceived to be the true *thea viridis* employed in making black tea in districts near

where the best black tea was made. He took plants with him from Fokien to Shangae, and could find no difference between them. It was still, however, desirable to get specimens from the district, where the black and green teas of commerce were actually made, and this had latterly been effected. In consequence of the great success which had attended the experimental culture of tea in the nurseries established in the Himalayas, Mr. Fortune was again sent to China by the East India Company. He proceeded to the northern parts of the country, in order to obtain tea seeds and plants of the best description, as the most likely to stand the Himalaya climate. Mr. Fortune procured seeds and plants in great numbers, and sent them to the Himalayas, where they had been since cultivated. When he had reached Calcutta, the tea manufacturers whom he had brought with him, made from the plants in the Botanic Gardens their black and green tea from the same specimens; so that it was evident it was the process of manufacture, and not the plant itself, that produced the green tea. All now who were acquainted with the difference between black and green teas knew that they could be prepared from the same plant without the assistance of any extraneous materials, though it was a common thing for manufacturers to use Indigo, Prussian blue, tumeric, &c., in coloring the tea. Dr. Royle showed specimens of the Black Tea plant from the Woo-e-Shan, and of the Green Tea plant from the Hwuychou districts. No specific difference could be observed between the two specimens.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER gave an account of a Rock-Crystal Lens and decomposed Glass found at Ninevah. He said that he had to bring before the Section an object of so incredible a nature that nothing short of the strongest evidence was necessary to render the statement at all probable:—it was no less than the finding in the treasure-house at Ninevah of a rock-crystal lens, where it had for centuries lain entombed in the ruins of that once magnificent city. It was found in company with several bronzes and other objects of value. He had examined the lens with the greatest care and taken its several measurements. It was not entirely circular in its aperture, being 1 6-10ths inches in its longer diameter and 1 4-10ths inches in its shorter. Its general form was that of a piano-concave lens, the plain side having been formed of one of the original faces of the six-sided crystal of quartz, as he had ascertained by its action on polarized light,—this was badly polished and scratched. The convex face of the lens had not been ground in a dish-shaped tool in the manner in which lenses are now formed, but was shaped on a lapidary's wheel, or in some

such manner. Hence it was unequally thick, but its extreme thickness was two-tenths of an inch, its focal length being $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It had twelve remains of cavities which had originally contained liquids or condensed gases; but ten of those had been opened probably in the rough handling which it received in the act of being ground; most of them therefore had discharged their gaseous contents. Sir David concluded by assigning reasons why this could not be looked on as an ornament, but a true optical lens.

AUNT PHILLIS IN ENGLAND.

The London *Athenæum* has a notice of "Aunt Phillis' Cabin," by Mrs. Mary H. Eastman, from which we make a few extracts for the benefit of our readers. They are full of John Bulliam, especially in the blows which they aim at the institution of slavery. The reviewer commences thus:—

"It is in the very nature of tyranny not to be able to bear being told that it is tyrannous. 'You belong to me body and soul,' said Louis Quartorze, to one of his household; 'and if I tell you to leap into the sea you will be bound to do it.' The young noble bowed low, and was retiring. 'Where are you going to?' asked the great king. 'To learn to swim, Sire,' returned the well-dressed slave, with a yet lower bow. Louis laughed at the joke, though he was not a man to feel its point.—Your owners of men, 'body and soul,' in the great American plantations have lately been told to their faces, with half the civilised world for audience of the words, that their moral life is—and must be—a contradiction of itself so long as the merchandise in human beings is carried on by them. The truth was outspoken—clear, ringing, unmistakeable,—and they are of course, angry, and responsive.

"Mrs. Stowe's narrative, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' stands somewhat outside the usual barriers of fiction. As a novel—on the score of its art—it is easy to find fault with it; and when introducing it to the notice of our readers we ourselves pointed out its artistic defects. It is fairly a question, too, whether fiction is a sound vehicle for the conveyance of ethics,—and on that subject we have opinions of our own, of which our readers have had the benefit more than once. Many, however, of even those who agree with us as to the principle will think that there are cases of exception, in which its application may be waived in favor of particular circumstances,—and many, we know, look on Mrs. Stowe's book, as presenting one of these cases. The authoress has guaranteed the authenticity of her facts and the truth of her characters; and it is as a faithful picture of Negro life in the

Southern States, with its perils, its romance, and its temptation—its debasing tendencies and its utter want of moral logic—that this book is now having a reading throughout the length and breadth of the land, in America and here. It is in this sense, also, that it has been answered in books, in magazines, and in newspapers.

"The acceptance of the book in this country is itself a literary fact of some interest. Our advertising columns show that the sale is enormous. We can scarcely count the number of editions that have appeared. There are lying before us as we write a handsomely illustrated edition for the boudoir, and a sixpenny reprint for the cabin, with intermediate issues of various sizes and prices. One of these is announced as the ninety-fifth thousand,—a second as the thirtieth,—a third as the twenty-fifth,—and so forth. There are possibly two hundred thousand copies now circulating in the British Islands. This success is not altogether personal: it is a rational response to an appeal powerfully made in a great cause.

"The book at the head of this article is one of the answers to Mrs. Stowe which have appeared on the other side of the Atlantic. It is also written by a lady,—a lady who appears to be familiar with the ways of Negro life in Virginia, if not farther South. Mrs. Eastman is dogmatic and decisive. She talks of 'the northerner' with a freedom and a vehemence that would suggest nothing but gunpowder and the bowie-knife to the more peppery spirits of the other sex. In a long preface to her story she defends slavery against all assailants as "God's own institution,"—and in a still longer appendix she derides and denies all the facts and points brought forward in Mrs. Stowe's narrative. The laugh is certainly sometimes on her side. She makes herself merry at the idea of Uncle Tom's power of converting negroes,—certainly the weak point of Mrs. Stowe's book; and maliciously reminds the reader that Cassy steals money and tells lies after her marvelous conversion in the gin-house. She is still more delighted to throw a lance at the 'strong-minded' women of New England; and is particularly happy in her sarcasms on the doings of a certain Female Society for setting the World to Rights. She even intimates that the strong minded will not object to a little lying when it suits their benevolent purpose."

An extract which the reviewer supposes to be pat to his purpose is here given, which is followed by numerous others. He then proceeds as follows:

"With Mrs. Eastman slavery is all bedecked with flowers and besprinkled with rose-water. It is sweet to the soul and consoling to the heart. With her, it is a beau-

tiful and interesting thing to be a slave,—and the worst that can happen to a quadroon or a negress is, to gain her freedom. One of the figures of her story—Susan—listens to the Abolitionists, and gets entrapped into personal liberty; but repenting thereof, she begs to be made a slave again,—when her mistress makes an example of her and refuses to take her back! This has been the prattle of men in all times in reference to the 'peculiar' institution. When burly old Johnson poured out one of his scornful denunciations of slavery, little Boswell held up his hands in pious horror, and declared that—'To abolish the slave-trade would be to

Shut the gates of mercy on mankind.'

"Listen to one little anecdote told by Mrs. Eastman, parenthetically, when she ceases for a moment to write fiction and rises into history:—'We have a servant woman named Phillis, her price is far above rubies. Her industry, her honesty, her attachment to our family, exceed everything. I wish abolitionists would imitate one of her virtues—humility. I know of no poetry more beautiful than the hymns she sang to me in my infancy; her whole life has been a recommendation of the religion of the Bible. I wish my chance of Heaven were half as good as hers. She is a slave here, but she is destined to be a saint hereafter.'

"We think Mrs. Eastman here, as in many another place where she thinks she is building an argument is very unconsciously giving it a dangerous side blow. That is the fault of her materials. The tools with which she works are sharp-edged, and they cut her own case.—If Mrs. Eastman received a visit from an angel, would she like to detain the celestial stranger for a place in the sugar plantations? Or, to put the case lower, would she like to keep in bondage the heir to an earldom or principality, knowing him to be rich and certain to inherit his estate in due course? Or, like the king who keeps a fool or the quack who hires a poet, does she think it respectable and in the way of business for a Virginian planter to own a saint?

"Our readers will have seen by this time, that this advocate for 'God's own institution' is more earnest than adroit. She means to put in a good word for the lords and masters of the South,—but her non-admissions and suggestions support in a remarkable manner the conclusions which on this side of the Atlantic most people would draw from the perusal of such works as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

ALBONI.

"How do you like Alboni?" said we to a professor of music, the other night, at the

madam's first concert. "Bless you, my dear fellow, have I not heard Catalani?" "But how do you like Alboni? answer the question if you please!" "My good soul," replied the professor, "how can one judge of a singer with such an orchestra? and then, as I said before, I have heard Catalani, Catalani." "We don't care for Catalani," said we, "here is Alboni, the celebrated Al-bo-ni; once more let us ask you, how do you like her?" "Well," sluggishly replied the professor, twitching gently the left ear, "when one has heard Catalani you know, one is spoiled for every body else." This was all we could get out of the professor. He was closed up to any favorable impressions of Alboni—no matter how exquisitely she might sing. He had heard Catalani!

As it was with the professor in reference to Catalani, so it is with many of our *cognocenti*, in reference to Jenny Lind. They have heard Jenny, the Swedish Nightingale, who cleared \$300,000 and upwards in one year, and now so far as *prime donne* are concerned they are done. Others may come to America, they will go to their concerts *pour passer le temps*, but as for expecting to hear anything calculated to excite a heartfelt *brava*, they have no idea of the thing. Alboni they think is very good, very good, but then Jenny Lind—she made \$300,000 and upwards in one year!

This is a good deal the feeling with which many Philadelphians hear *artistes* who come to us at this time. Barnum's admirable showing up of the Swedish Nightingale has made them, as to music, *blaze*! Though, with few exceptions, they never have been abroad, yet they consider that the highest pleasures derived from transcendent singing to have been all obtained through the Lind. They remind us of the man who had seen the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, and who felt no desire to go to Niagara.

This feeling does not indicate an honest appreciation of music. There is no abstract judgment of merit in it. It is prejudice; and prejudice created by the tact of the manager, as much as by the vocal superiority of the managed. It is peculiar to many mamas and papas, who have been engrafted with music of the scientific schools; who sprouted and grewed with Hail Columbia, the Star Spangled Banner, and the like, and who after becoming thriving trees, have had "Una Voce" and "Di Piacere," thrust into their stocks. The children of these heads of families, now growing up, will possess a true musical taste, for with the natural inclinations of Americans, they are, generally speaking, receiving instruction from competent teachers. *Artistes* will therefore come to our shores, some few years hence, to be judg-

ed, as their genius and talents divested of adventitious circumstances may prompt.

But Alboni, notwithstanding the snobism above stated: her success in Philadelphia was good. She is a wonder; with a voice of matchless richness, power, register and flexibility. In "*Ah non giunge*" and "*Una voce poco fa*," no one has surpassed her.—She also is preëminent in Rhode's and Hummel's Variations, as also in the exceedingly clever "Musical Difficulties Solved," composed for her by Arditi.

Alboni is the only great modern *contralto*. She stands as such, too, all alone—for Jenny Lind, Grisi, and the famous Sontag—now in our city—are all *soprani*. She was born in 1826, and commenced her studies at the age of eleven, under Baglioli, now a popular teacher in New York city. At the *Conservatoire* of Bologna, where she soon went, Rossini was the director, and bestowed on her great attention. Her first appearance was under an engagement made for her by him at the Bologna Opera House, when she sustained the rôle of Sappho with immense credit. "The following year," says a writer, "she appeared at Milan, and there decided her previous triumph. From Milan she travelled to the principal capitals of Europe, in each of which she established her reputation; being, perhaps, the only great female vocalist who has met with equal success in Vienna, Berlin, Naples, St. Petersburg, London, and Paris. Her husband, to whom she has been but a few months married, is the Count Achille Pepoli, of Venice, a gentleman of great literary talent, and son of the distinguished poet of that name, whose devotion to his country and enmity to Napoleon and despotism have rendered his name so famous with his countrymen." The same writer, speaking of the voice of Madam Alboni, says, it "is one of the most brilliant as well as the sweetest and most sonorous of true *contraltos*. It descends to *fa* in the bass clef, and ascends to the *do* in alt, having the extended compass of two and a half octaves complete." He adds: "it is in her genuine chest voice, which is of almost unparalleled power and beauty, that her real strength as the principal *contralto* of the age resides, and that she is chiefly to be esteemed as the only legitimate successor to Pizaroni." She is now in New York, from whence we learn she goes to Boston, returning here next month. Her manager, Mr. William F. Brough, an old and esteemed friend, is admirably fitted for the post he fills, he being very clever and very popular.

SONTAG.

Some twenty-six years ago we used to hear a good deal of Henriette Sontag. All Europe was then alive with her magnificent achievements as a *cantatrice*. After a time she re-

tired; and devoted herself to the gentle, affectionate callings of wife and mother. Now she is abroad again, before the public eye; and commenced a series of concerts in our city on the evening of the 14th instant, which promises to be very brilliant.

We have heard Sontag in New York and with the greatest possible satisfaction. She has a beautiful person and a manner thoroughly refined. You are favorably impressed with her before she opens her mouth to sing. The charm is then, of course, greatly increased. She has a beautifully sweet voice and manages it with consummate taste. Every thing she does is executed with the most winning grace. She will be popular in Philadelphia; her beautiful air and manner will settle that. As yet, we want something more in our country to create a *furor* than a rich voice, artistically managed. The singer must possess either beauty or winning manner. Sontag has both, and to an eminent degree, while she has also one of the most bird-like warbles of which it is possible to conceive. No one can hear her sing the polka aria from *Le tre nozze* without setting her down as still a star of the first magnitude, whatever she might have been twenty-five years ago. She is admirably sustained by Badiali, Pozzolini, Jaell, little Julian, and one of the most magnificent orchestras we have ever heard in Philadelphia. The early day at which we are compelled to put BIZARRE to press, prevents us from making record in this number of Sontag's various concerts in our city, but we shall be enabled to do so in our next issue.

LITTLE PATTI.

A friend gave us a card of admission to one of the concerts of this remarkable child; but it was after we had written the article which appeared in our last number; or after the form containing that article had gone to press. She is a wonderful, truly wonderful girl. We hope to hear her again. It is said she sings all her difficult pieces without knowing a note of music. Can this be so? If she does not lose her voice, and goes on improving, she will be the wonder of the world—there is nothing at all oysterish in this—yes, the wonder of the world!

THE GERMANIANS.

These ever-welcome musicians, assisted by Jaell and Novelli, have been concertizing at the Musical Fund, of course, to large audiences. They deserve, at least, a half page of eulogy, and yet want of space compels us to dismiss them, with a very few words. Come to our city, as often as they may, and the Germans will ever receive substantial favor. As for Mr. Jaell, he is growing very fat, but the ladies think him quite as irresist-

able as ever. Novelli as a *primo basso*, and very *profondo*, stands at the top of the ladder. We really wish we had room to say more, but we have not, and so here is an end of MUSICAL BIZARRE—number fourteen, new volume.

BOOK NOTICES.

A HISTORY OF THE ARTICLES OF RELIGION. BY CHARLES HARDWICK, M.A. Philadelphia: HERMAN HOOKER.

This octavo of 366 pages, was compiled by its reverend author, more particularly for the use of theological students preparing for the pulpit of the church of England, and certainly he has entitled himself to their warmest thanks; for he has brought within the compass of a well-digested, convenient manual, the substance of a whole library of recondite learning, scattered far and wide, and difficult of access. In fact, we have here the history of the Reformation, extending over nearly a century, and comprising the growth of Protestantism from its vexed and perturbed infancy, up to its strong and peaceful maturity. Protestants of every class, not less than the clerical, will find this a very valuable book for reference; and see in it abundant cause for gratitude, that they have fallen on more tranquil and happy days than their forefathers.

LECTURES ON THE WORKS AND GENIUS OF WASHINGTON ALSTON. BY WILLIAM WARE. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.

Mr. Ware is undeniably among those, who have done most credit to our nascent American literature; and no less credit, we may add, to American character and accomplishment. His several fictions, Zenobia, and others, treating of times and topics, which have very rarely been handled successfully, are decidedly indicative of genius. But his taste for the beautiful, and his capacity for creating it were not restricted, but peculiarly catholic. Had he been bred a painter, we are confident he would have risen high in the art. He was, therefore, especially qualified to speak intelligently of the genius and pictorial creations of Alston, who, by general consent, is ranked among the most eminent modern painters. All readers of the slightest taste and culture, must be charmed and fascinated by these lectures; and we therefore, refer them at once to the volume itself, since to give any adequate account of it would be to transcribe nearly the whole.

HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN; Abbotsford Edition. Philadelphia: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO. We have here another volume of this excellent reprint, and familiar as the story was

to us, we have again read it—for the tenth time at least—with scarce diminished interest. In fact, this is one of Scott's novels, about which we never heard expressed any diversity of opinion. All pronounce it unsurpassed, and to have created the character of Jeanie Deans, would alone have made the writer immortal. Yet there are several others not unworthy to appear in her company, among whom we certainly may reckon "douce Davie himsel."

WHIMS AND ODDITIES. BY THOMAS HOOD.
New York: G. P. PUTNAM.

This number of Putnam's semi-monthly serial, is a transcription from the third edition of the work. That a series of *jokes*—as regards merely their form—should have passed four times through the press, is an evidence of popularity, which proclaims their value to be far beyond what appears on the surface. And, in very truth; Hood was one of the wisest and best, as well as most humorous and witty men of his time. His writings, whether serious or waggish in their outward aspect, are all eminently humane and genial, and all tend to make the reader wiser and better. We are always glad of their republication.

THE LIVES OF WINFIELD SCOTT AND ANDREW JACKSON. BY J. T. HEADLEY. New York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

Mr. Headley, has undeniably some excellent points as a writer. Excitable in temperament, and vivid in conception, he has a style, which, neither very exact, nor very polished, is singularly graphic, forcible and lucid. In handling warlike themes and warriors, he stands, as we think, in the very front rank of contemporary authors. We know not where to look for anything, which in its way, transcends his "Napoleon and his Marshals." The battle scenes stand palpable to sight before you, and the characters of the actors, are as distinctly visible to you, as would be their faces in a well-executed daguerreotype. The biographies under review, have much of the merit of the volumes above named. What Jackson was; what Scott is; the true characters, and the heroic achievements of both, are to us, more intelligible and definite, than ever before. We like too, our author's spirit. It is not only just, fair, and free from partisan bias, but it is eminently appreciative, genial, and strongly sympathetic, with high and noble qualities, whatever their form and aspect. We refer our readers in evidence of this, to the summing up of the character of Jackson, about whom such vehement controversies have raged.

In other than military and kindred themes, Mr. Headley is less successful. The senti-

mental, the meditative, are not his forte. He seems lacking in the faculty, which clusters a multitude of graceful collateral thoughts and illustrative images around his main topic; the strong point of our friend Tucker-man. Then his style is too ponderous and energetic for the gentler themes. He makes you think of patting a baby's head with a brickbat.

And then, too, if our author would live, as a classic, he must correct and polish his style to a very great degree. It is now exceedingly rough, inaccurate, and careless. And, if you examine the list of literary immortals, you will find among them none, who in these particulars of style is defective.

THE COQUETTE. BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISERRIMUS." Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON.

We read "Miserrimus" on its first appearance, and thought its author possessed of talent closely bordering on genius. We thought at the same time, that the book should be reckoned the result of a mental emetic, administered to a sick man on the very brink of the grave, and that the writer, if not better after it, was a "gone case" beyond all peradventure. We opened this volume therefore, with no slight curiosity, expecting the writer to be either "dead or alive." But we find him neither. Portions of the book are well done, exhibiting considerable ability; but other parts are flatter than dishwater.

PHILOSOPHERS AND ACTRESSES. BY ARSENE HOUSSAYE. New York: REDFIELD.

Here are 816 pages of as brilliant writing as we have seen for a long while, and yet to read it, for a couple of hours, is a more painful operation, than we like submitting to, except at long intervals. It is French to the very bone and marrow. The whole thought and feeling of the French seems to us, often at least, to be an exaggeration. They swell, and puff and strut, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, in veritable theatric fashion; and, too rare it is to find them handling any idea, any passion, any affection, without tearing it all to tatters. These volumes of funny extravagancies, contain a great deal of information, presented with marvellous clearness and brilliancy, and taken with plenty of the bread and vegetables of Anglo-Saxon reading, they make a very luscious and toothsome dish.

ECHOES OF THE HEART. BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A.M. Philadelphia: KING & BAIRD.

There can be no doubt but this little collection of verse possesses genuine and great merits—merits far greater than any of a merely poetical kind. The volume is per-

vaded throughout by a pure, devout, humane and affectionate spirit. In a word, it is truly Christian in character, and what higher praise could be awarded it—especially in these skeptical, undevout, material times? We may add, that it is chaste in language, and in the structure of its verse is fluent, harmonious and artistic.

THE QUORNDON HOUNDS By H. W. HERBERT.
Philadelphia: Gutz, Buck & Co.

A pleasant little volume, the object of which is to give an idea of what fox-hunting in England is; and the more pleasant to ourselves, as picturing a State of Society totally alien to anything we have in this Country—at least in the Free States. Certainly it must be acknowledged, that fox-hunting, in all its circumstances both principal and accessory, must have reached absolute perfection at Melton Mowbray, twenty years ago, the period to which this book refers. How creditable this perfection was to those concerned, is another question. Were we disposed to talk politics or ethics, we might question the intrinsic rightfulness of a social state, in which the highest and most accomplished persons of the Land lavish unbounded wealth; a large portion of life; and the whole resources of Science and Art on the process of chasing a fox to death! But we are not in this mood. We have read these pages with pleasure. We always read Mr. Herbert with pleasure. His writings are all redolent of healthfulness and buoyancy. The breath of the free rustling woods and the breeze-crisped waters, exhales from them. Much, too, has he of a chivalrous, manly, vigorous spirit, and his Magazine tales are unsurpassed.

WORLD-DOINGS AND WORLD-SAYINGS.

The London *Athenæum* states that letters received in Paris from M. Place, Consul at Mosul, report further excavations and successes among the mounds of Nineveh. Among the recent gains from this rich mine of antiquities, besides a large addition of statues, bas-reliefs in marble, pottery, and articles of jewellery, which throw light on the habits and customs of the inhabitants of the ancient city, the French explorers have been able to examine the whole of the palace of Khorsabad and its dependencies. In so doing, they are said to have elucidated some doubtful points, and obtained proof that the Assyrians were not ignorant of any of the resources of architecture. M. Place has discovered a large gate, twelve feet high, which appears to have been one of the entrances to the city,—several constructions in marble,—two rows of columns, apparently

extending a considerable distance,—the cellar of the palace, still containing regular rows of jars, which had probably been filled with wine—for, at the bottom of these jars there is still a deposit of a violet color. The operations have not been confined to the immediate vicinity of Khorsabad. M. Place has caused excavations to be made in the hills of Bachicca, Karamless, Teu Leuben, Mattai, Karakock, Digan, &c., on the left bank of the Tigris, within ten leagues of Khorsabad. In them he has found monuments, tombs, jewellery, and some articles in gold and other metal and in stone. At Dziziran there is a monument, which, it is supposed, may turn out to be as large as that of Khorsabad. At Mattai, and at a place called Barrian, M. Place has found bas-reliefs cut in solid rock:—they consist of a number of colossal figures and of a series of full-length portraits of the Kings of Assyria. M. Place reports, that he has taken copies of his discoveries by means of the photographic process:—and he announces that Col. Rawlinson has authorized him to make diggings near the place which the English are engaged in examining.

Bayard Taylor writes the *Tribune* from the Tomb of Joseph, as follows:—"Before reaching Nablons, I stopped to drink at a fountain of clear and sweet water, beside a square pile of masonry, upon which sat two Moslem dervishes. This, we were told, was the tomb of Joseph, whose body, after having accompanied the Israelites in all their wanderings, was at last deposited near Shechem. There is less reason to doubt this spot than most of the sacred places of Palestine, for the reason that it rests, not on Christian, but on Jewish tradition. The wonderful tenacity with which the Jews cling to every record or memento of their early history, and the fact that from the time of Joseph a portion of them have always lingered near the spot, render it highly probable that the locality of a spot so sacred should have been preserved from generation to generation to the present time. It has been recently proposed to open this tomb, by digging under it from the side. If the body of Joseph was actually deposited here, there are no doubt some traces of it remaining. It must have been embalmed, according to the Egyptian custom, and placed in a coffin of the Indian Sycamore, the wood of which is so nearly incorruptible, that thirty-five centuries would not suffice for its decomposition. The singular interest of such a discovery would certainly justify the experiment. Not far from the tomb is Jacob's Well, where Christ met the Woman of Samaria. This place is also considered as authentic, for the same reasons. If not wholly convincing to all, there is at least so much probability in them that one is freed

from that painful coldness and incredulity with which he beholds the sacred shows of Jerusalem."

Another plot to assassinate Louis Napoleon has been discovered. The plan this time was to kill the President, at Marseilles, with an infernal machine. The conspirators chose a situation which would naturally cover the passage of the Prince President. An entire house was hired. It was a small house, composed of two stories, with windows in front. The infernal machine was to have been placed on the first floor. It was seized on that spot, and with it one of the conspirators, who are all socialists. The others were in their houses, or in the different places where the police were assured of their presence. Other important arrests have also been made. The machine is composed of 250 gun barrels, and four large blunderbuss barrels, the entire divided into 28 compartments. These 28 pieces were for greater precaution deposited in 28 different places until the moment a suitable place could be found to fix and put the machine together. The barrels were all loaded, and these were seized, in addition to a great quantity of powder and balls, several seditious emblems and writings.

The following sonnet of Coleridge, said not to have been previously published, appears in an English paper:—

To Joseph Turner, Esq., Derwent Hill, near Keswick.

Oh! there is joy and glory in the sky,
As if there was an holiday in Heaven:
And so there is; the blest eternal seven
Bright living lamps shoot forth their spires on high.

But there is joy in Heaven when good men die!

There is, when captives die out of their chains,

When suffering Christians die out of their pains,

And when the stricken soul gets leave to fly.
God hath received him, and he sits beside
His long beloved, his everlasting bride;
And their sweet babes are playing at their feet;

But they and all look upward evermore,
Adoring love, and loving most adore
The Father, Son, and realizing Paraclete.

Lord Mahon has explicitly withdrawn his accusations against Mr. Sparks, of having made unauthorized additions to the text of Washington's Letters. He says, in reply to Mr. S.:—"I am now most willing to withdraw my charge against you of having made unauthorized additions. I am sorry that I should have made it. I will even go farther,

and express my regret, that, believing as I did, that charge to be well founded and fully proved, I adopted a tone towards you in one or two passages of my History, different from that which I should have used had I thought you wholly free from such an imputation. For, having now so explicitly recalled that charge, I need surely not scruple to say, that, as it seems to me, the making unauthorized additions without notice to the original papers of a great man is among the worst and most wilful errors that an editor can possibly commit, not at all short, in fact, of a literary forgery."

The Boston *Evening Gazette* learns by a private letter received in that city from Biscaccianti, that her success in California has been unparalleled. Her concerts given for charitable purposes have amounted to \$8000, the last one of which, for the Washington Monument Association, cleared the handsome sum of \$550.00; which being the largest private donation, entitles her to have her name engraved on one of the blocks. These numerous charities have endeared her to the people, and they lately tendered her a complimentary benefit which netted \$2500.00. Signor B. arrived in the Ohio, for the purpose of making arrangements for the establishment of a Pianoforte agency in San Francisco—one being much needed there.

The London *Athenæum* says the press has, indeed, received a good many warnings of late. Emperors, kings and presidents have taken it into their heads in turn to wage war against organs which have no strength beyond what they derive from public opinion. We have had the melo-drama of this obstinate crusade against free thought,—we are now, it seems, to have the farce. Emperor Soulouque—the negromajesty of Hayti—has instructed Herr Munchmeyer, his representative at Hamburgh, to protest against the jokes and squibs, the caricatures and odious comparisons of which he is the subject—Louis Napoleon has been called "the French Soulouque!" Should he hear of any more laughing at his expense, Soulouque threatens to retaliate!

The literary news-gatherer of a New York paper says, that Madame Pulszky, since her return to Europe, has completed an account of the residence and travels of Kossuth and his companions in the United States. He adds, that Madam Pulszky is a very clever woman, as is shown by her "Tales and Traditions of Hungary;" and the relations which she and her husband have sustained to the great agitator have afforded her every possible facility for the preparation of a truthful and interesting work on this subject.

Indeed, as the forthcoming volumes have been written in the family of Kossuth, in London, he may himself be regarded as in some sense their author.

The sudden death of His Grace, the Duke of Wellington, is the principal item of news brought by late steamers. The Duke died at Walmer Castle, at half-past three o'clock, on Tuesday, the 14th of September, from epileptic shocks. As has been fitly said by another, to give his biography, would be to write a history of England for the last half century. He was a great man and a fortunate man. His prominent military offices are thus briefly designated:

Born,	-	-	1st May, 1769.
Ensign,	-	-	7th March, 1787.
Lieutenant,	-	-	25th Dec., 1787.
Captain,	-	-	30th June, 1791.
Major,	-	-	30th April, 1793.
Lieutenant-Colonel,	-	-	30th Sept., 1793.
Colonel,	-	-	3d May, 1796.
Major-General,	-	-	29th April, 1802.
Lieutenant-General,	-	-	25th April, 1808.
General, in Spain and Portugal,	-	-	31st July, 1811.
Field-Marshal,	-	-	21st June, 1813.

John Vanderlyn, the celebrated American artist, lately died, suddenly, at the Kingston (N.Y.) Hotel. The New York *Mirror* says, he was born in that town in October, 1776, and consequently if he had lived a week or two longer, would have completed his seventy-sixth year. Vanderlyn's name will ever be intimately associated with the early history of American Fine Arts, to which his works have eminently contributed. His *Marius among the Ruins of Carthage—Ariadne—Landing of Columbus, &c.*, are well known in the art world, and place him in a high rank among painters. Napoleon awarded him a medal for his *Marius*.

Among the forthcoming books are the following:—The *Speeches, &c.*, of Thomas Francis Meagher, with an Historical Introduction; "The Forest," a novel by Dr. Huntington, author of "Alice," "Alban," &c.; "The Cap Sheaf;" "Frank Freeman's Barber Shop," by R. B. Hall; and a *nouvellette* by Richard B. Kimball, (St. Leger), entitled "Scenes in the Life of a Student in France." The "Married Widow," is said to be the title of a new comedy which Boker is bringing out at the Walnut in this city. Gov. Seward is preparing his works for the press, and they will be published in the course of the winter, by Redfield, of New York.

There appears to be no end to the relics of Mozart which come to light. The South German journals have just announced the discovery of several compositions in MS., (early or incomplete works it may be sup-

posed) and also of a very large collection of letters from the composer to Leopold Mozart. These, it is to be hoped, will be given to the public, since the *maestro* was playful and shrewd on paper; and his characters of contemporaries, though not perhaps always just, are frequently instructive, from the bright and characteristic touches which they contain.

The London *Times* commences a three column review of "Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance," with the following remarks:—"We must look out. America is going ahead, and threatens to outstrip us in a direction altogether unexpected. It has taken the energetic people of the United States not quite eighty years to convince the world of their unapproachable skill in the art of material development. Another half century may enable them to prove their superiority over contemporary nations in labors purely intellectual;" to which we can only answer "*vive*."

A congress of German stenographers has just been held at Munich which was attended by sixty members of the profession.—One of the members, M. Baumgartner, of Vienna, described a system of musical stenography invented by him, by means of which, as he said, the most complicated musical compositions can be written down during their execution. Trials of the system were made in presence of the members and of many musical artists,—and they are said to have succeeded perfectly.

From Berne, we hear of the death of M. A. Mieville, called by his countrymen "the Nestor of Swiss journalism." He was the founder of the *Gazette de Lausanne*; and although blind during the last fifteen years of his life, he occupied himself with the public business, in which he had taken a prominent share for half a century, to the last. He was in his eighty-sixth year.

Kohl, the traveller and author, is diligently engaged in preparing a work on the geographical discovery of America. He has made a most voluminous collection of maps chiefly traced by himself, and this from good authorities; and his MS.—which already extends to several hundred folio pages—promises to yield matter for many quarto volumes.

Casts are at present being taken, not only of the Great Sphinx, but also of a certain number of the finest statues, Egyptian, Greek, Roman and French, the whole being destined to form part of a great exhibition to be formed in the New Crystal Palace near London.

Another well-known journalist, M. Antenor Joly, has just died at Paris. He was founder of the *Vert-Vert*, a paper which had a great success in its day,—and was the director of the Théâtre de la Renaissance, where *Ruy Bles* and *L'Eau Merveilleuse* were first produced.

A very old singer has just died at Stockholm. This is, M. Ahbergson, who "created," as the French say, the principal part in the opera of 'Gustavus Wasa'—the words of which were by King Gustavus the Third, and the music by the Abbé Vogler.

Mr. Motley, an American, it is now announced, has been residing at Dresden in order to avail himself of the Royal Library, peculiarly rich, he states, in the history of the Netherlands—which he purposes writing.

The Paris papers report the death of Mdlle. Noblet, long known as *premiere danseuse* at the Opera in that capital,—and who will be well remembered by travellers. She had suffered from a long and painful malady.

Philaréte Chasles, in a criticism upon Margaret Fuller's memoirs, comes to the conclusion that she was neither English nor American—but mock German.

Madam Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has given a large sum of money, some \$250,000, for the benefit of female education in Sweden.

EDITOR'S CHATTER-BOX.

WHILST waiting the other day, the arrival of the Edwin Forrest at the Burlington wharf, our attention for a moment was diverted from the comical gambols of three lusty negroes, to lines apparently metrical, sketched on the river side of the white passenger room. Atiquarian in spirit, we could not refrain from tracing the hieroglyphic characters, which, with a thousand others scarcely decypherable, or only known to the powers of darkness, seemed thrown out in this exposed situation to the elements, beyond the reach of all copyright law, and plainly the property of the first claimant. So we looked and read:

"O come to the old gum tree,
Where the coon and opossum prance,
O come, ye niggers, and see,
And join in the general dance."

We had only to wish that our ancient friend and classical tutor, Dr. Diodorus Siculus, had had the reading of this. To the doctor, the first critic of his day, the full sense, force,

power, perfection or defect of elegance, would have been at once apparent. Learnedly would he have descanted on the force of the imperatively vocative request, *O come*; the genus of the tree thus designated; the value of the prance; the extent of the invitation; the probability of the dance becoming in any way general; and whether this dance would be round the old gum tree, or the friendly coon and opossum. The worthy doctor is laid in a leaden coffin, but in this country and elsewhere, he has more than one follower.—FEW LADIES know how ridiculous they render themselves by affected airs. We have seen some, under this grievous monomania, swinging their heads in affected gaiety of heart, much in the fashion of a Chinese mandarin, as carried by plaster-of-Paris mendicants. Others with such a tired air, one might imagine them in the state of being perpetually exhausted by some diabolical species of air-pump, which leaks just enough to prevent the entire life going out.—ALMOST all discoveries have been by hazard: that of the new world was the fruit of genius. Such is the charm of virtue, that barbarians adore it. If we would rescue ourselves from regrets, let us moderate our passions. The soul has no secret the conduct does not reveal. On our prudence depends both our good and bad fortune. The love of glory seems to separate us in some measure, from ourselves. Everywhere and in all things, it is nature forms the germs, art develops them. Rome honored with a triumphant military merit, as the most glorious of her recompenses; but in order for a general to obtain it, it was necessary he should have slain five thousand enemies. William the Third, left behind him the reputation of a great politician without popularity, and of a general who had never won a battle. All life is a cotinued study of ourselves. Prosperity is a tender mother.—"HUNGER," Goldsmith says, "has a most amazing faculty of sharpening the genius; and, he who with a full belly, can think like a hero, after a course of fasting, shall rise to the sublimity of a demi-god." Oliver speaks from experience, for with him it was a feast or a famine. Absurdly improvident he rioted in the best, when means came into his hand, or his credit would serve; and when penury overtook him, would appeal to his friends from the prison or the sponging-house. There is no need of such recklessness; but without the spur of want, we doubt whether much was ever effected. Even Sir Walter Scott, accomplished his miracles under the pressure of a desire to realize money, often to liquidate debts already incurred. The product of his brain was mortgaged in advance, to verify in his own establishment some of the baronial pictures which he drew

in his novels. "Man never is," says the poet, "but always to be blest." We must have before us a prize, an object, and whether that be a dinner, or a succession of dinners; whether to keep up present comforts, or procure new; whether to achieve greatness, or maintain greatness already achieved, the human after all is like the donkey, before whose nose his owner suspended the cabbage. As the cabbage receded, Neddy proceeded, and so we go, reaching after what we seldom get. Nevertheless like Neddy, we do "get on."—"TRUE LOVE can no more be diminished by showers of evil hap, than flowers by timely rains." What nice figures those old poets conveyed their Arcadian fancies in—how much prettier the above conceit of Sir Philip Sidney's, than the modern proverb: "When want comes in at the door, love flies out at the window." But we are verily afraid that the modern proverb is nearer the truth. Poverty is very well scouted and flouted, and despised and ridiculed on paper, and in moonlight rambles. But—it is decidedly awkward. Diogenes in his tub cared nothing for riches. Well, he might not. He held his tub in fee-simple, and had no rent to pay. He had no bills to meet, and no notes to be protested. Poverty—the poverty we mean of the poets and moralists, is a very clever thing—and would make the most of us richer than we are. What would you or I care gentle reader, even though we owned not a second suit, provided no man could say to us "Please pay!" All the world would be glad of a general pastoral bankrupt law which should give us brooks and groves, and shade and dale, with no greater inconvenience than a summer shower, and no bills payable to look out for. "True love" under such circumstances would be charming—a perpetual pic-nic, with spontaneous sandwiches, and no smoke from the kitchen disturbing the nostrils. But the pastoral days went out before chivalry came in; and chivalry was bowed out by the sheriff, long ago.—THE COUNTING of chances in favor of this candidate or the other, has ceased to be the grand amusement that it once was. A few years ago, as State after State declared its choice, the excitement was glorious—to political gamblers. It was kept up till the last hour, and the last State voting, like X. Y. Z. in a roll call, could always be in a majority. Now all that is changed. One day determines the whole thing in the great modern Olympic game, of "Who shall be President." There is no more chance to apply a little extra zeal or inducement to turn the scale, for it cannot be done understandingly. If the theory of the electoral college were carried out, there would be a little interest still left after the choice of electors. The original intention of such a body suppo-

ses the members to choose a President; but in practice the members are only the mouth-pieces of their constituents, without any permission to choose whatever. What a rare ferment it would create, if these gentlemen should only undertake for the variety of the thing, to elect a President—really and truly to vote, not like cast-iron men or telegraph wires—but like bona fide thinkers and choosers! Such an experiment would be well worth trying, if only to have something new under the sun.—A WAGGISH friend of ours, riding through West Philadelphia, the other day, encountered a green-looking countryman, whom he very gravely accosted, "Man, your horse's tail is loose." The poor credulous fellow immediately dismounted in order to ascertain what was the matter, apprehending that his beast must have of course, sustained some injury. Finding however, that all was as it ought to be, he was about to give our friend a regular "blowing-up," when he was restrained by this remark: "I said your horse's tail was loose, but it is loose only at one end."—MCDONALD CLARKE, the celebrated mad-poet, called one day on a New York publisher, and was inquiring into the literary and other news of the day. After some chat, Clarke was asked to take a glass of wine with the seller of poetry. He consented to accept a little claret, which instantly was presented to him in a cocoa-nut goblet, with the face of a man carved on it. "Eh! Eh!" said Clarke, "what have we here?" "A man's skull," replied the bookseller, "a poet's for what I know." "Nothing more likely, (replied the mad-poet,) for it is universally acknowledged, that all you booksellers drink your wine from our skulls." A friend at our elbow, says this story was once told of Dr. Walcott, (Peter Pindar.) Never mind, it is none the worse for that.—PARKINSON, opened a magnificent confectionary establishment, in Chestnut street above Tenth, two or three weeks ago. It is indeed a place which has no equal in this country, if it has such in Europe. There are magnificent saloons for ladies and gentlemen, and other properties of great beauty, including a superbly laid-out garden, with summer-houses, and various additional appropriate *et ceteras*. The fitting up of the house itself is princely; wall-papers of the richest patterns, being furnished by Messrs. Belrose & Faye; window-hangings and draperies, costly and elegant, by Mr. H. W. Safford, candelabras and lustres by Cornelius & Co. The young and handsome host, entertained several of the more influential members of the press, before throwing his house open to the public; and from all accounts, it was an entertainment. We wish him abundant good luck. He has done us many favors; some of them during

hours of domestic trial and distress, which we never can forget.—AN ENGLISH traveller, during an overland journey to India, some years since, before the route became so facile as at present, reached a Syrian town at night fall. Perhaps we should rather say he reached the place where the town had been, for one-night of snow-storm had been sufficient to dilapidate and demolish it; and our traveller was sadly perplexed to know where he should lodge. At length a good Samaritan turned up in the person of a Christian saddler, who came to offer all the accommodations he had. "You will be welcome," he said, "to a mat in my room. There are only my mother, my wife, and three small children in it, with a few chickens, which never come in till sunset." We may imagine the eligibility and comfort of such lodgings. And we wonder why the man could not have provided separate quarters for the chickens, at least. But while we admire Syrian indifference to the comforts of life, we might as well ask the question, why so many disagreeables are tolerated among ourselves? Many a family endures peculiar discomforts; and universal custom tolerates other common ones, which could be removed with a very little study of the true principles of health and convenience. Nuisances are endured in our large cities, which a little municipal care and forethought, would remove. The chickens quarter in other houses beside the Syrian.—Some year or two ago, we were wandering about the yard of a celebrated marble-worker in our city, when we chanced to discover four marble pillars or posts, intended as supports to chains, by which to enclose a cemetery lot. Each post had a dial-plate on its four sides, at the top, with hands pointing at the hours of eight, eleven, one, and six. "What is the meaning of this?" said we, to the proprietor of the premises. He replied, "these posts have been ordered with a monument, by the proprietor of a large eating-house in town. The various hours designated on them, are the periods of breakfast, lunch, dinner and tea, at his restaurant. The monument which they are to surround, is to be surmounted by a most elaborate and expensive tower, containing a bell. A sum of money has been already invested, the interest of which is to be appropriated to the payment of a bell-ringer, during all time, after the burial of the proprietor, whose duty it shall be to strike the various hours designated on the posts, as they shall pass along time's highway." The originator of all this was then alive, and likely to live many years. He is now dead, having departed from the world a few days ago; so, speedily will commence the remarkable programme laid out. Breakfast, lunch, dinner and tea,

will be tolled over his grave, and while the worms of the world are feasting at these hours, the worms of the grave will keep up a never-ceasing banquet!—THE Philadelphia Academy of Music, announce their annual commencement at Sansom street Hall, for Monday, the 18th inst. The order of exercises consists of music, by a superior orchestra, and an address by D. W. C. Whitcomb, Esq.—BIZARRE formed one of the happy party who went up the river to welcome Sontag. No room for particulars in our present number. The affair was altogether of unprecedented brilliancy.—THE election has passed in our State, and now, hurra for another. They say the Democrats have triumphed. So much the more blowing of brass, and beating of sheepskin, will be required on the part of the Whigs, to "place the boot on the other leg."—A BOSTON editor, even he of *To-Day*, complains of contemporaries copying articles without credit. We have just cause to do likewise, for whole sides of newspapers come to us filled with articles from BIZARRE; nevertheless we are quiescent. Nothing like giving your brothers a friendly lift.—THE Masonic *Mirror* in this city is conducted with unflagging spirit. The editor, Mr. Hyneman, is admirably fitted for the post he fills.—THE AUSTRIAN press both of books and periodicals, has been placed under the surveillance of the police, and orders have been issued that all books or pamphlets, imported into Austria, in any manner, must be transmitted through the Custom House, where persons specially appointed for this purpose, will examine all matter before permitting free circulation thereof.—AN ENTERPRIZING publishing house in our city, have bought up the old plates of the "National Portrait Gallery," and are issuing it with additions. In their programme of new names, the eminent owners of which are to figure in the work, we notice that of one, who is a Frenchman by birth, and who was a lawyer of considerable eminence, but who has left behind him no claims to heroism. It is said, one of the worthy publishers, is a near connexion of the gentleman. Suppose such to be the fact; it is no justification for his being placed in a Portrait Gallery of distinguished Americans. To justify such a course, the announcement of the work should have been slightly different; as for instance: "National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans, and several tolerably smart connexions of the Publisher born in Foreign parts."—CHARLES LAMB, was well known among his literary acquaintance as a most inveterate punster on almost every subject which came within his observation. When joined with a moderate share of wit, this was a quality which was its own recommendation, and caused itself

to be sought after. The company of Mr. Lamb was therefore much courted. Mrs. B. a lady possessing some literary merit, invited Mr. Lamb to dinner, and several more friends, purposely that they might hear some of his good things. Mr. Lamb was seated near his hostess. The cloth was removed, and all was silent. Mrs. B. urged Mr. Lamb to say something to confirm her guests in the good opinion they had preconceived of his talents. Finding the attention of the company thus fixed upon him, Mr. L. said:

"I have two little eyes,

And they are both of a size."

The rebuke conveyed here, was well-merited.

—OUR New York correspondent under late date, writes us as follows:—"Weather bracing and beautiful—autumnal fruits in abundance—Broadway thronged with city fashionables, southern visitors and foreign nobility. Literature in demand and the book trade brisk. The great sale of Bangs attracted quite a numerous attendance, and the enterprise realized the general expectations of all interested. Publications of a fugitive character everywhere abound in the city, and well repay the outlay and labor employed. Dewitt & Davenport, with their usual well-known facilities, have just issued a well-written and entertaining publication, entitled 'Heads and Hearts.' It is written with great ability, and is far above the ordinary grade of the tales and sketches of the present day, and has been produced in their best style of typography, illustration and design. Graham's Magazine for October has been received by the same publishers, freighted like the month in which it is registered, with the choicest fruits of intellectual cultivation and beauty."—THE NEW Assembly Buildings, were thrown open the other evening to gentlemen of the press, and a large number of citizens with their families, the agent of the proprietor, Mr. Craven, issuing cards for the purpose. The saloons were brilliantly illuminated, and made a most enchanting appearance. The decorations and appointments are exceedingly beautiful. The occasion closed with a delightful "set out" of fruits and confectionary, furnished by Mr. Farrand, of Chesnut street above Ninth, and the company separated highly pleased with the entertainment. We should add that a band of music were in attendance, who acquitted themselves charmingly.—OLE BULL the Norwegian violinist, has bought a large tract of land near Kettle Creek, in this State. He was at the Washington House in our city, last week, on his return from an examination of the new purchase. We hear the Kettle Creek people are delighted with Mr. Bull, especially as it is hinted, he himself, means to tarry with them a portion of

the year, and will fiddle for them now and then. Already, it is said, he has shaken them in their waistcoats, with his immense bow.—JOHN PENINGTON, Importer of Books, No. 10 S. 5th st., has shown us the advertisement of a book for sale in Paris, entitled "La Magic dévoilée, ou Principes de Science Occulte; par M. le Baron du Potet, in 40 plus un portrait." This "Magic Unveiled" pretends at least to be something extraordinary, as every purchaser must sign an agreement never to part with the work, or permit a copy or partial copy or any reproduction to be made of it. The edition is extremely small, and the price of the work very high. Each copy is delivered to the purchaser, bound and sealed up. Baron Potet was born April 12th, 1796, at La Chapelle, parish of Sennevoy (Yonnes,) France.—THE FOLLOWING story comes to us from a correspondent:—"A young lady in Western New York, named Grace Lord, by her uncommon accomplishments had become the object of attention to numerous suitors. The young lady constantly referred them to her father, who being of a whimsical temper, as well as being much attached to the society of his daughter, for a long time gave no one a favorable reception. At length a young man, who had remarked that the father was a great humorist, after experiencing a refusal, addressed him in writing in the following words, from the version of the 67th Psalm:—

'Have mercy on me Lord,

And grant to me thy Grace.'

The expedient succeeded, and he obtained the young lady with the paternal consent." We will add that this story has a little of the smoke of antiquity about it.—THE *Model Courier*, we are happy to learn, is gaining large additions to its subscription list. The editor and his accomplished assistant never catered more agreeably for their half a hundred thousand subscribers. By the way, there was a very droll engraving in the *Courier* of last week, which the editor picked up while in Paris. At first glance, it seemed to picture a heap of ruins, but on turning it around, you distinguished in their place the most striking profile of an old man. The French are truly remarkable for elaborating trifles.—A TEACHER in one of our schools, endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said, "A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as Peter is beaten. Now, what did Peter do?" The boy, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied, "Well, I don't know, without he *hollered*."—A CLERGYMAN in a Pennsylvania interior town, who was more skillful as a fisherman than popular as a preacher, having fallen into conversation with some of his parishioners,

on the benefits of early rising, mentioned, as an instance, that he had that very morning before breakfast, composed a sermon and caught trout—an achievement on which he plumed himself greatly. “No!” exclaimed the parishioner—a Dutchman by the way—“vell, I’d radder av de troude zan de zermone.”

New Works received at this Office to be noticed hereafter.

“The Cabin and Parlor,” by J. Thornton Randolph. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

“The Eagle Pass,” by Cora Montgomery. Putnam’s semi-monthly Library, No. 18. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

“Archibald Cameron, or Heart Trials,” New York: Charles Scribner.

“American Literature and Manners,” from the French of Philarete Charles. New York: Charles Scribner.

“Pioneer Women of the West,” by Mrs. Ellett. New York: Charles Scribner.

“Ancient Egypt,” 2 vols., by John Kennick. New York: Redfield.

“Comparative Physiognomy,” by J. W. Redfield. New York: Redfield.

PUBLISHERS’ BIZARRE.

COL. WILLIAM H. MAURICE has an immense stationer’s stock, at his old stand, No. 108 Chestnut Street, and continues to sell at low prices. His blank-books of all kinds are in great demand. Our leading merchants count them among the best that are manufactured in the country, and whatever the leading people, in any business, pronounce good, is sure to be esteemed of the best quality by hundreds and thousands of men who hang upon the verdict of the notables. MAURICE is the same pleasant smiling Colonel he has always been since we first knew him. Rain and shine, summer or winter, seed-time and harvest, he wears a cheerful happy face. This uniformity of good feeling arises from MAURICE’s natural predisposition, while it cannot be denied that it receives great increase from the very substantial favors which dame fortune has ever bestowed upon him.

OUR HIGHLY VALUED friend, WM. T. FAY, No. 227 Arch Street, commenced business in his present position some three years ago; and we think, during that time, that he never has had an hour that he could call his own. He is everywhere known to get up beautiful writing desks, dressing cases, jewel boxes, portfolios, portmonaises, &c., and the public make a demand on him for them; which it is difficult at times to supply. He is now getting up some magnificent things for the holidays. Better taste never was possessed by any artist than by FAY. He knows exactly what will please, and he produces it with wonderful despatch. His display at the approaching exhibition of the Franklin Institute will be the finest of its kind ever offered in our city, or we greatly mistake.

WE ARE GLAD to see the most decisive indications, that our friend ROOT is receiving something like the appreciation and patronage he merits. His rooms are thronged daily with the elite both of our city and the country at

large, in quest of those life-like, artistically finished sun-paintings, which have become world-renowned. We have heard many artists pronounce him unequalled. But, besides this, no Daguerreotypist in the country has labored so zealously, and expended so profusely, to build up the art to the height it has now reached, and to give the Daguerrean body the repute they now enjoy. He, therefore, deserves patronage, and we rejoice to see him receiving it.

THE MCCLURES, Market Street, below Eighth, present one of the best examples of success within our knowledge. In other words, commencing business on a small capital, and in confined quarters, they have gradually been urged onward by integrity, energy, and hard work, until they now occupy the whole of an immense warehouse, and control a very large share of the building-hardware custom of the city. At a season of great prosperity, like the present, when so many improvements are being made, the MCCLURES, of course, are more than usually occupied. Well do they deserve the favor they enjoy. We say this, let it be borne in mind, knowing well our men.

MR. LEVI, the celebrated Chiropodist, remains in our city only until the 19th inst., having already made arrangements for a short sojourn in Baltimore; his advertisement, hence, appears in the present number for the last time. Mr. LEVI is truly a wonderful artist, besides being a most polished gentleman, and we bespeak for him the most unlimited favor.

WE ASK attention to the advertisement of CONRAD MEYER, which will be found in our pages. It contains admirable fac-similes of both faces of the splendid prize medal awarded to him by the jury at the great World’s Exhibition of 1851. Meyer’s ware-rooms are in Fourth below Chestnut.

OUR PUBLISHERS’ CARD.

In assuming the publication of a “BIZARRE,” we desire to spare no pains to make it a welcome visitor wherever it may chance to win its way. Unobtrusive, yet not over modest, our little paper will present a concentration of good reading matter, that may, without the least hesitation, be taken by the “fireside” of a domestic hearth, or as a companion by the “wayside,” with the full assurance that, although it may not be overburdened by a surfeit of so called “solid” matter, yet, within its pages may, we trust, be always found something to instruct, as well as something to enliven.

The editor, Mr. J. M. Church, will always have the exclusive control of the literary department, and we feel assured, from his well known ability, will be able to cater to the most fastidious taste.

Shall the enterprise succeed? But we will not ask that; for it is even now a settled point. Shall it be encouraged sufficiently to warrant an increase of talent and labor being bestowed upon it? Kind reader, it rests with you. If you like us, subscribe—and get your friends to do likewise.

A new volume commences with the number for the fortnight ending Oct. 16, 1852.

Advertisements not conflicting with the character of the journal inserted on favorable terms.

Communications for the editor should be addressed J. M. Church. Letters on business to the publishers, post paid,

GETZ, BUCK & CO.,

No. 4 Hart’s Buildings, Sixth above Chestnut.

See cover.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MAD-CAP?"—*Farquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

VOLUME II. }
PART 15. }

FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

{ SINGLE COPIES
FIVE CTS. }

CHURCH-WARDEN HIGGS;

OR, THE MAN WHO WOULD DEAL IN FIGURES.

All men have their propensities, certain traits of character, and peculiar hues of temperament, which isolate them from the mass of existence around them, and give them a fixedness, a "locum tenens," in the social fabric, by no means undesirable in the majority of cases, though sometimes exposing them to a little more equitable criticism than is congenial to their taste. Our friend Higgs, the Senior Warden, (Higgs never wrote his name without the annexation of his official title, and we are willing on the present occasion to imbibe his notion, and give him all the "rank and likelihood" pertaining to his station), our friend Higgs, the Senior Warden, certainly had his own character. He was *sui generis*. He was emphatically a statistical man. He would deal in figures, though to his own confession he was not very "bright at arithmetic;" the rule of three constituting the furthest verge of his mathematical attainments. Still he could not keep from calculation. He had followed it up since he swapped away his old jack-knife, when a boy, to Tom Haines, for a good parcel of tobacco, and did not regard the bargain fully ratified till he had worn Tom's patience completely out, while he was counting and recounting each and every plug of the delectable material, to see that all was as it should be. Hence the propensity was very deep-rooted. It was in active exercise from the time he got up in the morning, till he retired to rest. It would sometimes evince itself at the breakfast-table, to the great chagrin and annoyance of his worthy consort, when Betsy and Andrew, and Letty, and Josey, and all the young fraternity of the Higgses would be closely questioned as to whether that was not their third cup of coffee and if he mistook not—whether he had not had just helped them to the second piece of sausage. This was, however, only when the propensity became unmanageable, and defied restraint.—If you wanted to see a fair exhibition of his nature, you should have been behind the door,

when Josey brought home his quarter-bill. Poor little fellow, how he shivers as he hands it up to his "calculating daddy." "There now, Jo, I have got your bill again; three dollars, for only three months, and all your master has to do is to hold the spellin-book and hear you parse. Jo, how many scholars are there?" "Twenty, father, as big as myself." "And how many bigger?" "Four, father." "Well, then—twenty and four is twenty-four; and three dollars a quarter, on the average, threetimes four-and-twenty—how much is it, Jo?" "Seventy-two." "Yes, seventy-two big round dollars, and four times that in a year—four times two are eight, and four times seven, Jo, how much is it?" "Twenty-eight, father." "Yes, two hundred and eighty-eight dollars a year, for doing nothing. Give me the half of it, and I'll make it tell. You may go, Josey, I'll take the bill into consideration." When the Warden said that, he meant "indefinite postponement," or as he once managed to abbreviate it at a vestry-meeting, a few weeks previous, when some one proposed to increase the minister's salary fifty dollars,—"infinite postponement."

This may let us know what he must have been in church matters. His statistical bent was there fully carried out. Even in the service, nothing pleased him more than in counting how many persons sat in the pews before him, and then after he went home in getting Josey to calculate if there were ninety pews in the village church, and five in a pew on the average, how many were there altogether? This improved Jo at figuring, and besides enabled him to see if there was any falling off in the attendance; also how many improved their "sanctuary privileges." Besides, he could thus occasionally stop at the Parson's, respectfully to suggest—the Senior Warden always suggested respectfully—that a "leettle more pastoral visiting was needed to stipe up the people to a sense of duty, and then, Parson," he would add, to smooth matters over, "then, your preaching does me so much good when we have a full house. The singing goes off so nice, and every one goes home so much insperited, that really, Par-

son, it's worth an effort to have the place crowded, besides, you preach jam up, and I want every body to get the good of it." That was the *amende honorable*, when the Warden saw that he had ruffled the Parson a *little* too much, by his very respectful suggestion. To show how far his propensity went, we have only to add that, when, in the course of a sermon, the Parson quoted how Peter asked, "Are there few that be saved?" and was checked at once for his curiosity, Warden Higgs remarked to his neighbor in the next pew, "that in his opinion the question was a fair one, and one he had often tried to make out himself." Any allusion to figures in the course of the lessons would fairly charm him. The proportions of Noah's Ark—the number added to the church under Peter's sermon, the list of those who came back with Ezra—any such allusions—whether incidentally adverted to by the preacher, or occurring in the course of service, did him a "heap of good." Of all the books of the Bible, his favorite was the book of "Numbers," and he made no bones to acknowledge it. It enabled him to know how many Jews came out of Egypt, and allowing them so much manna and quails a piece, he could calculate the entire amount of provisions employed by the host, and thus form some opinion as to whether they had a "saving turn" in those ancient times, or were as prodigal as people now-a-days. Sometimes he gave to his calculating propensity an undue development. He has been known on one occasion,—for his own reputation's sake I am glad it only happened but once,—to take his cane in hand, and memorandum book in pocket, and to sally out to the Rectorage, to interrogate with reference to the ins-and-outs of its domestic management; and it was whispered around that he had so far forgotten himself as to hint at a reduction of the salary for the ensuing year, since "lots of marriages" had been coming off. Now he thought no bridegroom would think of giving less than a dollar to the minister, and enough cake to his wife to set on his table, a couple of meals anyhow. If the cake was rich—it would save the butter, for when he had cake he dispensed with butter. He didn't see, neither, why a parson's family should be more extravagant than a warden's. If Higgs ever transcended the limits of decorum so much as this, we must attribute it to his patriarchal simplicity of character, for he never intentionally gave offence. He was naturally of an enquiring mind. Many a time he has heard his worthy father say that he manifested the trait in early childhood. Hence he was only acting in keeping with himself, when in manhood he evinced the same inquisitiveness. He did like to see a man show just what he was. Such a man always made the best and truest

friend—he might on the outside be as rough as a grater—but, he ventured to say, he has still a warm heart beneath his waistcoat. "Besides," said Higgs, "I always encourage my own children in asking me questions to inform their minds, and what I encourage them to do, I guess I am not at all ashamed to do myself, therefore, I will satisfy myself—and I will ask as many questions as I choose." This was the general train of argumentation when any less experienced villager attempted to throw out a hint to the Warden that he was rather too hard on people's feelings, by propounding interrogatories in such rapid succession.

He had never studied logic, the Warden hadn't, but when it came to upholding his side of the question, he was as clear as a glass bottle, aye, as brilliant as a flash, in summer time. No body could withstand him, for to use his own simile, when he brought from the store a pint of whiskey to be used for medicinal purposes—"he had carried his pint, and he *had* carried his pint, and he would do it." There was one occasion when he nearly got into a scrape by his "turn" as he called it. The vestry had purchased a new organ, and on Wednesday evening, Mr. Piper, the musician, had promised to test its merits before the assembled vestry. Higgs was at his post. A fine overture commenced, but while all were intent on the performance, the Warden spoiled the whole thing, by squeaking out that he thought there were not quite as many pipes in this new instrument as in the old one. This interruption created a burst of indignation, and some went so far as to say that at the next election they would most assuredly turn him out of office. Higgs was not to be daunted. He had examined the front, and he now shifted his position with imperturbable gravity to the back part of the organ. Here he observed that the bellows were in constant motion, or next thing to it, and of course he was led to ruminate upon the very large amount of wind, demanded by the instrument. His ruminations soon took shape, and while all were wrapt in admiration at the finished execution of the performer, what should dissolve the charm, but the stentorian voice of Higgs, issuing from the rearward, "I say, gentlemen, gentlemen, I say, can we not devise some method to use less wind?" This double interruption was too much. The organist rushed around to the back of the organ in a perfect rage, "Old fellow," said he, "it's too bad—it's outrageous. My overture is all knocked into atoms by your discord," and then he clenched his fist, and appeared just ready to use it, as he added, "it's a pity that you wouldn't spare your own wind." One would have thought that this gentle hint would have settled the

hash, and induced the Warden thereafter to study to be quiet, and mind his own business, but he did not.

At last, an event took place which broke him down. He went on business to Baltimore, and selected the cars as the mode of travel. Once started he began to interrogate as usual; seated by an open window, he discoursed at large on the beauties of the scenery through which he was rapidly passing, much to the annoyance of those who sought not such an edifying oration. A conductor very respectfully suggested that, as he disturbed the passengers, he had better ponder quietly—but it did no good. Indeed the Warden got worse. He asked several people around him at what rate the cars were now moving? And whether the law was not violated by flying, instead of riding? How could he count the number of farm-houses, and trees, and oxen, when his eye had no chance to deliberately take in the prospect. The conductor remonstrated; the passengers vowed they would turn him out. "What's his name?" said one. "Where is he from?" said another. "Now," said Higgs, "they shall have it. My name is Higgs, Senior Warden of St. Martin's, village of Oldtown." "Senior Humbug," said one; "Oldtown or Newtown, it won't do," cried another. "Put him under an interdict," exclaimed all. The Warden was crushed; he had fondly anticipated that some little respect would be shown on account of his office; but no, it was sneered at. The village Warden began to realize at last that he was not the most important man in the universe, and ever after, he was more quiet, more retiring, more unassuming. He would repress his native curiosity, when it almost seemed a miracle, and would always beg a thousand pardons when he felt himself, from the nature of the case, absolutely compelled to ask a question.

SMALL POETS.

Of all the wittlings and fledgelings which abound in our abundant country, the small poets are the most abounding. There is never a village newspaper, but has its poetical correspondent; there is never an advertising tailor or quack nostrum vender, but keeps his poet. There is never a maiden to be wooed, but she must be done in verse, or a body to be buried, but its obituary must be toggled with rhyme. See the newspapers—passive. These necrological performances are often so dreadful, that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, that their infliction upon the newspaper readers, is the least melancholy consequence of death's doings. We might say more on this theme, but there is danger of becoming personal; and as we de-

sire only to deal with the general subject, we reproduce from the prose writings of the author of *Hudibras*, the following capital picture: "A small poet, is one that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him; like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock, and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon, either in books or in company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of the joints. You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him: for, as those who have money but seldom are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he, when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse, that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders, to prevent discovery; so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. He appears so over-concerned in all men's wit, as if they were but disparagements of his own; and cries down all they do, as if they were encroachments upon him. He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights, and pots that want measure. When he meets anything that is very good, he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true, by his often missing of his mark. As for epithets, he always avoids those that are near akin to the sense. Such matches are unlawful, and not fit to be made by a Christian poet; and therefore all his care is to choose out such, as will serve like a wooden leg, to piece out a maimed verse that wants a foot or two; and if they will but rhyme now and then into the bargain, or pun upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation. For similitudes, he likes the hardest and most obscure jest; for as ladies wear black patches to make their complexion appear fairer than they are, so when an illustration is more obscure than the sense that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did; for contraries are best set off with contraries. He has found out a new sort of poetical Georgias, a trick of sowing wit, like clover grass, on barren subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the times, wherein some men say, 'there is no room left for new invention.' He will

take three grains of wit, like the elixir, and, projecting it upon the *iron age*, turn it immediately into *gold*. All the business of mankind has presently vanished; the whole world has kept holiday; there have been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses; trees have borne fritters, and rivers flowed plum-porridge. When he writes, he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves by the tail. For when he has made one line, which is easy enough, and has found out some sturdy, hard word that will but rhyme, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases. There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry; a whole dictionary is scarce able to contain them; for there is hardly a pond, a sheep-walk, or a gravel pit in all Greece, but the ancient name of it is become a term of art in all poetry. By this means, small poets have such a stock of able hard words lying by them, as dryads, hamadryades, aonides, fauni, nymphæ, sylvani, &c., that signify nothing at all; and such a world of pedantic terms of the same kind, as may serve to furnish all new inventions and thorough reformations, that can happen between this and Plato's great year."

PARISIAN SIGHTS AND FRENCH PRINCIPLES.

This is the title of a book just issued by the HARPERS. It contains a vast amount of useful information, touching the subject on which it treats, which it presents in a most agreeable manner. We have read much that we find in this book, but it was never offered to us in a more agreeable, vivacious manner. It is illustrated with very graphic cuts, though we cannot help thinking they grow singularly few and far between, as you approach the end. We present in the following, some extracts from this book, which we have arranged under proper headings. The reader will, doubtless, be greatly entertained by them. They will furnish him a very admirable idea of Paris; indeed, he will at least, so far as they are concerned, have seen the giddy capital of France for a few pennies, and yet have suffered nothing from sea-sickness.

RESTAURANTS.

The French from early habit frequently make themselves very much at home at restaurants and cafés, spending their evenings at the latter, reading the journals, and playing chess or dominoes, paying for the same by calling for a bottle of beer, or glass of

brandy. I have myself seen a woman who had come in by herself, after finishing her repast, coolly throw herself back in her chair and proceed to take a comfortable digestive nap, apparently wholly oblivious to the existence and manifold trials of the race denominated "unprotected females." At the same time a Frenchman having completed his meal, washed his hands and face in his goblet, used his napkin for a towel, adjusted his hair over the table, rubbed his hands with lemon and bread, and finally picked up a lump of sugar not required for his coffee, wrapped it in a paper and put it into his pocket. We Americans are not open to the charge of over refinement, but I trust it will be some time yet before we arrive at such free and easy manners.

An Englishman dropped in, and in stentorian tones, called out in his Anglicised French, "Garçon, oon beefsteak, avec beaucoup da poommes da terres." "Oui, monsieur," replied the waiter, "avec, beaucoup de plaisir." "No, no," roared the Englishman, "avec beaucoup da poommes da terres." French politeness was proof even against this trial of risibleness; but I must confess to my own inability to withstand smiling.

At the risk of incurring the charge of mentioning trifling matters, I relate incidents, and differences of custom which, after all, are those which come home closest to a traveller, for it is upon such trifles that his comfort mainly depends. To the experienced, they are doubtless flat and unprofitable; but previous to that experience, the knowledge of what to expect would have been decidedly convenient. Besides, it is by comparison of national customs that improvement is evolved. Whatever is better done abroad than at home, should at once be engrafted in our own stock. A traveller may, by *telling* what he sees, find the result in improvements that add vastly to the aggregate of comfort or convenience of his fellow-citizens. Among them are always found some with ears open to friendly hints.

OMNIBUSES.

The omnibuses of Paris are superior to all others that I have seen. Each passenger has a cushioned seat, with arms to himself, which of course prevents crowding. As soon as the seats are filled, a sort of weathercock sign, on the top of the omnibus, with the word "*complet*," is elevated, which can be seen a long distance, and announces that no more can be received. Their omnibuses are wider than the American; the central part of the roof elevated so that a passenger can pass to his seat without smashing his hat; and he has also an iron rod to steady himself, and keep him from disarranging his fellow-pas-

sengers' knees and toes. They have also a system of "correspondence," by which a passenger, without additional charge, is transferred from one line of omnibuses to another, when necessary to reach his destination.

THE MORGUE.

On the Quai du Marché Neuf, I came to one of the sights of Paris, which, like all others, by the policy of the government, is free; but which it would be much more to its credit and to the benefit of public morals, if it charged a large fee for entrance to the merely curious. It was the *Morgue*, a name which, like that of Judas, stands by itself, the sole representative of its genus, species, and kind throughout the world. It is a plain Doric, cold, forbidding-looking building, perfectly in keeping with its uses. I entered, and saw three corpses, behind a glass partition, naked, with the exception of waist cloths, and laid out upon inclined slabs, something like butcher's blocks. Tiny streams of water were directed over them to keep them fresh. Their clothes were hung above their heads. Two were middle-aged men, the other a young woman, who apparently had come to her death by drowning.

The bodies of unknown persons are deposited here for three days, then, if not recognized and claimed, they are buried at the public expense. In a city like this, such an institution is one of undoubted utility; but to make a public spectacle of the naked bodies of our fellow-beings, whom crime, misfortune, accident, or neglect may have brought to an untimely end, is unquestionably demoralizing in its tendency. Young and old, maiden and mother, the stranger as well as the citizen, one and all of the unknown dead must be brought here, stripped even of the raiment which in most instances would be the best test of recognition, and exhibited to the morbid curiosity of those who, when they were living, passed them heedlessly by. Men, women and children, even nurses with infants, came, gazed a few seconds on the revolting spectacle, and then left their places to those behind, impatiently awaiting their turn. In making this exhibition so unnecessarily public, I wondered why the government had not, with the system which it displays in every other place, provided a register for names, and a railing with a guard, to prevent crowding, and make the access and egress more facile. Seriously, this is a strange show in the heart of civilization. If it be not classed among the "necessary superfluities," and consequently an institution sacred even from the reforming hand of government, it imperatively calls for a change, by which the modesty, even of

the dead, be not outraged, and the sensibilities of the living needlessly blunted.

SUICIDES.

It will be remarked that suicides furnish by far the larger proportion of contributions to the Morgue. The papers teem with notices of, or attempts at, self-destruction. They appear to be more frequent than among any other nation, and for causes often of the most trivial and eccentric character. As illustrating the truth of the latter portion of my remark, I quote a number of cases taken from the newspapers during the winter, and which are well worth the attentive consideration of the student of human nature; or, more specifically speaking, of those who perplex their brains in endeavoring to disentangle the Gordian knot of Gallic character. It may be questioned whether the horrors of the revolution of '89, have not bequeathed even to the mothers of the present generation this unnatural legacy of blood. Succeeding events have not had a tendency to re-establish the peaceful and healthy flow of the vital current.

"Ernest B., of nineteen years of age, being jocularly told by a physician, he had not long to live, took the words seriously, and fell into a profound melancholy. In his conversation he made constant allusions to his approaching end. Yesterday he was found hung in the garret of his father's house."

For children of but twelve years of age to seek self-destruction, with the coolness and determination of adults, and for causes as trifling as the pleasures that then amuse, no other country but France can give evidence of, and none others but French mothers can give birth to such offspring. I quote from an evening journal.

"Yesterday, a girl scarcely twelve years old, climbed upon the parapet of the Quai d'Augustins, and after making the sign of the cross, threw herself into the Seine. Several boatmen, warned by the cries of those who had seen her jump, detached a boat, and made every effort to save her. But by the time they succeeded in reaching her, she was dead.

"Taken to the Morgue, she was recognized this morning by her parents, living in the quarter of the Palais Royal. It appears that this young girl had felt for one of her cousins a violent passion. He having left for a foreign country, she had conceived a chagrin which prompted her to this fatal act.

"Almost at the same moment, there arrived at the Morgue, the corpse of another young girl, of the same age, who had committed suicide, from a motive more easy to comprehend.

"Toward the end of November last, Hor. tense R., belonging to a family in easy cir-

cumstances, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, left her school, to pass a day with her parents. She carried home an unsatisfactory note. Her mother gravely remonstrated with her, and reproached her, because, although twelve years old, she had not made her first communion. Hortense, appeared much affected by these admonitions. At dinner time she could not be found. Her absence being prolonged late into the evening, her parents were much alarmed, and made every effort to obtain some tidings of her.

"Since that time, Hortense had not appeared, and no one knew her fate. Yesterday, the body of a young girl was taken from the Canal St. Martin, where it appeared to have been for a long time. It was discovered to be the corpse of Hortense."

The same paper records the suicide of a girl of eighteen, who had been fined twenty cents for some trifling fault.

The "Droit," of February 7, has as follows: "A triple attempt at suicide, accompanied with circumstances of the deepest immorality, has been for several days the only subject of conversation in the town of Batignolles, so seldom disturbed in its peaceful habits, by dramas of this nature. Clementine N., twenty-three years old, had for a long time, held intimate relations with a young man of nineteen, Mr. P., clerk in a fashionable store, where she was herself a sales-woman.

"By a precocious depravity, which we leave to moralists to analyze, Clementine, without renouncing possession of her lover, made him contract a second liaison with a young girl of fifteen, named Eliza, also employed in the same shop, and who did not yield, except at the end of long and reiterated temptations by her companion.

"Sometime after this, she wished to give to P. a third mistress, and attempted to seduce another young girl, of the same shop; but this one repelled the infamous suggestion of Clementine, and informed her family of the attempt.

"On account of this revelation, the father of Eliza, in his turn, was informed of all these disorders. Indignant at the recital of this shameful prostitution, he threatened to complain to the prosecuting attorney of the Republic, and enjoined upon his daughter, under pain of being sent to a house of correction, to cease all relations with P. and Clementine. When informed by Eliza, that their debaucheries were no longer a secret, and fearing the effects of the anger of the father, they resolved, by common accord, to defeat it by committing suicide. They reunited in the room of P., and having made their adieus to the world, in a joint letter, set fire to the charcoal they had prepared,

which soon began to produce the first effects of strangulation.

"Eliza, of a more delicate constitution than the other two, felt first the mortal symptoms. She then began to be afraid to die, and recalling her sinking energies, threw herself violently against the window, which she succeeded in opening, notwithstanding the resistance of her companions, and declared she wished to return home.

"Clementine and P., after having made new and useless efforts to induce her to die with them, yielded at last to her tears. They opened the door, and, as it was very late, and Eliza was taken with vomiting of blood, and scarcely able to walk, they led her to her house. Then returning, they relighted their fire, adding a postscript to their farewell letter, stating that Eliza had changed her resolution, and waited for death. Soon their groans attracted the attention of the neighbors, who, having knocked without an answer at the door, proceeded to break it. At the sight of the smoking charcoal, and the two young persons extended on the bed, giving no sign of life, they hastened to purify the atmosphere of the chamber, and to send for a doctor. Owing to the care bestowed, the two miserable beings were recalled to life. A few minutes later, and they would have been dead. Clementine had no sooner recovered her speech, than she overwhelmed with the grossest and most vulgar invectives, the neighbors who had interfered with her 'partie' sport of suicide. She also declared that it was only adjourned, and that the next time she should take care to prevent any such impertinent interference."

The following case exhibits so powerfully the rationale of a suicide, that it deserves recording. The corpse was found suspended to a tree near Paris, with the following note in the pocket:

"Those who discover my corpse shaking in the wind, will, without doubt, feel pity or terror, and say, 'another unhappy victim of misery or disappointment.' They will deceive themselves. I have always been perfectly happy. I feel that with age infirmities will arrive, and it is to evade the smallest grief, the minutest trouble, that I have decided to terminate my life. This may appear absurd; but I find that when one has lived for more than sixty years, one should have had enough of life. I am alone in the world. I do not live in Paris. I believe it will be impossible to discover who I am. Besides, I have taken precautions for that; and, if there is any respect for the last wish of a dying man, I beg they will make no research on this subject. I have left my residence after having sold everything, and announcing that I left for a foreign country. My fortune has been realized; and the bank

bills of which it is composed will have arrived yesterday for an honest father of a family, who will be made happy by them. I have so arranged it that he will not know from whom they came. Having nothing more to do in the world, I leave it. Adieu."

As I have no desire to make this chapter rival Madame Tussaud's chamber of horrors, I will briefly add two other instances of those before me, showing how powerful a hold this crime has upon those in whom hope and joy usually burn brightest.

The first is that of a girl of fifteen, who destroyed herself from jealousy of the love her mother bore her only sister, an infant of but two years. The other was one of the best pupils of the "Lycée Bonaparte," who, being wrongfully suspected of copying an exercise, disguised his intent, under the appearance of more than ordinary good conduct, until he had provided himself with the means of self-destruction. He then locked himself in his room, set fire to the charcoal, went to bed, and calmly awaited suffocation. Fortunately, he was discovered, just in season to save his life.

The annual number of suicides in France, is about twenty-five hundred. In Paris they vary materially. In 1837, there were two hundred and seventy-seven. In 1840, three hundred and forty-six; and in 1843, four hundred and twenty-seven.

GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES ON SUNDAY.

The Garden of the Tuileries swarmed like an ant-hill with children, dressed like show dolls, and their "bonnes" and mammas. It was easy to see how the national taste for display was perpetuated. These little sprouts already manifested an incipient vanity which promised soon to swell into a settled passion. Their personal appearance was their first care. Their toilette preserved, they then frolicked with what spirit and liberty were left them. It required no little dexterity to avoid stepping upon some toddling infant, to prevent being tripped up by a stray hoop, or hit by a flying ball. The boys were sailing miniature boats on the ponds, while their sisters fed the swans. There was no quarreling or ill-humor. I returned to my lodgings with their juvenile shouts still ringing in my ears, and had hardly seated myself, before a strolling musician, with a dancing monkey, let off a whole volley of polkas and mazourkas from his hand-organ, right under my window; but as I gave him no copper he removed his quarters to some more propitious neighborhood. He was succeeded by another of his species, who played, and admirably too, what seemed to me the strangest of all the strange things I had seen and heard that day, the good old familiar psalm

tunes of Old Hundred and Granville. These last were indeed a treat in Paris.

IRREVERENCE OF THE FRENCH.

Among the fancy names given the shops, there is one in the Rue St. Honoré, called "The Infant Jesus," and another in the Rue St. Jacques, named "The Sacrifice of Abraham," and in the Rue de l'Echelle a dram shop very appropriately termed "Fountain of the Devil."

The irreverence of Frenchmen is not a plant of modern growth. When Cardinal Dubois announced to Louis XIV. the death of his brother, the Duke of Orleans, the monarch piously exclaimed. "I hope my poor brother is in paradise." "Sire," replied Bon-temps, "Dieu regarde à deux fois pour condamner des princes," "God looks twice before he damns a prince."

Camille Desmoulins, when asked his age by the revolutionary tribunal, answered, "Of the same age as that 'sans culotte' Jesus Christ, when he died."

Our extracts are necessarily circumscribed. The reader may, however, satisfy any longings he has for more of so palatable a dish, by purchasing the book itself.

HAT-SKETCHES, CONVEYING A FEW HINTS.

What a wondrous thing is the human voice! It is but air in motion, and yet what marvels can be wrought with it! 'Twas Richard Trumbull's principal talent. Three or four tones made the total compass of his vocal organ, but each was a gush of music. You could listen unwearied for hours to a public address or a private conversation of his, no matter what or how trivial might be his thoughts, simply because of the musical current that floated them along. He had little animation, and still less gesture, yet you thought not and cared not for this, while your ear was so charmed, and your spirit rose and fell on the surges of a melody so exquisite. Trumbull had no extraordinary gifts, either mental or corporeal, but his voice well supplied the place of all.

The voice is an almost unerring index of the mental condition. "Her voice is sweet and low, an excellent thing in woman," says the great interpreter of human nature, concerning one of his gentlest and most refined creations. Perhaps nothing more surely indicates genuine culture and refinement, than a subdued tone of voice, whether in conversation or public speaking. Loud, harsh or sharp tones, show either native coarseness of organism, or else a lack of mental cultivation, with that harmonious development which brings repose. The child and the sav-

age love gaudy, glaring colors, and prefer the daub on a tavern sign to the soft, mellow tinting of Raffaele's Madonnas. Education leads directly to the reverse taste. So, many love a boisterous, loud utterance, and confound it with force and eloquence. Such judgment is an infallible token of a rough, uncultivated state. A judgment better instructed finds in calmness and repose the true emblems of efficient power. How marvellous the results of the agency of heat! And yet no ear hears its goings forth, nor eye sees the efforts of its might. The principle of gravity holds the stars in their courses and propels measureless globes in orbits, from which they cannot stray. And yet nor sight nor sound betrays the workings of this tremendous force. And what is this voice but a body assumed by the soul for the manifestation of its acts! A medium so attenuated and delicate must needs exhibit the soul more distinctly, than either motion or look of our grosser material body. Hence the force and significance lodged in the vocal tones. Not quite so loud, then, fair maiden—and especially not quite so shrill,—for all unawares you are displaying your genuine self, and narrating the history of your breeding with an emphasis, which that Parisian garb and those fashionable graces of manner cannot do away! Reflect, then, and let reflection tame down that loudness and mellow that shrillness, and mayhap refinement may come of strenuous endeavor.

The body also has what may be named its tones, as well as the voice. What a world of various significance there is in its movements, its attitudes, its general bearing! Was it Prior or Waller, who sang,

"Her tell-tale blood within her veins so wrought,
That you might almost say, her body thought!"

And Ulysses says of Cressida, "her foot speaks." One person always looks, as though he had swallowed a huge mass of corners and twists, and crooks, and had never digested them. He can't move without doing a mischief. Now he treads on an elderly gentleman's corns, and gets a benediction more fervent than he looked for. Now he deranges an elderly lady's cap, or knocks off and shatters the only spectacles she can see through within fifty miles' compass. He drops his cup and saucer at a tea-party, or stumbles over a foot-stool, if undertaking to cross the room; or perhaps he falls his length across the threshold on entering; or, if not this, he slips on his back when "going down in the middle" in a contra-danse. Scott says of Oliver le Diable, in Quintin Durward, that he always moved with a noiseless, cat-like step—a terribly exact symbol of his treach-

erous, dissimulating, remorseless character! And to us one of the most frightful features we have in descriptions of the inquisition is the stealthy, gliding, soundless tread always attributed to its familiars.

Some people can never be still a moment, but are always wriggling, hitching and twisting. What other evidence do you want than this, of what these persons are inwardly? Be sure, there's nothing fixed and stable in their way of thinking, feeling or performing.

Others, again, are quiet enough, but somewhat stiff, measured and formal in their demeanor. How instantly you decide what sort of people these are,—good persons enough, to be sure, but rather narrow! Take heed you don't step out of the "turnpikes by law established," or leap over the fences; but "go round through the gate," and you can get along with them tolerably well. Be careful you don't say, "how are you, Nipkins?" or you are in trouble forthwith. But, say respectfully and impressively, "How do you do, Major Nipkins?" and all will go right.

But there's another quiet manner, that of Mr. Walters. His motions are flexible and free as a child's, yet every one is easy and graceful. You feel tranquil, and at home in his company, and yet are full of respect and liking. However perturbed you may be on coming where he is, there's something in his unconstrained attitudes and movements, which, by a blessed contagion, makes you feel just as he does. It were well if the number of Waltersers were multiplied indefinitely.

But whose firm, heavy tread is that? 'Tis Woodson's. A worthy, substantial man is Woodson. We couldn't well spare him, and yet we do wish his step were not quite so heavy. There's no elasticity and rebound to it, and all the while we know he's sensible and good, we feel just a trifle weighed down in his society. O for one little bit of India rubber mingled in his composition!

Jonas Jefferson Stokes is not Jotham Jackson Stokes, but Jotham Jackson Stokes's brother, and both are sons of Bildad Washington Stokes. Of all creation he's the "beat" in the dull line. He's "cruel dull." He never says a word. He never "throws one at a dog." You couldn't drag one out of him with cart-ropes, or even chain cables.

And this isn't the worst of it. His dumbness is so positive, so absolute, so heavy, that you can hear it beat,—you can feel it so weigh you down as almost to crush you! We can't explain or understand this unverbosity, unless it be that Nature gave to Jotham Jackson, who is an awful talker, the whole speech, that should have been divided between the two.

Half a dozen passengers of us once rode in

a stage coach with Jonas J., a hundred miles along the banks of the beautiful Connecticut river. Fine weather and charming scenery put us in such spirits, that for some distance we were in a very chatty mood. But J. Jefferson sat there so overwhelmingly mute and wearing such a terrific immobility of aspect, that gradually we all became magnetised, and in spite of our vehement counter-struggles were reduced to a similar dumbness. And not this alone, but we felt as if a boa constrictor were tightening his folds about us.

We reached Northampton, where dinner awaited us, with just the breath of life remaining. There we passed an unanimous vote to stay behind and let our nightmare go forward. To while away the time we took horses for a visit to Mount Holyoke. The motion of a gallop in the free air revived us, and with renovated spirits we had just reached the spot on the mountain-side, where we were to leave our horses, when a noise behind caught our ears. We looked back, and ten rods off was Jonas J., mounted on horseback.

Perhaps some of us fainted, and perhaps we didn't.

CAPTAIN ROSSIGNOL.

AN OLD NORTHERN ROMANCE.

Captain Rossignol said to his men one night:—It rains, it thunders, the night is dark, the hour is propitious for expeditions.

The sentinels can easily be surprised, and we will go to Korlay and carry off Magdeleine Le Grossec, the prettiest peasant girl that shines beneath the sun.

Captain Rossignol said as he arrived with his troop:—Open the door, old Grossec; open quick. We are not more than ten, or twenty, or more;

Open your door, or I will force it in. We only want a trifle of you; only a stable, and hay for our horses; and something to eat and drink for myself, and my troop;

A good fire to warm ourselves at, nice beds to sleep in if we take the notion, and all the money you have, old usurer.

But for my own share, I want also your pretty daughter Magdeleine, the prettiest peasant girl that shines beneath the sun; I wish to make her my wife, whether she is willing, or whether she is not.

Le Grossec, when he heard this, put his head out of the window:—Go on your journey, my brave cavaliers; my daughter Magdeleine is not at home;

She is gone to a baker's at Saint Brieuc, to learn to speak French; go on your journey, valliant cavaliers.

I want your daughter, and I will have her; if you resist, woe to you. I will kill you in your own house, and not give you time to say a prayer.

Old Grossec has taken his carbine, he has fired it three times; three times a cry arose; and three brigands have bitten the dust.

The neighbors are aroused at the noise, and the tocsin has sounded for succour.

Since it is thus, old usurer, I must retire. But I give you warning, if your daughter Magdeleine puts foot on the green grass of the country, she will not escape me.

Magdeleine Le Grossec said one day to her father:—If you love your daughter, my father, you will let her go to the harvest-home to night.

My pretty daughter, if you take my advice, you will not go to the harvest-home to night; Captain Rossignol will be there, and you know what he is after.

For six months now this fear has caused me to live as a nun; I prefer death to such a life. I will go to the harvest-home, should I encounter the devil there.

Captain Rossignol said at the harvest-home:—Yan-an-ohir, you who are the fortunate lover of Magdeleine, lend me your pretty sweetheart for a few turns—lend me Magdeleine for a single contre-danse.

Captain Rossignol, the young lady has not the key of her liberty concealed beneath her tongue; speak to her, and she will accord you what pleases her.

There, Captain Rossignol, take that slap, and that too; blows are all that I can give you with a good will.

The Captain flew upon her like a furious dog, and a struggle commenced. No one dared to separate them, or to come to Magdeleine's aid, such terror did the Captain inspire.

Magdeleine Le Grossec has floored Captain Rossignol, and her knees is on his breast:—You are all scoundrels and cowards; with good reason it is said that men have no courage.

You have stood by, and seen a young girl attacked, without coming to her aid, but still I see around me more than a score who have eaten my father's bread.

Yan-an-ohir, you are a poltroon not to defend your betrothed, and I break under foot the ring you gave me; you ought to wear a petticoat, and carry knitting needles, for you have not the heart of a man.

Then she tore off her head-dress, and the ribbons which bound up her blonde hair, and she has donned the gay hat of Captain Rossignol.

Come, Captain Rossignol, get up, and call your men, that we may be off. I wish to go with you, for you have gained my affections.

Your lot will be envied, wife of Captain

Rossignol! you shall be mistress of the forests, and the highways; you shall be the queen of robbers, incendiaries, and murderers.

I will not be a mere play-thing in your house, I will make your balls and cartridges to kill the base peasants; or, if necessary, I will strike a blow myself.

Captain Rossignol said when they reached home:—Here is your Captain's wife; you must obey her as you would myself; she is the queen of robbers, incendiaries, and murderers.

Magdeleine Le Grossec on entering Captain Rossignol's chamber said:—What is in this gilt scabbard hanging at the head of your bed?

It is a fine silvered Damascus blade that I took with his life from a gentleman who was passing; from a gentleman who was passing on the high-road.

Give me this Damascus blade as a bridal gift: the wife of a Captain like you should not go unarmed.

You are the bravest girl the sun ever shone upon; I will give you my life for your love; I will give you the blade for a kiss.

Magdeleine has drawn the blade from its scabbard, and has examined it with attention:—He whose breast would feel this blade, how many cries would he utter?

He who is struck upon the right breast falls with a shriek; he whom you strike upon the left breast drops without heaving a sigh.

He has scarcely ceased speaking when Magdeleine, strikes without winking, and Captain Rossignol falls at her feet, as mute as a stone.

Up! up! up! Awake, brave companions of my husband, saddle six good horses, and let five of the bravest and best of your band be ready to follow me.

My husband has not yet found me worthy of him; I must furnish a proof of my bravery to be agreeable to him.

I have hatred in my heart, and my arm is eager to try the silvered Damascus blade which my husband has given me as a bridal gift.

They uttered a cry of joy on hearing her speak thus: the bravest five were up, and off at a gallop for Korlay.

When they had gone a mile, Magdeleine said to her companions:—I must place a sentinel here, for that suits my projects.

Go on, you others, go on before, for I have the watch-word to give.

She has approached the first of the brigands and has plunged the Damascus blade into his left side, and he has fallen without uttering a word, in a pool of his blood.

When they had gone another mile, Magdeleine said to her companions:—I must place a sentinel her, for that suits my projects.

Go on, you others, go on before, for I have the watch-word to give.

She has approached the second of the brigands, and has plunged the Damascus blade into his left side, and he has fallen without uttering a word in a pool of his blood.

Magdeleine Le Grossec was alone when she arrived at Korlay, and she knocked at her father's door.—Go far from my house, cursed creature, I do not recognize you as my child.

You have declared war upon your fellow-beings, you have associated yourself with a robber, you have cast dishonor upon me and upon all the family. Cursed be the hour in which you were born!

Repulse not your daughter thus, my father; she returns knocking at your door as pure as when she first crossed its sill borne in her mother's arms.

Arouse yourselves quick, let the tocsin be sounded and follow me. If every one does his duty to-day like me, to-morrow the country will not fear thieves any longer.

Up, up, all you who have hearts in your breasts; you who are worthy children of Brittany. I have killed Captain Rossignol, and I will aid you in exterminating the rest of his band.

That we might not lose ourselves on the route, I have sprinkled with blood the path which leads to his repair. This is the day of justice and vengeance.

To-morrow I will enter a convent to weep and pray the rest of my life: for it is not good that a woman should redden Damascus blades.

SPIRITUAL DIALOGUES.

In submitting the following papers to his fellow-citizens, the editor begs leave to accompany them with an explanatory remark or two. They purport to be copies from memory, of conversations between more or less distinguished ghosts, of various climes and eras, held at the residence of their hospitable host, and his ever-beloved and lamented kinsman, Whimsiculo the Elder. The editor was never fortunate enough to be present at any of these interviews, though he has frequently heard his relative allude to them, and at times, with considerable warmth of manner; nor was he aware of the existence of any memorials of them, till recently lighting upon the aforesaid MSS. while in the discharge of his arduous executorial duties. Delicacy will not allow him to comment upon the qualities, either of the speakers or their themes. Of the substantial accuracy of the reports of their interlocutions, however, the well-known conscientiousness and singular love of truth of the exemplary defunct, are a

sufficient guaranty. It will be seen that, like a well-bred host, he has but little to say himself, save in the way of answer to the questions of his spiritual visitors. And with these few words of elucidation, the editor respectfully takes his leave.

WHIMSICULO, JUN.

DIALOGUE I.—ALCIBIADES—SHERIDAN.

Alc. I am delighted to meet you, my dear friend, under this hospitable roof. But how is it, that we have never run against each other before? Kindred spirits that we are, is it possible that our ghostly palms, now come together in friendly collision for the first time, in our own native planet, and in this gay, thriving town of Gotham?

Sher. So it seems, my dear boy, so it seems.

Alc. I have had the pleasure, however, of seeing you before; aye, and of hearing you, upon two memorable occasions.

Sher. Indeed! what were they?

Alc. Well, the last was quite recently; you were at the time addressing a large and enthusiastic meeting of residents of the star Artemisia, on the great subject of Homestead Exemption. I need not say that I was delighted; no one among the fifty thousand listeners, more so, I assure you. I ought to be a pretty good judge of speaking, too, for we men of Athens, you know, were no fools at that business; to say nothing of the vast amount of popular oratory I have heard all over the universe, since then. You surely remember the circumstance.

Sher. Oh yes, I remember making a few remarks on the subject you speak of, to the good people of that luminary, and that they were well received. Poor things, it was high time that they should be stirred up on that point. Their financial affairs have been in a frightful way, for a great while. Indeed I do not know that I ever stumbled on a planet that was more crowded with insolvents. I speak not of your reckless, unprincipled contractors of obligations, but innocent, exemplary, high-minded insolvents. Ah! dear, I am afraid they will never again know, there, those choicest blessings of existence, a sound currency and cash payments! Excuse me, my friend, but when I get on this theme, I grow warm in spite of myself. May I ask, what was the other occasion, to which you have so kindly referred?

Alc. The other was much longer ago, though it lives very distinctly in my memory. You were a mortal, at the time, and were standing at the corner of the street, with your friends, Kemble and Fawcett, looking at the flames, as they danced and frolicked about that universe-renowned temple of the Muses, Old Drury. I happened to be passing at the very moment, when you

remarked, with great earnestness and many gestures, "Gentlemen, one thing alone sustains me, in this terrible crisis, and that is the conviction that I have never been guilty of an unjust action. Principle, gentlemen, principle"—here, I remember, you paused, and thumping your breast with manly energy, repeated the glorious sentiment several times, in the same glowing language. Never, never, my dear friend, in the whole course of my spiritual career, was I more profoundly impressed; and had it at all accorded with my spiritual arrangements for the evening, I should have remained, and insisted upon an immediate introduction; but—

Sher. Stop, stop, my friend. You are touching now upon a tender chord. Let us change the subject.

Alc. I really ask pardon for—

Sher. Not at all, not at all. But, my dear Alcibiades, if I may be so bold, where were you, at the time of receiving our noble host's polite invitation?

Alc. Well, your question might be an embarrassing one, to some spirits; however easy it may be for such an exemplary, and notorious home-body of a ghost as myself, to answer. Know then, my financial friend, that the invitation in question found me comfortably seated in my lodgings in the north star, in gown and slippers, and toasting my spiritual toes, while deep in the perusal of the seventy-fifth edition of a most charming little work, entitled "Aunt Susan's Boudoir," wherein, under the guise of a sprightly romance, some most profound social and moral truths are thoroughly developed, and brought home to the enthralled reader; a work that has already created a most intense sensation throughout Ursa Major, and which, if I am not greatly mistaken, is destined to have a tremendous run all over the universe. Indeed, I can hardly imagine a more desirable piece of property to hold, than the ownership of this very book would be, were there (what I begin to fear, my dear Sherry, there never will be,) any comprehensive and well-regulated system of interstellar copyright. But, my friend, you look incredulous. You really can't suppose, for one moment, that I have been trifling with truth, in this little statement of mine.

Sher. Oh no, no. At the same time, I confess I am greatly surprised at it. Is it possible, then, that the gay, restless Alcibiades has settled down at last into such a staid and sedate personage as this? That renowned lover of fun and mischief, that most enterprising, turbulent, fascinating of Greeks, sitting quietly over his fire, lost in the pages of a moral and religious romance! You must be quizzing, my friend, or else you are a sadly altered ghost, indeed.

Alc. You may well say that, most illustri-

ous of dramatists and bailiff-dodgers; you may well say that. I am an altered ghost, and I have been, ever since my first abrupt departure from this little earth. What did I ever gain, pray, by that same mercurial, enterprising nature of mine? Didn't it involve me in perpetual scrapes and disasters; not merely bringing my terrestrial career to a violent and untimely close? Didn't it also subject me to constant misrepresentations and slanders? Wasn't I a perfect bye-word in Athens, for all that was debauched and dissolute? Didn't all the old men in town shake their impertinent fingers at me in the streets, and all the old nurses frighten their babes into silence by threatening to call me? Was there ever a midnight frolic, or a nose knocked from a statue, or a knocker divorced from a door, but what I always had the credit of it? When, half the time, I was really hard at work, studying my Pythagoras, or listening to the lectures of dear old Socrates, that wisest, best, ugliest of philosophers. Yes, my dear friend, it was high time for me to change my course, and to set about becoming the sober, literary spirit that you now behold me!

Sher. And yet, Alcibiades, when I come to survey the cut of your spiritual jib a little more closely, I must say, I have my misgivings. There is a lurking devil in that ghostly eye of yours, that tells me you are as fond of your nectar and your fun, as ever you were. Own up, now, you madcap, own up, and tell me that you have been playing upon this ingenious nature of mine.

Alc. Not so, oh thou most entertaining and exemplary Englishman of thy day, not so. (Here loud cries of hot corn, hot corn, were heard in the adjoining street). Proserpine preserve us, what strange sounds are these?

Sher. Something new to me, I assure you. But our worthy host here will elucidate the matter. (To *W. the Elder*). My dear friend, do have the goodness to explain to us the meaning of that curious piece of vocalization, that seems to have so deeply impressed our Greek brother.

W. the Elder. Why, gentlemen, that is nothing more nor less than two of our young colored brethren, duly setting forth to the community the virtues of one of our favorite national dishes, hot corn. Surely you know the article.

Alc. Not I, i'faith.

Sher. Nor I.

W. the Elder. You surprise me. I supposed, at least, that my English friend here was acquainted with its merits. But you shall know it, before another sun sets. So, come and dine with me to-morrow, and I will set you vis-a-vis to some of the finest ears that ever tasseled in old Westchester. And I

will also promise you as superb a dish of succotash, as—

Both Ghosts. Succotash.

W. the Elder. Suc-co-tash. I don't wonder, though, at your echoing the sound. You will not find the word either in Donnegan or Ainsworth. Both name and preparation are purely aboriginal. Never mind, you must taste it, nevertheless, and if, after doing so, Alcibiades, you do not pronounce it a dish worthy to cross the lips of Olympian Jove himself, then am I a vain boaster. But I must not interrupt the thread of your discourse, wherewith I was beginning to be vastly edified.

Alc. This is very kind of you, my dear old friend. Let me see. When this little incident occurred, I was just on the point of retorting upon friend Sheridan, his own question; namely, where he happened to be, at the time, your kind lightning-invitation to supper overtook him.

Sher. And I will answer it, all the more willingly, my dear iconoclast, because it so happened, that it found me employed in a way more flattering to my vanity as an author.

Alc. Ah, how's that?

Sher. Listen. I was, at that very moment, in the very pleasant metropolis of Ski-hi, in the heart of the eastern hemisphere of the sun, of system number sixty-six, of the sixth series of the occidental subdivision of the oriental division of—

W. the Elder. W-h-e-w!

Sher. I am not at all surprised at your whistling, my dear terrestrial friend, with your limited experience in the way of time and space; but see how coolly my brother ghost here takes it. I appeal to him for the accuracy of my description.

Alc. Perfectly correct. But on with your story. What were you about there?

Sher. Well, I was just going to say, that I was quietly seated, at the time, in the National Theatre of said metropolis; having been expressly invited there, to attend the rehearsal of my own School for Scandal—

Alc. Pardon me interrupting you thus, but it so happens that it is no longer ago than yesterday, that I had a chat with Menander himself, about that same sparkling comedy of yours. He expressed himself most enthusiastically on the subject, and even went so far as to say that it was worth all Aristophanes and himself had ever written or put together; though I confess I can hardly agree with him there.

W. the Elder. School for Scandal! Why it is no longer than last night, either, that I saw it, most charmingly rendered, at our own little pet Lyceum. I've got the bill in my pocket now. Here it is; (*reads*), Lady Teazle, Miss Laura Keene; and a sweet, lady-

like actress she is, too; Sir Peter, Mr. Blake; but take the document, my dear boy, and examine it at your leisure.

Sher. Really, my dear friends, temporal and spiritual, this is very polite and pleasant in you, but I shall never get to the end of my story.

Alc. Go on, go on.

Sher. Well, I was about saying, that I was listening to the rehearsal of the play in question, by a most clever set of performers, and in the Ojibbewa version, when—

Alc. What, what, what? Ojibbewa—I never heard of such language as that.

Sher. Whimsiculo has, though. Have you not, my good friend?

W. the Elder. Most unquestionably, though I confess, I am not particularly well posted up in it, or in its literature. I had an impression, too, that it was not a written language. Now I think of it, I did once hear the Lord's prayer in that dialect; but to say truth, (and not to speak it irreverently), it sounded to me far more like a pack of crackers, going off under a tin-kettle, than like an invocation to the throne of grace. But how, in the name of wonder, came that to be the language of the luminary in question?

Sher. That's the very interrogatory that I propounded to the manager, myself, and he gave me the following lucid explanation. It seems that, from time immemorial, this particular portion of said luminary, has been set apart, as the receptacle and general place of rendezvous of the ghosts of the red men of America; that among those ghosts, came, not many years since, the august spectre of that renowned sachem and warrior of the woods, Monkey-Jacket.

W. the Elder. Monkey-Jacket? no, no, no: you mean Red Jacket.

Sher. Red Jacket, Red Jacket—absurd blunder, to be sure. It seems that said Red Jacket, a few short moons before his departure from his earthly lodgings, was the guest of the corporation of the good city of Boston; that during his visit, he was invited to attend the Tremont Theatre of that metropolis; he did so; it so happened, that the School for Scandal was the prominent feature of the evening's entertainment. The chief, who is said to have been one of the most accomplished musicians, and finest linguists of his time, was fortunately quite himself, throughout the performance, a circumstance the more extraordinary, (so said the manager), seeing that even his warmest admirers have been compelled to admit, that the latter portion of his terrestrial pilgrimage was pretty much one continual scene of intoxication. On this occasion, however, he heartily relished and warmly applauded the piece, not letting a single joke escape him. In a word, when shortly after transferred from this mundane

sphere to the luminary before-mentioned, he took with him, in memory, the entire comedy; he would often repeat passages, and parts of scenes from it, to his brother ghosts, and was finally prevailed upon to give them a complete memoriter copy, in the Ojibbewa, which had ever been his favorite dialect on earth; from this copy they had gradually prepared the entertainment in question, and had kindly invited me to be present. It only remains to add, that the performers were nearly through the screen-scene, and that I was in the midst of making a slight suggestion to the manager, when our host's lighting-messenger arrived. Such, my dear Alcibiades, is a most truthful and circumstantial answer to your question. Are you satisfied?

Alc. Perfectly. But after all, what signifies it, whence we came, or whither we are going? Are we not here, in sprightly Gotham, and under the hospitable roof of our old friend? Let's enjoy the present, then, and hope for many such pleasant re-unions, in the same agreeable quarters.

W. the Elder. With all my heart, and I hope to have the pleasure, not only of your company, but of that of a good many other spectral notabilities, provided they will condescend to honor my humble roof. And now, my lads, to supper. I think I can show you something in the terrapin department, that would make even a French artist stare; not to speak of a certain Sauterne, that I defy any cellar of any planet of any system to beat.

Sheridan. You quite pique our ghostly curiosity. Allons donc. (*Exeunt.*)

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

MADAM SONTAG.

Sontag came to us in the most emphatic way. The steamboat Washington was chartered to go to Burlington, to receive her as she alighted from the Camden and Amboy cars. There was on board a most sympathetic company, consisting of delegations from the Musical Fund and other societies in our city—the former as hosts, the latter as guests—together with a large party of ladies and gentlemen. The fact of the editor of BIZARRE being one of the party on this pleasant occasion, seems to have interested so much a writer for one of the city papers, notorious for its personalities, that he especially alludes to it. We thank him cordially for the trouble he takes to advertise our movements, and assure him, that should we ever hear of his forming one of a party of ladies and gentlemen, we will reciprocate.

Madam Sontag is a superior *artiste*, and there are many notes of her voice which are of honied sweetness. We like her best in the

more simple passages of music; however transcendent she might have been twenty years ago in all she attempted. Her taste is exceedingly fine; and she uses it with skill, in presenting the best points of her voice most happily. Then she is pretty, notwithstanding she is fat, and, at least, ten years more than forty. We could wish she had less affectation of manner, but that is a matter of small concern.

We first heard Madam Sontag in New York, as we stated in our last number, and to the best advantage, we are now persuaded. Metropolitan Hall is immense, and one hears there the delightfully sweet tones of Madam Sontag's voice, without observing those which are not entirely so; so much better opportunity has one of her consummate art, to cover them up, in so vast a space. At the Musical Fund Hall—one of the best for singing in the country—the shoals and quicksands of her organ, if we may so express ourselves, are as palpable as the magnificent diamonds which she wears. They are readily distinguished in "Como per me Sereno," and "O luce di questa anima." In "Le tre Nozze" polka aria, in Eckert's Swiss Song, and in "Home, Sweet Home," they are gilded over.

But what a grand combination were Sontag, Badiali, Pozzolini, Eckert, Julien, Jaell, and the Germanians: to say nothing of Rocco, all in one evening! Verily the tickets were dirt-cheap at three dollars. They would have been the same, had they been three times three each.

Only one violinist we have ever heard pleases us as well as Julien; and he was not Ole Bull, but, call us Goth if you please, even Camille Sivori. Ole Bull is the great living wizard of the violin; fit successor to that Astaroth of fiddles, Paganini. He makes us stare at the feats he achieves with horsehair, catgut, and rosin; but not a chord of our heart does he touch. We look on while he goes through his musical spasms, quite ready at any moment to see him snap his head from his shoulders, or throw himself by a backward somersault into the midst of the audience. Julien is a glorious lad. He has music in him, and music seven-eighths of which is heart. His taste is of the most delicate cast, and the skill with which he wields his bow is of truly masterly stamp. What he will become, if he goes on improving, it is really difficult to guess.

Badiali has never had, and we suspect never will have, a superior in this country, as a baritone. We like him quite beyond our power to describe. He is, however, only great in serious compositions. He must get another face with which to sing buffo, for the one he now has, is incapable of being converted into even an approach to the comic.

The success of MADAME SONTAG in Phila-

delphia has been immense—a fact which fully evinces the charm she has worked among us. She gave her first series of three concerts, to crowded houses, and a second series of the same number of nights, was universally demanded. The bill she presented was of the highest order; indeed, all the features touching her entertainments, have been of unprecedented brilliancy. The orchestra, led by an eminent artist, like Eckert, and embracing the whole strength of the Germania troupe, was in itself, great attraction. When you add to this, Madame Sontag, the wonderful child Julian, Badiali, Pozzolini, Rocco and Jaell, you have truly a miracle of an entertainment, surely, for this country. No wonder our people turned out.

Again, the management of these concerts has been of a high order. Despite what some of the New Yorkers say of Mr. Ullman, we look upon him as a gentleman fully competent for the post he fills; while, as for Mr. Helmsüller, his assistant, every body knows his rare merits, from his long and successful management of the Germanians. All things considered, it is our opinion Madame Sontag could not have a better direction than these gentlemen embrace. To sum up the whole matter of her first efforts in Philadelphia, they stamp her as emphatically what our music-goers wanted. She well sustains the high reputation which preceded her; indeed, we willingly concede to her the distinction of having once been, if she is not now, the most popular *artiste* of the age.

A few words more, and in regard to our former musical article: we should have stated as a matter of simple justice to the Musical Fund and Philharmonic Societies, that the rapidly improving musical taste of our city, is largely to be attributed to them. Their concerts ever of a high order, have excited among our citizens, a fancy for the "concord of sweet sounds;" in other words, they have created a taste, which has grown gradually from year to year, and which, though still not what it should, and will be, exercises an appreciation of musical quality, altogether in advance of that which is known in other cities. Humbug finds too much favor, we acknowledge still; but it is gradually losing its power, and the time is not far distant, when *artistes* will best subserve their interests, by depending alone on substantial merit.

MADAME ALBONI has been singing in Boston, with immense *éclat*. Her success in Philadelphia was wonderful, considering the feebleness of the support she had. We understand she returns to our city shortly. A New York critic, speaking of Alboni, says:—"The exquisite beauty and completeness of her notes first elicit silent and heartfelt ap-

preciation, and then follow the graceful management and electrical transitions of her voice, which in the lower register, or that quality which has given its fortunate possessor the reputation of the great contralto, has never been equalled in concert or on the stage in this country. Parodi often startled her audiences by passages of this quality, but more by the dramatic purpose which she studied to impart to them, than by the richness and fulness of the lower notes, and the natural ease with which in Alboni's singing, they are at all times commanded." Talking of Alboni's low notes, a gentleman remarked at one of her concerts in this city, when she had just uttered some of the most beautiful she commands: "I never before heard anything *so low*, which filled me with such *exalted* emotions!"

BIZARRE AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

ANGLO-AMERICAN LITERATURE AND MANNERS.

This is the title of a book just published by CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, from the French of PHILARÈTE CHARLES. It is one of the most interesting we have encountered for some time. On a theme so difficult for foreigners to understand, as the new and immense life, which is here in the process of development, our French professor has, we think, committed fewer mistakes, and said more true things, than any one from old Europe we can now call to mind. Especially does he compare favorably with the majority of British travellers. Whether from their insular position or some other cause, it seems almost impossible for the latter to view things otherwise, than through a dense medium of prejudice. Instead of judging foreign nations by a standard of abstract propriety or by the ideas which lie at the basis of their national life, England is ever the standard, by which all things must be tested and approved, or condemned accordingly. The French, of course, do not invariably escape somewhat of prepossession and narrowness. Nevertheless, there is generally a continental sweep in their vision, and therefore a capacity of seeing things more nearly as they are, when viewed from their own point of sight.

M. Charles has magnificent conceptions of the future awaiting our country; and he beholds with wondrous clearness, how inevitable, as also how transient, are most of the faults, which are incessantly flung in our faces by our transatlantic mother. We think he does not render justice to American women; and we think, too, he judges inaccurately on some topics besides. However, in his 300 duodecimo pages there is so much sound sense and keen discrimination; so much liberal and appreciative feeling; all presented in a

style so lucid and brilliant, that we are inclined rather to praise thankfully his eminent merits, than to criticise his defects.

THE CABIN AND PARLOR. BY J. THORNTON RANDOLPH.

We can most sincerely counsel every one to read this book with attention, be his opinions what they may on the vexed subject it discusses. It bears every mark of having been written with candor, and with an honest purpose of speaking the truth, and neither more nor less, about the social condition of both South and North. And we must add, that sad as the picture is of many features in our Northern Society, we can recall no statement, which our own experience or observation has not verified. Fair and veracious as he is, then, in his remarks upon ourselves, we cannot but think him entitled to credit, when he testifies of Southern society, about which we have little personal knowledge. He does not deny, that slavery has its evils, but he asks if wages—labor, pressed down by a remorseless competition, is without its evils? We all know it is not. What, then, must be the negro's fate, if at once thrown upon his own self-guidance in this struggling throng, all of whom look upon him with aversion and contempt? Experience, he replies, has thus far shown, that he would be worse off, than where and as he is. Evils and social wrongs are practical things, to be practically dealt with. It is folly—is it not crime?—to do a certain and enormous practical mischief, in the endeavor to settle a question of theoretic injustice.

But we wish all might read this volume. We cannot but think it would quiet many doubts, and remove numerous mental difficulties, besides doing much towards soothing that exasperated feeling, which has brought our Union-bark so nigh a wreck. Use fair play, and examine both sides. This book is published by our enterprising townsman, T. B. PETERSON.

COMPARATIVE PHYSIOGNOMY. BY JAMES W. REDFIELD, M. D.

Here is another book from REDFIELD, of New York, and, we may add, one of the most curious we ever read; not completely original in the theory it presents, but carrying out this theory into a particularity of detail, which leaves all foregone books out of sight. Swedenborg taught a century ago, that man, standing at the apex of created beings, gathers up into himself, and exhibits the qualities of all animals beneath him—thus being in fact a microcosm, or miniature picture of the universe. Dr. Redfield reproduces this doctrine with the utmost minuteness—maintaining that, while man possesses the properties of all animals, there

predominate in each individual the qualities of some one animal species, which he especially resembles, externally, as well as internally. Proceeding on this idea, he assigns to each of the several nations, some single animal, as its prevailing type. Thus he makes the bull, the animal type of the Englishman; the frog, that of the Frenchman; the lion, that of the German; the hog, that of the Chinaman; the goat, that of the Jew; the sheep, that of the Greek; the horse, that of the Italian; the bear, that of the Yankee. And the reader will be astounded at the immensity of our author's organ of comparison, which enables him to trace such innumerable striking analogies between the type and the antitype. In fact, we have found it difficult to avoid swallowing a good joke at once, as truth.

ANCIENT EGYPT, 2 VOLS. BY JOHN KENRICK, M. A.

REDFIELD, of New York, sends also these books. They embrace about 900 pp., into which is distilled more information, than was probably contained in that huge Ptolemaic Library, burnt by the conquering Saracens. The public owe no small gratitude to Mr. Kenrick, for the vast labor he must have expended in bringing into a convenient shape, such an amount of knowledge of such a kind. For Egypt can never cease to interest the world, for various reasons. It is pre-eminently the Land of Mystery, with an origin lost in primeval night; with its inexplicable, sad-eyed Sphinx, still propounding his enigmas; and with those mountainous pyramidal piles, without known beginning or purpose, and apparently without end. Then Egypt, for 400 years, harbored the "Chosen People," and educated their leader, Moses, for an enterprise that changed the face of the world. Egypt, too, gave Greece her religion and her arts, and Greece educated our race to the love of beauty.

We wish our author, in performing such a valuable work for us, had avoided some faults. Why would he cram his volumes with foot-notes in Greek and Latin, which not one in a hundred can understand? A book for popular reference like this, should put everything in the vernacular tongue. We trust he will remember this in the other volumes he promises us.

PIONEER WOMEN OF THE WEST. BY MRS. ELLET.

Here is another of SCRIBNER's handsome books. It is a terrible book, though—a chronicle of blood poured out in rivers; of tortures by the knife and the fire, by cold, hunger, and wearing fatigues, endured by women and children, as well as men—a portion of the immense price paid for the free-

dom and comparative prosperity enjoyed by this favored land. What a history is that of our country; commencing with the wintry debarkation of our Pilgrim fathers and mothers on the Plymouth Rock, and recording a struggle with the blind forces of nature and with savage men, for more than 200 years—a struggle in which womanhood and infancy have borne their full share down to this very moment. We cannot think of all this, without being persuaded that great destinies and an extraordinary action on the condition of the whole human race, were designed by Providence in the settlement of our country at the expense of toils and sufferings so unexampled in their severity and duration. What then, must a people deserve, who fling away blessings so costly, and miss the fulfilment of a destiny so grand, through their folly and domestic dissensions? Alas! no new continent is left for another Columbus to discover, and other Pilgrims to subdue to civilization, if we permit liberty to lose her grasp here, and allow a second Roman republic to decline and decay. Mrs. Ellet merits universal gratitude, for placing on lasting record the fast-vanishing memorials of the means whereby a savage world was brought under peaceful industry, and Christian, happy homes were reared in the primeval wilderness. It may profit us to see what we owe to those who have gone before us, that we may not forget what we owe to those who shall come after us.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NEW CHURCHMAN. BY JOHN A. LITTLE.

Why Mr. Little should have published this sketch of his life, would seem, at first sight, rather perplexing. Its incidents are as common-place as they could well be. Born in poverty, he struggles up through a printing office into a surveyor's office; thence advances to a lawyer's office, is admitted to the bar, marries, changes the scene of his professional labors some half-a-dozen times, being never very successful; and when he takes leave of us, he is living on a farm which he "has not wholly paid for," and doing a legal business, which "is not very profitable," but is nevertheless, tolerably contented and happy, &c. &c. Now, this is the life of thousands in our country, who never dream of writing an autobiography, and yet our author seems to believe there has been something very strange and wondrous in his own career. The sum of the whole is, that Mr. Little is a simple-hearted person, with no originality or genius, or much ability of any kind; no great knowledge of the world, or of human nature; and therefore he has made a book, which is always tame; often flat and dull; and never calculated to produce much impression on the reader, good or

bad. To relations and friends, his volume might be welcome. Few others are likely to read it through. Messrs. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., of our city, are the publishers of this work.

ARCHIBALD CAMERON, OR HEART-TRIALS.

CHARLES SCRIBNER, of New York, sends us this volume; it might as justly have been named "Trials of the Patience," as "Heart-trials;" that is, if all feel as we did in the perusal. The author thinks it necessary to say in the preface, that "some of the incidents may appear exaggerated, and may be deemed by some as wild and improbable." A very sensible remark of Mr. A. Cameron's biographer. Whether he wrote the book, as a quiz, or caricature of a class of morbid fictions, with which the poor press is groaning at the present day, or whether he manufactured it in good faith, we are not quite satisfied. But certainly it is one of the strangest mixtures of Moore's Melodies and Byron's Childe Harold, with religious conversations between two young lovers, that we, or any body else, ever saw. If one has nothing better to do, we are not positive of his receiving any fatal injury from looking over this book. That he will extract much profit or pleasure from it, we doubt, unless his digestion is very strong.

THE EAGLE PASS. BY CORA MONTGOMERY.

Tales of border, pioneer, and woodland life are to us among the most fascinating of all reading. Especially so, when written with the vigor, clearness and eloquence, displayed by our authoress. We have seen, in past time, several letters of hers in the public prints, from the far Southwest, and we have always thought her one of our most energetic and skilful writers, whether male or female. This little volume fully sustains her former reputation. Texan, Mexican and Southwestern life is most vividly portrayed; and many will here learn with astonishment, what a measureless and opulent territory, belonging to us, is as yet almost entirely unsubdued to civilized industry. The reader will find much matter for thought about the future of our country; and our rulers would do wisely to consider and adopt many of the lady's suggestions, about the management of that new Dorado. This book forms another number of G. P. PUTNAM's admirable semi-monthly library.

WORLD-DOINGS AND WORLD-SAYINGS.

William Brown, a fugitive slave now in London, has written a book entitled "Three Years in Europe; or Places I have seen, and

People I have met," which is noticed by English papers. One of them pronounces it "a bit of genuine writing," and adds that the author "was a colored person much seen about London in the year of the Great Exhibition—and heard of in Paris at the Peace Congress." The work in notice contains the record of his sayings and doings in France and in England. Among other stories, Mr. Brown, (not Jonsing,) tells in his book, is the following, which, as we should judge, smacks pretty strongly of romancing: "On the passage from America, there were in the same steamer with me, several Americans, and among these, three or four appeared to be much annoyed at the fact that I was a passenger, and enjoying the company of white persons; and although I was not openly insulted, I very often heard the remark, 'That nigger had better be on his master's farm,' and 'What could the American Peace Society be thinking about to send a black man as a delegate to Paris.' Well, at the close of the first sitting of the Convention, and just as I was leaving Victor Hugo, to whom I had been introduced by an M. P., I observed near me a gentleman with his hat in hand, whom I recognized as one of the passengers who had crossed the Atlantic with me in the Canada, and who appeared to be the most horrified at having a negro for a fellow passenger. This gentlemen, as I left M. Hugo stepped up to me and said, 'How do you do, Mr. Brown?'—'You have the advantage of me,' said I. 'Oh, don't you know me? I was a fellow passenger with you from America; I wish you would give me an introduction to Victor Hugo and Mr. Cobden.' I need not inform you that I declined introducing this pro-slavery American to these distinguished men. I only allude to this, to show what a change comes over the dreams of my white American brother, by crossing the ocean. The man who would not have been seen walking with me in the streets of New York, and who would not have shaken hands with me with a pair of tongs, while on the passage from the United States, could come with hat in hand in Paris, and say, 'I was your fellow passenger.'"

Dr. M. Barry lately read a paper to the British Association for the advancement of Science, stating that at the railway station in Giessen, Hesse Darmstadt, in May, 1852, it was found that a bird had built its nest on the collision spring of a third-class carriage, which had remained for some time out of use. The bird was the black red-start (*Sylvia Tithys*;) and the nest contained five eggs. The discovery was made by the Wagenmeister, Jacob Stephanij, who humanely desisted his men to avoid as long as possible the running of that carriage. At length,

when it could no longer be dispensed with, the carriage was attached to a train, and sent to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, distant between thirty and forty English miles. At Frankfort it remained for six-and-thirty hours, and was then brought back to Giessen; from thence it went to Löllar, distant four or five English miles, and subsequently again came back to Giessen, having been kept awhile at Löllar; so that four days and three nights elapsed between the bringing of the carriage into use, and its last return to Giessen. Stephanij now finding the nest not to have been abandoned by the parent birds, and to contain young ones, which he describes as feathered, he removed it from the carriage to a secure place of rest, which he had prepared, saw the parent birds visit it, and visited it from time to time himself, until at first three, and then the other two young birds had flown; none remaining at the end of four or five days. The doctor asked, "Now, while the carriage was travelling, where were the parent birds?" It will hardly be said that they remained at Giessen awaiting its return, having to examine by night as well as by day, hundreds of passing carriages in order to recognize it; the young birds in their nests quietly awaiting food. He contended that there seemed little doubt that, adhering to the nest, one, at least, of the parent birds *travelled with the train*. Nor, when it is remembered how gently and how slowly an enormous railway carriage is pushed into connexion with a train—how gradually a train is brought into full speed, and how equable the movements are upon a railway—will it appear incredible, that at such a time a parent bird should continue with its nest, that nest being quite concealed, and containing young.

Mr. Martin F. Tupper has written a dirge on Wellington; the first that has appeared. Judging from the extracts published, it must be an uncommonly wishy-washy production. He takes the ground, because the noble Duke was Chancellor of Oxford, that he was a learned man. As the *Athenæum* has it, "in virtue of the wig, the wisdom must be presumed." Mr. Tupper asks, in one of his verses, was not the Duke—

"Was he not both our torch of war,
And learning's peaceful lamp?"

The same paper adds:—"Platitudes in meaning and doggerel in form, make up this first Dirge to the great Duke:"—

O Britain, broken-hearted,
Bemoan the bitter day,—
Thy Hero is departed,
Thy Glory, rent away,—
Alas! our joys are made to cease,
Our praise of old is fled,

Though first in war, and first in peace,—
Our Wellington is dead!

* * * * *
O, who shall worthily record
The trophies of his fame,
The wisdom of his lightest word,
The weight of his great name?
For king and men of every clime
Right nobly vied to raise
His glory's monument sublime
With pinnacles of praise!

* * * * *
Ah, bitter day! I hear a groan
From Britain's heart of oak;
Forth from the altar and the throne
That voice of anguish broke:
Alas, that he should perish
From the face of this dull earth,
And leave us but to cherish
The remembrance of his worth!

We agree with a critic, that so great a memory as that of Wellington, should inspire a loftier strain; that the Duke could not escape the hurdy-gurdy—but that he will have the homage of the trumpets, too.

The *Athenæum*, speaking of a new slice of Uncle Tom literature, which has recently been issued in London, under the title of "Uncle Tom in England," says:—"One of the penalties which success pays to the world is the inevitable imitation to which it gives birth. A Waverly cannot make his adventures known, but you have a host of historical novels on the library table—a Childe Harold cannot make his solemn pilgrimage without a hundred imitations and continuations springing up. In like manner a success such as Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' has achieved, was pretty certain to be followed by so-called 'echoes,' 'sequels,' and variations." The writer of this new book, evidently knows little of the subject upon which he writes; indeed, he is entirely ignorant as to it and America. He carries his slaver with a cargo from Africa into the harbor of Charleston—unaware that the importation of negroes into the United States has long been prohibited by statute. The *Athenæum* concludes its notice of this evident trash, thus:—"The writer boasts that the whole book was written by him in seven days and nights. If this be a merit, it takes the place of all others. We should rather he had taken more time—and done better. Why should he have been

—sleepless himself
To make his readers sleep?

He speaks of its having been an 'arduous and laborious task' to write this volume:—what should he say who is compelled to read it."

A new opera has been brought out at Naples—"Elena di Tolosa"—under favorable auspices. The composer, Signor Petrella, was called out fourteen times in one evening. A Neapolitan correspondent says: "The great feature of 'Elena di Tolosa' is, its simple and fresh originality. A remarkable instance of this is to be found in the *cabaletta* of the air for the *baritone*, and in the duett between the *soprano* and the *tenore*. A word more may be added in praise of the extreme beauty of the *largo* in the *finale* of the first act, and of the two choruses which precede the *largo*. Another feature of this opera to be commended is, its brevity.—Though everything is considered, and no situation is too much compressed, yet there is rapidity in the movement from one point to another. The singers were, Pancani, Cresci, and Luzio." "Dante e Bice," an opera by *Maestro Carrer*, has been given at the Teatro Carcano, Milan, with success. It is said in the French papers that Herr Hiller has resigned the *baton* at the Italian opera in Paris, which is the solitary announcement that has yet appeared touching the prospect of that luckless theatre for the coming winter season.

"Thoughts on Aerial Travelling, and the means of propelling Balloons," lately appeared in London from the pen of Mr. James Nye, and must be quite an original affair. The author's first proposition is, "that birds do use their wings to fly with"—whence he infers, that because a man has no wings, it is unreasonable to conclude that he could not fly were he to choose—though Mr. Nye recommends him not to desire that power, because it is unsocial, and would interfere with conversation and other of the amenities of travel. His next proposition is, that a cannon-ball, or a sky-rocket, is a motive power applicable to the purposes of locomotion. He has read that an arrow, shot from a tower, has been made to carry a letter to a friend or foe, whence he concludes that a cannon-ball "might be employed as a fleet and manageable steed for drawing our flying chariots." Having established these propositions, Mr. Nye describes the practical issues to which he would turn them, in the form of a plan for being shot across the Channel in an elliptical balloon by a succession of Congreve rockets. So look out for Mr. Nye one of these fine mornings.

We learn by the Boston *To-Day*, that Professor Shepard, of Amherst College, has recently added to his collection of meteorolites, a very valuable specimen, which is described by the Springfield *Republican* as a mass of compact malleable iron weighing 178 pounds, of an elongated ovoidal form, covered with

the usual indentations, and exhibiting the characteristic crystalline figures. It was discovered on the Great Lion River, in the Namaqua Land, in South Africa, and, having been transported several hundred miles in wagons to the Cape of Good Hope, was shipped to London. *To-Day* adds, Prof. Shepard, being fortunately in that city at the time of its arrival, immediately entered into negotiations to obtain it, and with considerable difficulty succeeded. He also, has another specimen from Newberry, South Carolina, weighing fifty-eight pounds. His collection of extra terrestrial substances weighs more than 350 pounds, and includes two hundred specimens from more than a hundred different localities.

Victor Hugo's new work, "Napoleon le Petit," is thus noticed by a London critic:—"We recollect no instance in which a quondam fictionist and writer of light literature has produced a work exhibiting so much political passion—and passionate eloquence, after the French taste and fashion—as M. Victor Hugo has here done. M. Hugo is an Academician—but his work is utterly un-academical. Singularly deficient in art—as a piece of invective it is all full of points that sting intolerably, and sparkle as they sting. Taking openly the character of a scourge—which shows an utter want of tact—it lacerates its victim mercilessly. Scorn is made so pungent and picturesque in M. Hugo's text, that we only wish we had a better right to be a scorner. We are utterly against the whipped—but have no great sympathy with the whipper."

Queen Victoria, by her warrant of the 6th of August last, has granted to Caroline Southey, the widow of the late laureate, a yearly pension of 200*l.*, "in consideration," as in the warrant is set forth, "of her late husband's eminent literary merits." A like warrant of the 9th of the same month, confers a pension of 75*l.* a year on Miss Louisa Stuart Costello, "in consideration of her merits as an authoress, and her inability, from the state of her health, to continue her exertions for a livelihood."

A favorite theory of Sir John Ross, as to aurora borealis, is, that it is nothing more nor less, than moisture in some shape, (whether dew or vapor, liquid or frozen,) illumined by the heavenly bodies, either directly or reflecting their rays from the frozen masses around the pole, or even from the immediately proximate snow-clad earth."

Humboldt is said, in letters from Berlin, to be employed three or four hours a day on a fourth volume of the "Cosmos," which

it is thought will soon be ready for the press. M. Humboldt will do well to lose no time. Prussia is blessed with a sentimental monarch, who is nevertheless, a willing imitator of mediæval practices. If the type founder be once exterminated in Vienna, he will have but a poor tenure of his office in Berlin.

Letters from Upsal report the death of Dr. Palmblad, who for upwards of twenty-two years, occupied the chair of Greek language and literature in that university. Dr. Palmblad was, we are told, one of the most learned Hellenists that the Scandinavian countries have produced—and has left a large body of published works to testify to the fact. He was, besides, a writer of romances and a poet.

One of the greatest Russian painters, Bruloff, who painted the "Last Day of Pompeii," which was so much admired at the Paris Exhibition of Paintings, died a short time ago, in the small town of Manciana, thirty miles from Rome:—where he was buried, followed to the grave by all the artists then in that capital.

The sale of the private library of the ex-Queen of the French, Marie Amelie, is announced to take place on the 3d of November. Among the rare books in the collection is the 'Sac de Rome,' written by J. Bonaparte in 1527—with a translation of the work by the present President of the French republic.

Lever's new novel, "The Dodd Family Abroad," is noticed with considerable favor by the English papers. One critic says, the book is the lightest of the light, almost what might be called "rollicking."

William Finden, the eminent English historical engraver, is dead. His "Byron Illustrations," and other works of art, are well known in this country.

THE WRITINGS OF ALICE CAREY.*

In an earlier number of our BIZARRE,† we have spoken with some severity of what we conceive to be the faults of Alice Carey's last work, "Hagar: a Story of To-Day," which we cannot help regarding, despite its style, which is singularly pure and elegant, and the frequent touches of refined, poetical and ori-

ginal sentiment which mark its pages, as a book unworthy of Miss Carey's reputation, and scarcely suitable in several respects to have been produced by a young lady whose experience and opportunities of observation can not well have made her familiar with such phases of crime and wretchedness as it displays. It is, however, a remarkable book—a book evincing unquestionable genius, and possessing such traits and qualities, in opinion, feeling and imagination, as would alone be sufficient to secure for Miss Carey a very high position among contemporary literary women. And the darker shades of character, and the striking and profoundly tragical incidents of the history, are likely to commend it successfully to the favor of the larger part of the reading public.

Miss Carey is one of our youngest authors; at least it is less than half a dozen years since her name first came before the public in the eastern states; and she has suddenly risen to an elevation which has excited alike the surprise and envy of the less fortunate writers of her sex. As a poetess we suppose no one will question that she is altogether superior to any of her countrywomen, and almost without a rival in the world. Mrs. Barrett Browning is the only British poetess deserving of comparison with her, and she far less for any original powers of creation than for her extraordinary resources of learning.—"Hagar" is not the best example of Miss Carey's capacities in prose, but in all her compositions the same sombre cast of thought, and melancholy vein of sentiment, are equally conspicuous, and it is apparent that this tragic element is one of the principal attractions, as it is one of the most characteristic qualities of her genius.

This tragic element does not consist so much in the exhibition of crime, horror, and remorse, as in a tender and gentle melancholy, induced and justified by a constant and apparently unavoidable experience of intellectual and physical suffering, in all the varieties of humble life, except those in which the finer instincts of humanity fail through rude influences of a just development. To be heroes or heroines, the persons of a drama must possess some distinguishing and beautiful or brave qualities, commanding sympathy or admiration; but these qualities, among the poor, are held to be inseparable from aspirations after a nobler life—the noblest of which they have any fixed conceptions—often such a life as they are precluded from by their inherited and unavoidable condition. The young woman loves, but she has no privilege of loving above the rank or circle to which she is born, and in which it is impossible, perhaps, to find an object equal to her in moral endowments. The young man is ambitious, of fame, or power, or ease, all

* Poems: Moss & Brother, Philadelphia, 1850. Clover-mook, or Recollections of Our Neighborhood in the West; Redfield, New York, 1851. Lyra and other Poems; Redfield, New York, 1852. Hagar: A Story of To-Day; Redfield, New York, 1852.

† No. 13, Vol. I.

or any of which would be attainable but for such accidents of fortune as are fate to him, and which compel him, "struggling with low wants and lofty will," to humiliating servility to men as much his inferiors in natural grace and worth as they are his masters through advantages they themselves have not acquired. The poor girl—because of her poverty—is subjected to all the injuries to which her sex is most sensitive, is outlawed from the protection of chivalry, and not regarded in the administrations of that honor of which all the subjects must be of a certain social elevation. The poor young man, has, under most circumstances, to swim through seas of fire before he can engage at all in the high strifes for which his competitors are trained and armed from their first advent in the world.

Now such experiences are common enough everywhere. No system of society has ever yet been devised which secured alike to all its members consideration and happiness in exact proportion to their capacities and deserts; and the good time is not to be expected under present influences, when the sole rule of advancement will be that divine calling of fitness and necessity by which the existing social evils can alone be remedied.

Miss Carey, in "Clovernook" and "Hagar," has dwelt with the earnestness of genuine feeling upon the poetical capabilities of such points—on the development of beauty, in a soil too rugged and in an ungenial and chilling atmosphere.

Her rank as an author is not to be decided so much from the nature or relations of her subjects, as from the propriety, power, and high finish evinced in their treatment. She has numerous, striking, and frequently prevailing faults, and as a novelist she is deficient to a degree of some of the faculties most essential to success; but the best critics among us have agreed that whatever their defects, her works are among the most remarkable and the most deserving to be cherished, of all the fragrant flowerings of the feminine intelligence in our times, and that they give promise of an excellence as much above that she has already attained, as that is above the best endeavors of the most ingenious and popular of her countrywomen who have attempted literature.

Of the inherent faults in Miss Carey's stories, that which is most likely to prevent their eminent, and, on the whole, merited success, is a deficiency of the constructive or architectural faculty, which is largely possessed by so many who are altogether inferior to her in resources of material. The plot of "Hagar" is bold and new, and susceptible of highly dramatic and impressive effects, but its very boldness makes it the more difficult to exhibit so successfully as to prevent a

thought of its difficulties or improbabilities in the mind of the reader. Disdaining the labor, or insensible of the necessity, or without that sense of proportion and relation which might have guided her to a grouping, and coloring, and elaboration, that would have saved the feelings from any shock, until the entire fabric was surveyed in unity, and with the softening effects of distance, she has brought her chief points so suddenly forward as to make the dullest apprehension sensible of violence, and inquisitive whether its cause be probable or in nature.

The character of Warburton, in this novel, seems to be frequently misunderstood; we cannot help regarding it as a masterly creation—not of a cold player with the chances of preferment, but an embodiment, all through the work, of pride, ambition, passion, with such tender sensibility as destroys, except in the sternest natures.

We will not pursue our criticism of Miss Carey's prose, because the little space we can appropriate to a consideration of her works, on the present occasion, must in part be occupied with some observations on the contents of the other volumes which are mentioned in a note to this article.

It is her distinction, as we have intimated to be our belief, that she is a great poet—a poet of such extraordinary and peculiar beauty and splendor, that whatever may be the fate of her writings in prose, her poems will always be in higher estimation among critics, and, if we are not altogether wrong, preferred not only to the best compositions of women in the same line, but to the works of any or all of our chief bards, except only Bryant, Halleck, and, perhaps, Whittier, Poe, and Longfellow.

It may be said of her that she has spontaneously, and perhaps unconsciously, given us some new measures, exquisitely beautiful, and perfectly adapted to the sentiment of the pieces for which they are used; but she has most frequently written to the music of great masters, whose examples in this respect are deemed worthy not only of general adoption, but to have become the common riches of genius. It must be confessed, however, that this appropriation of lyrical forms which are inalienably associated with some illustrious name in art, is apt to be injuriously suggestive. No one can now make use of the Spenserian measure, so-called, without subjecting his composition at once to comparison with "Childe Harold;" "In Memoriam," is recalled by every one who reads verses constructed in the same way; and though nothing can be more different in detail than "Lyra" from "Lycidas," whoever hears this touching elegy contrasts it at once with that immortal piece of art, which was perhaps the highest triumph of Milton. It is very easy to per-

ceive, however, that "Lyra" is unfinished, and that instead of having been built up by any slow process of accretion, it is but the fruit and illustration of a passionate impulse, born and dying perhaps with itself. So of "Winter," and the touching little pieces of "Yesternight," "The Winds," "Pictures of Memory," "Death Song," "The Shepherdess," &c., and the more playful illustration of her style which is furnished in "Wood Nymphs."

We have not been able to quote any passages from these delicious poems; our limits are too much restricted; but we should fail of our duty to every reader likely to be in any degree influenced by declarations of our judgment, if we did not urge upon their attention works so noticeable for their beauty,—so fresh, natural, and indigenous to our own soil, and so well fitted to lift up the soul to the range of sympathies and perceptions of which they are expressions.

EDITOR'S CHATTER-BOX.

Then came October, full of merry glee,
For yet his nowle was totty of the muste,
Which he was treading in the wine-vat's sea.

SPENSER.

This month, like the preceding, bore successive titles in the Roman Calendar. It was called *Faustinas*, from the wife of the Emperor Antonius Pius; *Domitianus*, from the Emperor Domitian; and *Invictus*, from the skill of the Emperor Commodus in the public games. The original and permanent name was compounded of the words *Octo* (eight) and *Imber*, as it was the eighth month in the Alban Calendar. It became the tenth in the time of Numa. The Saxons termed it *Wyn Monath*, from the Vintage. The sun enters *Scorpio* on the 23d. The poet says of October:

"There are vapours on the sky,
When the daybreak opes its eye;
There are vapors round the sun,
Ere the hastening day is done;
Yet, October, pale and sere,
Thou to me of all the year,
Now declining to its rest,
Art the loveliest, sweetest, best;
To the spirit's musings holy,
Gentle month of melancholy."

—A CORRESPONDENT is furious about the hose-cart bells which disturb him at night, during a fire alarm. He says they ought to have their tongues cut away. Too bad by half, he adds to have the tongues of hundreds of men and boys, going all at once, besides the tongues of those bells. He hates bells, and says tradition gives them even the gloomiest offices. Certes, bells were fre-

quently inscribed with this doggerel couplet, composed in the true style of a rhyming Latinist:

Funera plango, fulgura frango, Sabbato
pango,
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos.

Our correspondent does not attempt to versify it. Here is the literal translation: "I toll for funerals; I scatter the lightnings; I fix the Sabbath; I rouse the slothful; I disperse the tempest; I appease the ruthless;" all very sober, melancholy offices; but not a syllable about births, or weddings, or merry makings. He adds "it was reserved for the addle pates of modern times, to attempt the fruitless task of squeezing mirthful sounds out of such unpropitious instruments. Our wiser forefathers never dreamt of such a thing. The Romans applied them to the most ignominious purposes. They hung them round the necks of criminals when they went to execution, to warn folks to get out of the way of so ill an omen; and suspended them with whips on the triumphal chariots of their conquering heroes, to remind them of their being amenable to the laws of their country. That bells were heretofore considered as bearing no affinity to mirth, we need only point out the opposite uses to which they have been and continue to be applied. They are hung in the yards of manufactories, to call the workmen to labor; in gentlemen's houses, to rouse the servants to attendance or duty; and as alarms, to awaken the sleepers, in case of thieves or fire. They burst the sweet bands of slumber, and say to the drowsy menial, or tired mechanic, 'Arise, renew your daily toil' and are types of slavery. They denote the approach of an invading enemy, a rebellion or a tumult. 'Awake! awake!' says Macbeth, after he had murdered Duncan;—'ring the alarm, bell! murder and treason!' The very idea strikes terror into the heart; and who can forget the celebrated curfew-bell, that tolled away the liberties of Englishmen?" What shall be done to aid our correspondent of these "bells, bells, bells?"

—THE author of a new work was complaining the other day, to a literary gentleman, of the loss he had sustained by the publication, and the limited sale of his book. "Why," said his friend, 'the fact is, you had a bad publisher. Now, I wrote a book, some time ago, which, though quite worthless, had a wide circulation—indeed, in places where I at least of all expected a line of it to reach.' "Astonishing! pray who was your publisher?" Why, I tried the Harpers first, but did nothing; so I went to a trunk-maker, and by his means my work reached all the four quarters of the globe, with Australia and the Sandwich Islands into the

bargain."—In a number of the *Journal de la Librairie*, published in Paris in 1817, a new and complete edition of Voltaire's works was announced in 12 vols. octavo. The bookseller apprised the public, that each volume would contain a thousand pages, each page fifty lines, and each line fifty-five letters. By a little simple calculation it will be found that the literature, poetry, philosophy, and history of Voltaire, are comprised in thirty-three millions of letters.—Some persons have given the derivation of the word *dun* as *donne* from the French, signifying *give*; others, among whom is Dr. Johnson, say, it is from the Saxon word *dunon*, to *clamor*. Yet another learned pundit touching its origin has the following: In the reign of Henry VII., a famous bailiff named Joe Dunn lived in the town of Lincoln, who was so extremely dexterous in his business, that when a man refused to pay a bill, it was usual to ask, "Why don't you *dun* him!" that is, why don't you set Dun to arrest him."—BEAZLEY, tells a good story of the vaunting grandiloquent style of a certain Parisian he once met. "Who are you?" said B. "Oh," replied the Gascon, "I am a cork-cutter, but it's in a very large way." "Indeed," said B, "I presume then you are a cutter of bungs."—OLE BULL is building two villages at his new purchase in Potter county, and connecting them by a splendid avenue, which, when completed, will be several miles in length. He has three hundred of his countrymen at present among his settlers, and the probabilities are, that by the coming Spring, the number will be greatly increased. Ole Bull intends to build himself a home, capable of entertaining one hundred friends. The exterior will be constructed of coarse logs, while the interior will be finished in the highest style of art, and stocked with the most magnificent furniture that can be purchased. One feature of the in-door appointments, it is said, will be a superior piano, manufactured in our city, at a cost of one thousand dollars. Mr. Bull goes in for a plain unobtrusive exterior, and an elaborately finished interior. This peculiarity, indeed, marks him as a man; certainly, never lived a more gifted artist, and at the same time a plainer, and, we might add, more awkward man. An anecdote let us relate to the point: Not long since, a friend of Ole Bull's, and in company with whose family he was stopping at the Washington House in this city, promised Mr. G——, a friend of the writer, that he would make him acquainted with the great Norwegian. G——, announced the fact to us the other day at the Washington, adding, as he pointed his finger to two gentlemen, who sat earnestly talking together, "there sits my friend, with that rough looking

countryman: I shouldn't wonder if he were to introduce me this very morning to Ole Bull; he certainly would do so, if the bushwhacker who now has him by the button-hole gets through with his palaver, before the dinner-gong rings." "Rough-looking countryman! bushwhacker!" exclaimed we, on looking at the individual designated, "why G——, that's Ole Bull himself." Of course, some one was greatly surprised.—A FRIEND has sent us the "Diary of a Young Lady," with permission to make such extracts from the same as we think best. We will take the matter into consideration. It is written in a very pretty little hand. We have doubts as to the propriety of publishing all of it, unless we know the circumstances under which the document was obtained. It is very rich reading, particularly in those parts wherein it develops the valuable manner a city belle has of passing her time! Take a specimen. "*Monday*. In the evening, sister and myself sitting in the tea-room, when we heard a great racket at the door. Presently it opened, and who should walk in but Messrs. P—— and B——. They commenced their capers instantly. They got my crochet needles, and commenced sticking us with them, (oh, I could crack their cocoanuts for them,) and ruined the hook of one. After that they did not know what to be at, so B—— got all the lamplighters, and scattered them all over the tea table, in the sugar, butter, (as fortune would have it, the tea had not been brought in,) cherries—in short, the table was covered with them. He then blew all the lamps out. In the midst of the racket the tea-bell rang; we began to get frightened, so we scrambled about to get the table fixed, and the lighters up before mother came down. Just as she opened the door, we got the last one up, and put very grave faces on, as if nothing was the matter. * * * After tea in the evening, I went up stairs to sit with Miss D——, who is very sick. I sat there until half-past nine o'clock, and then came down stairs, and nothing would do, but I must take a hand at whist, which I did, to make up the set. Mother told us we must play but one game; after that she would take the cards away. Soon, however, she went to sleep in her chair, and we took occasion to say, when she woke up, 'oh, you're in the nine holes.' She never dream't of the trick, but said several times, 'deary me, that's a very long game.' We got to bed at 12 o'clock, after eating a nice supper."—"WHIMSICULO, JR.," has become one of the BIZARRE coterie, as will be seen by the commencement of a series of "Spiritual Dialogues," which appears in the present "issuo." We welcome him to the chosen band; and willingly accord to him a front rank among the dis-

tingués, of whom it is composed. The publishers have copyrighted BIZARRE to protect "WHIMSICULO" and other bookmakers in the coterie; not with any desire to prevent editors, who are disposed to give us credit, from republishing such articles as they may fancy.—Nor long since, we visited New York, and having been invited by one of the proprietors of the new Metropolitan, to "put up" there, while in the city, we declined the hospitalities of friends for that purpose. We arrived at the hotel about dusk, and as we entered the splendid reception room, were at once dazzled with the beauty of all we saw. It turned out that the house was full to overflowing, that guests were lodging about the whole neighborhood, and that, if we slept at all under the roof, we must take up with a bathroom. A virtue was made of a necessity, the hour being late, when we learned what was to be our inevitable fate; so we retired to our bathroom, but not to sleep long or soundly. We dreamed onemoment we were floating in the tub, while a stream of hot-water flowed from the spigot upon our devoted head and shoulders. Then a vile wretch, with green eyes, claw fingers, and brassen skin, was sousing us into what seemed to be hot ink. Then we imagined ourselves squeezed into a water-pipe, and vainly hoping a good head of Croton would be let in, and float us out. To recount a tithe of the horrors we suffered in that little bath-room, would be impossible. We awoke long before daylight, and determined at once to arise, and, after plentiful ablutions, to go up among our friends. The bath we had actually, and not in dreams, and into which we rolled, from a miserable little cot bedstead on which we had been tortured, was very refreshing. We enjoyed it for, at least, an hour, for we were waiting, every moment, for day to break. At last, light gleamed through the blinds of a miserable little window, and we improved it to make our toilet, and hie forth. How charming the fresh air was after our night of pent-up agony, it is impossible to tell. The proprietors of the Metropolitan did us really a great favor, we are told, when they furnished us with any lodging at all under their roof. We thank them, such being the case, from the bottom of our heart, and we humbly think this expression of gratitude ought to make us "quits;" especially as, in addition to it, we paid for our lodging and breakfast (one dollar and seventy-five cents!) promptly, on the presentation of the bill.—A CONTINUATION of "Visit to Laurel Hill," commenced in our last, reached us at too late a date, to insure an insertion in the present number. It will be given in our next. Also, a notice of Rev. Edward C. Jones' lecture on "Coleridge."

DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

News of the death of DANIEL WEBSTER reaches us just as we are going to press; we can hence do no more than announce the fact. In a future number we shall hope to do justice to the memory of the illustrious deceased.

PUBLISHERS' BIZARRE.

OUR PUBLISHERS' CARD.

In assuming the publication of "BIZARRE," we desire to spare no pains to make it a welcome visitor wherever it may chance to win its way. Unobtrusive, yet not over modest, our little paper will present a concentration of good reading matter, that may, without the least hesitation, be taken by the "fireside" of a domestic hearth, or as a companion by the "wayside," with the full assurance that, although it may not be overburdened by a surfeit of so called "solid" matter, yet, within its pages may, we trust, be always found something to instruct, as well as something to enliven.

The editor, Mr. J. M. Church, will always have the exclusive control of the literary department, and we feel assured, from his well known ability, will be able to cater to the most fastidious taste.

Shall the enterprise succeed? But we will not ask that; for it is even now a settled point. Shall it be encouraged sufficiently to warrant an increase of talent and labor being bestowed upon it? Kind reader, it rests with you. If you like us, subscribe—and get your friends to do likewise.

A new volume commences with the number for the fortnight ending Oct. 16, 1862.

Advertisements not conflicting with the character of the Journal inserted on favorable terms.

Communications for the editor should be addressed J. M. Church. Letters on business to the publishers, post paid,

GETZ, BUCK & CO.,

No. 4 Hart's Buildings, Sixth above Chestnut.

WE HAVE paid a flying visit to the Exhibition of the Franklin Institute at the Chinese Museum, and were greatly pleased with the display. The collection is not so large as formerly, but to our view fully as interesting, as any by which it has been preceded. The goods are handsomely arranged, and the effect which they produce as one passes through the saloons, is very striking.

Among the exhibitors, prominent of course, is M. A. Roer, our great Daguerrean. His pictures are constantly surrounded, and by an admiring groupe. No artist in the country surpasses Roer; indeed, honestly speaking, only one or two approach him. His crayon vignettes are wholly his own, being taken by a process, the exclusive right to use which he has. Several of these vignettes we noticed in Roer's collection at the Fair, and we think them the best he has ever produced.

Another exhibitor is Mr. WILLIAM T. FAY, whose place is at 227 Arch street. He offers a large case filled with the handsome fruits of his own handiwork. This handiwork consists of writing-desks, dressing-cases, jewel-boxes, ladies reticules, backgammon boards, and all kindred articles, finished off in the very highest style of art. Some of the writing-desks and dressing-cases, are exquisitely inlaid with mother of pearl; while others are embellished with marquetrie work of the most elaborate character. FAY for many years carried on the manufacture of these articles in London; he is now one of us, and so intends to continue. He will occupy a new store next Spring, nearly opposite the one where he may now be found.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MAD-CAP?"—*Farquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

VOLUME II. }
PART 16. }

FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1852.

{ SINGLE COPIES
FIVE CTS. }

JOEL SWAMPEY,
OR, THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T MIND HIS OWN
BUSINESS.

We met Swampy many years ago in New York city—both he and ourself, were reading law at the time. He was a queer-looking little compound. His head was shaped, not unlike one of Newton's butter pears, and, even though he was a young man, his complexion partook of a very elderly saffron cast. He had a pair of little grey twinkling eyes, set remarkably close together at the base of a forehead, not unintellectual. His mouth was small, and he generally kept it closely compressed, when he was silent. As, however, he loved to talk, and as our readers will judge from his character as developed by our story he had a good deal to talk about, he was very rarely taciturn. Swampy's body was out of proportion, as compared with his head; the one, being unusually large, and the other unusually small. There was a singular crooking of the ankles, which some people might pronounce deformity; but it was a beauty, when compared with a swelling nature had placed on the back between the shoulders, and which is usually denominated a hump.

That hump was Swampy's John Jones. It had a part in everything which he did. It produced, certainly, an acridity of temper which was apparent in all his sayings. He made it his business to know every body's affairs, and entertained his acquaintances with the fruits of this knowledge. He always laid particular stress on the foibles, errors, or backslidings, of his fellow-men; talking of them with the most unmistakable *gout*. He revelled in scandal; he enjoyed it, indeed, as heartily as does the alderman his turtle soup.

Swampy lived at the same hotel with us, and we had the misfortune to sit near him at the table; moreover, for what reason we cannot say, he entertained a great regard for us, bestowing upon us at the table, and wherever he met us in the house, a large share of his conversation.

"Have you seen Mr. Wiggins the broker, lately?" he said to us one day. On replying "No, why do you ask?" he added, "Nothing, only I heard last week, he was around borrowing money pretty freely, leading some persons to suppose that he was in a tight place. However, I don't think that such can be the fact, as he got twenty thousand dollars by his wife, made twenty thousand dollars last year in Harlem, and as he has no family of any consequence, to support. Again, they live very meanly; at any rate their butcher tells me he only sends home three joints a week. Then you know Mrs. Wiggins never entertains; she has only given one party in three years, and that was a little sandwich and lemonade affair. Old Mrs. Burt who was nursing Mrs. Wiggins' sister at the time, declares to me on her honor, that the whole bill for the party was just thirty seven dollars and sixty-two and a half cents. Then the Wigginses, don't keep more than two servants, a man and a woman. To the former, according to old Mrs. Burt, they pay twelve dollars a month, and to the latter one dollar and a quarter a week. Look at their style of dressing, too; it is certainly very plain. Mrs. Wiggins has worn that sky-blue bonnet for two winters. She got it, Mrs. Burt says, of Mrs. Jones in John street, and it cost eight dollars. Wiggins has sported the same brown coat he now wears, for four years, I hear he has lately purchased a new black frock, and if one of Jennings' clerks tells the truth, it cost him twenty-five dollars. Well now, what on earth can have embarrassed Wiggins? Certainly not his domestic arrangements."

So Joel Swampy, would talk of people, sometimes unquestionably leading to serious injury of them; but exactly how they could not well tell. He generally enjoined confidence, and of course the inuendoes he threw out were confidentially communicated along a chain of goossips like himself, until they got into bold broad daylight, and effected a positive injury. The story he told us about Wiggins, was overheard by a gentleman

who sat near us at table, and in three hours was in Wall street. Wiggins met it promptly, without being able to trace its author, and as the result proved, it all originated from the fact of his going into a neighbor's, to get some uncurrent bills changed into city money. Swampey, or one of his friends, saw him coming out with a roll of money, and at once concluded—such folks always jump at conclusions—that he was a little short.

Joel Swampey was very fond of ladies' society, and we are sorry to say, the fair sex, or those who lived at his hotel, liked his gossip so well, that they encouraged his attentions. It was so nice for them to have all the particulars about every little affair that was going on in town; and then Joel was so thoroughly "booked up" in them. He heard all the engagements which were on the tapis; knew the time selected for the marriage ceremony; and, sometimes could tell what the bride and her attendants were to wear. Then he was acquainted with all the little scenes which occurred in families, between husbands and wives. If Mr. and Mrs. Blood had had a small spat about the gallantries of Mr. B., or the easy manners of Mrs. B., Swampey was possessed of all the particulars of the affair. It rather annoyed him to hear that the difficulty had been compromised by the interposition of Mrs. Rambler; he would very much have preferred to state, that an eternal separation must ensue.

We say the ladies at the hotel liked all this spicy gossip, which Joel Swampey carried in his budget; and, which he told with so many shakes of his little hump-back, and so many little nervous laughs. Why will ladies in hotels and boarding-houses, have such depraved appetites for scandal? Ah! reader, that's a question which it would puzzle the spiritual mediums to answer.

But Joel Swampey's coquetting with the ladies at the hotel, once produced a storm, which gathered about his head, and, which when it broke, nearly carried away his ears. He had been accustomed daily to waylay the servant who was sent to the post-office for the letters, and by giving him a sixpence, to obtain at the earliest moment anything intended for himself. More than this, the early glance he had at the letters enabled him to run his eye over their superscriptions; and he hence could skip about the house, announcing to the various boarders that there was a letter for them in the office. Sometimes, he would even go so far—very frequently in the case of ladies—as to deliver the letters himself, saying as he did so, while he winked those little grey twinkling eyes of his, "hope it's good news," or,

"I see the seal is a black one; pray heaven! nobody's dead!"

"Once upon a time," as the story books say, he was talking with a young and handsome lady, the wife of Colonel Easy; but let us narrate the dialogue:

Swampey. Mrs. Easy, how is Maria Freeman, that was?

Mrs. Easy. You mean Mrs. Herbert Jones.

Swampey. Yes, beg pardon, Mrs. Herbert Jones.

Mrs. Easy. She was well when I last heard from her, but her children have been sick.

Swampey. I know: little Peggy had the measles; Kitty, the chicken-pox; Sally, biles. Dr. Ferguson attended them. By the way, that was an enormous bill of his; seventy-five dollars for forty visits. I got the particulars of the charge from your husband, the Colonel.

Mrs. Easy. Ah! the Colonel should not have spoken of it complainingly. The doctor is his friend, and has done him many favors.

Swampey. Oh, he only told *me*, you know; I used to be very intimate with the Colonel before you were married, when he was so attentive to Mrs. Freeman.

Mrs. Easy. (Quite uneasy.) Attentive to Mrs. Freeman? Why I did not know that.

Swampey. (Perplexed, and yet not perplexed.) Oh—he was—but then, you know it was before he knew you. Let me see—Mrs. Freeman introduced you to your husband. Well, they were very warm friends, and I suspect they still continue to be such. At any rate, I notice Colonel Easy receives a great many letters, the directions of which I would swear before an alderman, are in Mrs. Freeman's hand-writing.

Mrs. Easy. (Highly excited.) Letters in Mrs. Freeman's handwriting! Why, Mr. Swampey, you must be mistaken?

Swampey. Not at all. By the by, there is one in the office now. I'll go down and bring it up. You can judge for yourself.

Mrs. Easy. (Frantic.) Oh! do, do, do, Mr. Swampey.

Swampey. I will. (Exit Swampey.)

Now, what was the true story in all this business? The letter was not from Mrs. Freeman at all, but from one of Colonel Easy's sisters, who wrote a hand very much like Mrs. F.'s. Mrs. Easy kept the letter until her husband came in, and after a terrible storm about it, for she did not wait for the seal to be broken—which many boarders in the hotel overheard—there came a calm. In other words, Mrs. Easy was appeased as soon as she had blown off the jealous steam fired up by Joel Swampey, and was permitted to examine the letter. There

was a very unpleasant encounter between herself and her lord, nevertheless, in which she satisfied her rage by breaking two side-combs, and throwing her wedding ring into the fire. The ring was recovered, however, and, as we have stated above, the troubled waters calmed. But Mr. Joel Swampey got a blessing from Colonel Easy, who called him in the presence of at least a dozen fellow-boarders, an impertinent little prying puppy, and added by way of desert, "that, if he ever again dared to meddle with anything belonging either to himself or his wife, he would cut off his ears."

Joel replied: "Now, don't be so excited, Colonel. I didn't think Mrs. Easy was of so jealous a temperament. All the ladies in the house thought she had the most unbounded confidence in you; and I am sure I thought so too. Then she appeared to us all, to be the very pink of amiability. Law me, after hearing her abuse you as she did, after hearing her use the profane language she did—"

"Villain!" interrupted the Colonel, flying at Swampey, "do you dare?"—here the landlord stepped in, and declared he could not have any violence in his house. Swampey was thus saved a pretty severe drubbing, we think; for he took early opportunity to slide out of the room, and the next day Col. Easy was put under bonds to keep the peace.

We have many other incidents in the life of Joel Swampey, which we might relate, but it will be impossible to give them in this sketch. They embrace an incalculable amount of mischief done by him, both public and private. In the course of the whole of them, singular as it may seem, he escaped with only one kick, *a posteriori*. But the gentleman who gave that kick had to pay for the luxury, the exact value of it being just fifty dollars, and costs of court.

The last adventure of Swampey must be given, if for nothing else than because it led to his total reform. It happened only a few months ago. It seems a young gentleman, named Spencer, who had established himself in California, as a lawyer, and who had already amassed quite a pretty property, came to New York with a friend, named Middleton, also in good business in the golden State. They stopped at the ——— Hotel, the old abiding place of Swampey. Of course, the curious little man became acquainted with them, and soon discovered that Spencer was paying attentions to a very pretty young lady, whose parents resided in the Fifth Avenue. He also learned that the "old folks at home" were opposed to the match; they had forbidden Spencer the house; one of her brothers had told him so. Here was a capital affair, to engage his pry-

ing propensities; he suspected Spencer would be getting married in a hurry, on the day of the sailing of some steamer, and that he would be off with his bride for the land of promise before any one knew what he was about. He hinted this to the young lady's brother, and promised to keep a look out.

It was not long before the very day came which Joel had foretold. He saw it in the movements of the young Californians. He resolved to be satisfied; nay, when satisfied, if he had time, to frustrate the plan. He couldn't bear to think of two persons, who loved each other, being married.

The Georgia was advertised to go at her usual time, and he was on her deck at least two hours before that time. Not long had he been on the watch, before the young men appeared, bag and baggage, and with them a handsome little sailor lad. Ah, hal thought Joel, there you are, miss, in those duck pantaloons. What an indecent plight, surely, for the daughter of one of our first families! Then he showed himself plainly to Spencer and Middleton, and even moved up to them with his wriggling gait. Spencer spoke to Middleton as Swampey approached, after which he disappeared, followed by the handsome little sailor. Middleton, however, met Swampey with a smile, told him he was delighted to see him. It was very kind in him to come down, and see them off.

"Oh, thank you," said Swampey, "but who is that little sailor boy? I know; I'll whisper it to you," and Swampey put his mouth close up to Middleton's ear, as he shouted, in a voice loud enough for everybody on board to hear, "that's Miss —."

"Hush!" said Middleton, "you are a smart little fellow. I'll own up. You are right. I don't half like this running away. The game of Spencer ought to be exposed. You know you came here for that purpose. Now, I'll assist you in it; but first, the steamer does not go until three hours after the time announced, on account of some detention of the mails; so let's go and have a drink of champagne in the steward's room, at Spencer's expense, and then stealing ashore, we will send word to the old folks, and have the game blocked."

"Good! capital!" exclaimed Swampey. "But are you in earnest about the sailing of the steamer? and will you desert your friend?"

"Desert him!" ejaculated Middleton, "why not? Didn't I first love Maria myself? and didn't he take her away from me? My dear Swampey, I want revenge; you can help me to it."

"I will, I will," chuckled Swampey; "but first the champagne, he, he, you are sure about the hour of sailing?"

"Quite sure; the steward's room and the champagne!" said Middleton.

Here both parties disappeared, and we

will leave them enjoying themselves over a bottle of excellent Mumm, almost as good, perhaps, as the article which our friend Glass, of the Washington House, furnishes his boarders. Middleton, as the reader may guess, deceived Swampy, both as to the time of departure of the steamer, as well as to his true feelings towards Spencer. As he may also guess, the little meddling lawyer got funny, and thought they were merely trying the engine, when the noble Georgia was under full headway. At last certain qualmish feelings, very much like sea-sickness, roused him up, aided as they were by a conviction that the vessel was in rapid motion. He looked at Middleton, and only got a sneer in return. The truth flashed full upon him; he was on his rapid way to Chagres, with only one change of clothing, and a few dollars in his pocket. What should he do? He rushed on deck, looking fearfully wild. He sought out the captain, but got no satisfaction. Then came on dreadful sea-sickness from which he suffered awfully; the more, perhaps, because Middleton and Spencer prescribed for him rich bowls of ox-tail soup, with junks of fat thrown in to make it more palatable. Nobody took pity on him but one little dried-up old maid, and a fellow who boasted that he had written many first rate articles for flashy weekly papers, about private citizens. He was now on his way to San Francisco, to seek his fortune; in other words, he was leaving home for home's good. These diabolical friends gave him small comforts in the midst of his terrible retchings, during which he frequently thought he was throwing himself inside out. The old maid had money, and after much persuasion, had cashed a check for him, to put him in funds; for be it known Swampy had means, and took care always to keep them in a safe place, in the vaults of a good specie-paying bank. He saw sickness, if not death, before him at Chagres. The fever was raging there fearfully, Middleton and Spencer told him, and he would certainly catch it in his weakened state. Horrors! thought Swampy, to die of the Chagres fever, away off from home and kindred, and to be buried, perhaps, by negroes. Imagine his sufferings!

At last, the steamer reached Chagres, and Swampy was assisted into a boat, for the shore, more dead than alive. His little eyes looked like two dirty glass beads, set in soiled yellow flannel; his hair was matted with filth, his clothes were dirty and torn, and he was quite as disgusting a looking object as it is possible to imagine. As the boat containing his flabby flesh and unhinged joints, was rowed ashore, he heard voices from a little steamer bound up the river, shout to him, "Good bye, Swampy," followed by another, soft flute-like voice, "Good bye, Swampy."

"Oh! that villainous little sailor in duck pantalons," muttered Swampy.

Our sketch must now come to a close. Joel Swampy was seized with the Chagres fever, and lay for weeks at the point of death; indeed at one time he was given up by his physician. Was he prepared to die? Wretched man, no: he groaned in the excess of agony, when he thought of the last moment. Finally, hope flooded in upon him, hope of recovery; for he felt his disease had broken, and was departing. It was at this period that he called his attendant to him, and asked him to procure pen, ink and paper. This being done, Joel Swampy rose up in bed, and leaning on one arm, stretched out the other, as he said, "Write down in a plain, bold, clear, unmistakable hand, upon that paper, the following:—

"Joel Swampy, here at Chagres, on the — day of —, resolves, never again, during his whole natural life to attend to anybody's business but his own; in other words, he means to mind his own business!"

Mighty God! another day
Me hath sped along my way;
Nearer to my grave I've come,
Nearer to my endless home.

Thanks for life's protracted length,
For continued health and strength;
Food and raiment, sun and air,
Still provided by thy care;
Powers of soul and body still
Shielded from each threatening ill;
Friends to love, and good to do,
Truth to seek, and heaven pursue.

Gracions God! my thanks sincere,
Kindly stoop Thee down to hear;
Bid them gush, full, warm and free,
From a spirit filled with thee!

Round me close the shades of night;
Be with me Thy presence bright,
Darkness comes not where Thou art,
Be thou ever in my heart!

Another correspondent of the Demon-Haunted school furnishes the readers of BIZARRE with the following remarkable narrative of his experience, as connected with evil spirits. He says in his letter to us:—

"That there is a spiritual world, which though unseen, embosoms and interpenetrates this visible, material world, is a pro-

position, to which most of us give at least a nominal assent. To few, however, does the existence of such spiritual world appear as real as that of the sun, moon and stars. It is experience only which can bring about this result. Such experience, unless self-deluded to an incredible degree, I have myself had, and of consequence the invisible world is to me not less actual than that which impresses my bodily senses.

"Still further. If I can trust my senses at all, then I must believe them, when they inform me that disembodied spirits may sometimes communicate with spirits still wrapped in clay. The pretensions of clairvoyance—the statements of A. J. Davis's intercommunings with the 'second and higher spheres'—the professed revelations of the 'Seeress of Prevoorst,' and others of her class; all these things I cannot now pronounce self-delusions or impostures, (as I might perhaps, once have done,) without including my personal experience in the same category—without, in fact, surrendering my faith in what my own eyes and ears have more than once most distinctly reported to me.

"Even the current tales of 'knockings' heard in various places, which the soi-disant wise and common-sense people either pronounce at once to be humbug, or else pass by in contemptuous silence, seem to me to be the possible precursors of events so unusual and astounding, that the hard incredulity of our age will be prostrated at once and forever.

"Is it not strange, that they who accept the Bible as their standard of faith and practice—a book filled with narratives of interchanges between the spiritual and the material worlds—should reject instantly every statement attesting similar occurrences at the present day? What authority have we for holding, that what was fact 1850 or 4000 years ago, has never been fact since, or, shall never be fact again?

"Think, too, of Swedenborg being declared insane, for testifying his own intromission into the spirit-world, and his intercourse with its denizens. Swedenborg, one of the very largest and grandest souls that ever tabernacled in clay, and gifted with an intelligence, alike subtle, comprehensive and profound. A lunatic composing 40 octavos, on themes the weightiest and most difficult, pervaded by a logic, that never strays from the forthright path, or once halts in its pace. Forty volumes of lunatic illusions, according with, and buttressed by the facts of universal history and science, of all literature and all experience, and casting upon them all a new and prodigal light, which imparts to man's existence and destiny a significance and grandeur unimagined before. In very

deed, of all credulity beneath the sky, the credulity of incredulity is the most astonishing."

Notwithstanding all this doctrine which our correspondent puts forth so cleverly, we are still skeptical. But, without further preface, we give his narrative, which is certainly a very curious one. Those of the readers of *BIZARRE* who are inclined to swallow it as sober reality, and not the fruit of a diseased state of mind and body, may obtain a capital antidote for this tendency, in the admirable "Spiritual Dialogues," which we are now publishing, and the second part of which appears in this number.

I was one day traversing a crowded thoroughfare of New York, where countless omnibuses, carriages and drays, were thundering over the pavements, and dense throngs of human beings were moving in both directions along the side-walk, when I heard my name distinctly pronounced. I stopped to ascertain who was thus speaking to me, or of me, but after looking every way, I could see no one who appeared to have addressed me, and no one who could (as I thought) have been talking about me. So, supposing I had been deceived, I moved on.

I had not proceeded far, before I again heard my name uttered. I stopped once more and looked around, but with as little result as before. Perplexed and somewhat disturbed at this strange incident, I was passing onwards towards my hotel, which was about a mile off, when, for the third time, I heard my name called too plainly for the possibility of mistaking. Now, however, some words were coupled with it, though what they were I could not distinctly catch.

My attention being thus aroused and concentrated, I heard the same voice say, "Now he's listening—now he hears us!" With this commenced a series of annoyances, which were kept up without intermission, till they grew into a pungent distress, of which I despair of imparting any adequate impression. But let the reader imagine, if he can, how he would feel, if sure there stood about him several beings, who, while to him invisible, could not only see his body, but look into his soul, and read every thought and emotion therein, as it arose. Then let him fancy these beings proved to be malignant ones, by the whole matter and spirit of their remarks, and the very tones of their voices—all this too, occurring in the bright sunshine and the thronged city, thus precluding the supposition of one's being duped by his own imagination, acted upon by disordered nerves.

The conviction was soon pressed home upon me too strongly for doubt, that having somehow laid myself open to the approach of

evil spirits, I was now encompassed by a throng of them, whose aim was to tempt, to torment, and, if possible, drive me by terror or despair, into some act harmful or fatal to myself. They heaped upon me all opprobrious epithets—they called up in one dense, dark array, the evil deeds, words, desires, thoughts and imaginings, of long past years, (many of which had been forgotten, till they revived their memory,) and commented upon them in that bitter, exaggerating strain, which made them look blacker than they really were—in a word, they strove by every means to make me loathe and despise myself, and to despair utterly of myself and my fate. They gave me no chance to rally my powers of resistance, to think calmly and to estimate deliberately myself and my life, for every thought, as it rose within me, they caught up and uttered aloud, and turned awry with their malign sarcasm and perverting subtlety.

Terrified and bewildered, I hurried on towards my hotel—for what reason I know not, since what relief could I expect there, from evils such as these? But it seemed as if my accelerated pace bred an intenser malignity in my ghostly assailants, for the uproar about me became a hundred fold more violent and loud. And, as though by their diabolic agency, a tongue and a voice were given to every one of the myriad clamors and noises of that crowded street, and of the whole populous city. The rattling crash of omnibuses, coaches, and similar vehicles; the hoarse rumble of drays and other draught-carriages; the infinitely multiform cries of charcoal-men, news-boys, and other hawkers of their wares, and the very conversation of the twos and threes, that passed by me; all in some inexplicable way, shaped themselves into the sound of my name, coupled with every term of reproach, hate and wrath, which language could supply. The very constitution of nature, as well as the animal and human races, seemed to have started up in concurrent, deadly hostility, to my single self; and solitary, amazed and helpless, I was constrained to bide the pelting of the ruthless storm.

In this condition I reached my hotel; sat down in the thronged public room, and by poring over the newspapers, and watching the incomers and outgoers, I endeavored to gain composure, and to lay my morbid self-consciousness asleep. In this, I partially succeeded. Partially only, however. For the grating voices of the invisible ones, were still around and nigh me, and at brief intervals poured out upon me the same sort of opprobrious charges as at first. It seemed to me, also, as if they communicated to every one that came within sight, an aspect of suspicion, and intense animosity towards me;

and, if I could trust my own ears, all were talking about me; all were enemies; all were taxing me with the foulest vices and crimes, and all were heaping abuse upon me without stint.

So passed the remaining day, the night succeeding and the next day; I need not go into their details—in fact, I could not without filling a volume—but, I say I need not, since I perceive, by some former numbers of *BIZARRE*, that, two or three other unfortunates have endured similar demoniac visitations with myself. The reader, therefore, who may feel curious on the subject, may learn by referring to those narratives, in what species of horrors and torments I spent those slow-dragging, endless-seeming hours. Suffice it to say, that, by the middle of the afternoon ensuing, I had become (if I may thus phrase it,) so steeped in the fiendish element, that the city seemed to me a veritable Pandemonium. I could not tolerate a longer stay in it—though I had come there to make it a permanent abode—and, my first and most vehement wish was to flee from it, it mattered comparatively little whither. Accordingly, I hurried with my trunk aboard a North River night steamer, and set forth towards Albany. The confused bustle of getting under weigh, and of the first few miles' voyage, so far operated as a diversion in my favor, that I began to hope that I was rid of my tormentors. But I was cruelly undeceived when order and silence had succeeded the tumult of the starting. It was but too plain, that a multitudinous throng of unseen malignities were in close attendance upon me; and, they even, with a hideous jocoseness, congratulated me on having attained so great a social importance, as to be attended by a suite so numerous and respectable.

After enduring their gibes awhile in the cabin, I went on deck, which was now entirely solitary, and lay down on one of the settees. In the comparative stillness of the place, most strange and unearthly were the sounds that saluted my ear, and the thoughts to which they gave rise. A countless host appeared to occupy with me this deserted place. Not only could I hear them talking with each other, and all their words as distinctly, as ever I heard persons conversing at one yard's distance, but I heard the shuffling tread of innumerable feet, swiftly traversing the deck to and fro, with the accompanying rustle of innumerable garments, as plainly, as though this crowd had consisted of our passengers, male and female mingled, all moving within sight of me. I strove hard to persuade myself, that I was cheated by a disordered imagination, and that the supposed sound of footsteps and garments, was but the various noises of our

steamer metamorphosed thereby. But I strove in vain, although through very desperation, I had now become calm and cool, and as completely competent as ever to examine, investigate, distinguish, reason and pass judgment. No; I could hear perfectly well, and as well discriminate every various noise, of every different part of the boat, and they were all contemporary with, and totally separate from the sounds in question. The two classes of sounds went on together; I could hear the flow of their several currents, and I could not even begin to confound or identify the one with the other. They were equally real to me, nor had I the slightest clue for discovering which were imaginary, if either were such.

Becoming at length indignant beyond measure at this pertinacious annoyance and persecution, I addressed them with the severest terms of reprehension which my vocabulary could furnish, and, as if they still retained some relics of human feeling and principle, I remonstrated with them strongly against their unprovoked and outrageous cruelty. Doubtless this may seem to the reader foolish enough, but such was the fact. While I was speaking, the crowd were perfectly still as if listening, and when I had finished, an indistinguishable murmur was heard among them as though they were discussing the matter among themselves. But ere long it appeared that their malignity had triumphed over all opposing sentiments, for the tramp and rustle across the deck again commenced, as did also the taunt, the oburgation, and the scornful laugh.

I quitted the deck and mingled with the throng assembled below. They accompanied me, but though they still spoke at intervals, a new class of spirits now manifested their presence, and occupied the principal place. These consisted apparently of young girls and young men, of whose moral quality I found it difficult to judge. They exhibited no malice in general, and no hostility towards myself, and on the other hand I could detect no decided bias towards purity, and goodness in what they said and did. They evinced a lively interest in my present condition, which they seemed to think was one of most imminent danger. I could hear them debating among themselves, whether it were possible I could survive the present attack, of which most held the negative; as also how many hours or minutes my life would probably last. The general conclusion was, that my time was very brief. They gathered closely around me, and watched me with intensest scrutiny. I felt that a hundred eyes were gazing upon me, as vividly as though I had seen them, each and all. The interest felt in me by my companions seemed, as they continued to observe me, to increase in degree,

until it became positive good will and even affectionateness; as I learned by their repeated expressions to each other, and, what may appear inexplicable, by the occasional touch of a soft hand on my forehead or head.

At last there was a new arrival, that of a female spirit, to whom all the rest gave way, as though it was her right to monopolize attendance upon me. Her name was not pronounced by them, nor did she utter it herself, and I could not conjecture who among those I had ever known, it could be. But something impressed me, that somewhere, and at some period, she had been not merely an acquaintance, but one very near and dear to me. She seemed in ecstasies to meet me; she uttered a thousand expressions of fondness, laid her hand on my cheek and brow, and kissed me again and again. A strange phenomenon, as the reader may well suppose. I could see nothing; and yet I listened to numberless loving utterances, which thrilled and melted my very heart, and felt on my cheek and forehead the repeated touch of soft lips as palpably as I ever felt anything in my life's normal state. And yet, according to the common-sense man, who cannot abide the mysterious and preternatural, and can accept nothing that contradicts the report of his own material, every day experience, I must regard all these things, as a phantasmagoria raised up by my disturbed and tricksome imagination!

So passed the night away, and about daylight we arrived at Troy, New York. I landed, sought a hotel, made my toilet, and breakfasted. During this period my companions had left me, or at any rate gave me no sign of their presence. The forenoon I spent in walking briskly about the city to dispel the unpleasant sensations occasioned by want of sleep and protracted agitation. I was but little troubled, the while, by spirits, though I did occasionally hear something, which evinced, that I was still within their reach.

After dinner I retired to my chamber to repair, if possible, my loss of sleep. I had lain but a few moments, being as yet so broadly awake as not even to feel drowsy. when my attention was arrested by the sound of breathing in the room. I supposed, at first, either that it proceeded from some person in a neighboring room, or that it was the echo of my own respiration, or that I had somehow mistaken the sound. But a careful examination showed all these suppositions to be erroneous. I held my breath a considerable time, and yet this mysterious respiration went regularly on and apparently close beside me. Presently a whispering voice, said, "don't you know me? I was with you last night;"—thus informing me, that this was the female spirit, who had shown me such special regard on the previous night. I

replied, that she had, I thought, been an acquaintance, but that I could not identify her with any one I could recollect. Said she, "I am Catherine." I was struck, as with an electric shock, for the lady thus named was my dearest earthly friend, the possessor of a thousand admirable and loveable qualities, and to whose inexhaustible kindness and sympathy I had been indebted beyond all estimate, in sorrow and in sickness, no less than in health and happiness. It was hardly six weeks previous, that I had left her house in the country, after a protracted visit. She was then perfectly well, and now, it seemed, she was in the spiritual world! "Tell me, Catharine, what means this?"—exclaimed I.

She replied, "just a fortnight after you left my house, I was attacked with bilious colic, which in two days brought me to the grave, and now I am in Hell! I have hovered about you ever since, longing to make some communications to you, but your present nervous condition furnishes the first opportunity I have had for so doing."

She then proceeded to harrow up my very soul by confessing a long series of flagrant iniquities continued through many years, of which I should almost as soon have thought an angel guilty, as herself. Persons, places and dates were all named and specified, and it came to light, that I had been most cruelly and outrageously cheated and deluded, as to the character and life of the person, on whom my regard and confidence had been lavished without measure.

I was so stunned by the horrid tale, that I lay in stupefied silence; and seeing, that I was in no condition for further conference, she left me. I got up, went out, and traversed the streets the whole afternoon in a veritable frenzy. I struggled, with my whole force, to persuade myself, that I had been altogether the victim of delusion; that all I had gone through was but a dream, or an excess of delirium. The thought even that Catharine was dead, was an agony hardly to be borne; but that she had been a very marvel of foul iniquity, and was in consequence now suffering the doom of the lost, was something too shocking to think of. I roamed hither and thither till nightfall, when I returned to my hotel, worn down alike in body and mind.

About eight o'clock I retired to my chamber, and fearing a wakeful night, I placed books, lights and matches by my bed-side, to occupy the time in reading, if need were. I had been but a few minutes in bed, before the same regular breathing became audible, which I had heard at noon. I had little doubt from whom it proceeded, but I nevertheless continued silent, until in a somewhat impatient whisper the question was put,

"why don't you speak?" I then said, "is it you, Catherine?" "Yes," was the reply. I then asked, if the strange things, that had happened to me, were a reality; if it were really she, that had visited me at noon, and on the previous night; if she were actually dead and doomed; and if the hideous tale she had told me of the infamy of her earthly life were the truth? "Yes," she replied, "all that has happened to you is reality, and all I have told you of my former life, and my present condition, is literal truth and fact!"

I then questioned her about the various items of her confession, and in return she reiterated her former tale with the addition of many new particulars touching most of its events, and subjoined still other acts of guilt akin to those she had at first confessed.

I inquired how she was originally led from the path of rectitude,—a path, in which she seemed, of all persons, one of those best fitted by native disposition to walk?

In answer, she revealed to me a long series of various abuses practised upon her from earliest childhood by some of her nearest relatives, so fiendlike and horrible, that at first I was utterly incredulous of her words. But she reaffirmed every thing with an emphasis so solemn, that, however reluctant, I was compelled to believe her. And in so believing I found more than sufficient reasons for her moral delinquencies, or for even greater, had she been guilty of them; nor could I help thinking, that, if ever overwhelming circumstances could constitute an excuse for wrong-doing, this unhappy creature might be pronounced innocent.

I then questioned her about her present condition. The picture of woe and misery she gave me was such, as to make my heart ache to its very core. Many of the details were such as the pen should never record, and all were of a kind that were best consigned to oblivion. One prominent feature, however, which, perhaps, it may not be ill to name, was, that they who on earth have sinned in company, are in the other world the most efficient instruments of each other's punishment.

Shocked and saddened by her relation, I asked her, if her state was so fixed, that there was no possibility of her redemption from it, by whatever means might be employed, or after whatever lapse of duration?

I give her reply just as it was, though to some it may savor of egotism and to others may seem heretical and false.

Her reply was, that there was one chance and one means of her redemption, and only that one chance and one means. "If I myself," she continued, "would repent of and emancipate myself from two besetting sins," which she specified, the one a sin of the thoughts, the other of act; "then, by long-

continued and earnest prayers on her behalf, I should have the effect of releasing her from her present doom. Otherwise, there was no hope for her."

She then proceeded to speak of some of her surviving relations, an aged and widowed mother, and three little daughters, in the most pathetic terms. She besought me, and prevailed on me to pledge myself with an oath, that, on the first opportunity, I would visit these bereaved ones, and give them all the consolation in my power; and that I would protect and aid, to the utmost of my ability, her orphan daughters so long as they and I lived.

I should in vain attempt to describe the anguish, the very agony of grief, with which my heart was wrung by the several particulars of this interview. Merely the death of this my most dearly cherished friend, made the world wear to me the aspect of one wide, arid desert, and life to seem now to me a burden too heavy to be borne. But to learn, in addition to this, that my seeming angel was, for her guilt, a doomed fiend in the world of despair, wrought my feelings up to such an ecstasy of desperation, that absolute annihilation seemed to me, at the moment, the most desirable of all boons.

The poor, unhappy spirit strove to calm and console me; but what could she say to this end? She could, and she did appeal to my compassion and kindness in behalf of her mother and little orphans. And she could also appeal to my pity for herself, since on myself and my endeavors depended her redemption from her present doom. It was this last consideration, which at length tamed down the vehemence of my agitation and gave me the idea of one task, which might make life endurable. She then reiterated once and again, her charges respecting her mother and daughters, and over and over again exacted my promise in her behalf.

But I was not to get through this memorable night without further incidents, which cast doubt and confusion on all that had gone before, and left me bewildered, about what to believe, or what I ought to do. In the midst of her pleadings with me, my companion abruptly exclaimed, "summon me to appear, and become visible to you!" "How?" I asked.

"Repeat," said she, "seven times, these words, 'appear, surrounded with the splendors and the horrors of heaven and hell!'"

The sense and rationality of this formula, I am not responsible for. I am simply an amanuensis.

Without pausing to reflect, I repeated these words seven times.

"Now blow out your lamp," said she.

I did so, and although my room was now perfectly dark, a singular species of light be-

gan instantly to flicker on the opposite wall. At the same time, I heard a voice exclaim distinctly, "ah, she'll succeed in making him as much a devil as herself."

The thought now occurred to me for the first time, whether I was not tampering with things unholy; whether, in this attempt to bring the departed within the sphere of my corporeal vision, I was not incurring fatal hazards, both moral and physical. A sudden terror thrilled through me, under the impulse of which I instantly relighted my lamp. As though from astonishment, my companion was silent for a time, and then asked me, why I had done thus. I told her. She then assured me, that there was not the least wrong in what she proposed, and that I should not incur the slightest danger in performing it. I asked her, in reply, how I could now rely on her assertion, when she had just been confessing, that, for years she had practised upon me the most inexcusable deceit, both in deed and word?

At this reply she became silent, and remained so till, worn out by what I had gone through, I dropped into a dreamless sleep. How long I had slept I know not, but I was roused from unconsciousness as suddenly as I had fallen into it. I was lying on my left side, and facing one of the walls, which was but a few inches distant. Between myself and this wall I heard the same regular respiration, of which I have spoken twice before.

"Who is this?" I asked.

"Don't you know?" was the answer; "I am your mother."

The spirit then asked, if I was aware of my condition; adding, that I was in the most imminent danger; in fact on the very verge of death; and that, although she could not pronounce with absolute certainty, she thought my life could not last beyond a few hours, perhaps not beyond a few minutes. She asked if I were willing to leave this world and accompany her into the world of spirits. My reply I need not record. Suffice it to say, she entered on a lengthened course of questions and exhortations precisely such as an affectionate and pious mother would use towards a child in the dying state she supposed me to be. I could not, even if I had room, recall with sufficient definiteness for statement, the many solemn remarks she addressed to me, or the many things, some of them very strange, and others inexpressibly sublime, which she told me concerning the spiritual world. In the course of the conference, I informed her of Catherine's visit to me, and of my several promises in her behalf. Her reply was, "what good can you expect, or what good can possibly come from a compact with Hell?"

I asked her if she could anywhere see Ca-

tharine? She replied, "yes," and that she was standing near, in a certain direction, which she specified. I inquired how she looked?

"Very gloomy and despairing," was the answer, "though she appears to have once been very beautiful."

But the maternal spirit was unwilling to spend much time in responding to questions, but applied herself the rather to the task of preparing me for death.

Constrained as I was to believe that my last hour was close at hand, I thus for once looked this dread event full in the face. My first feeling was one of mute, pulseless awe. My next feeling was one, which seems an ultimate, irrepressible instinct of every human heart, prompting the cry, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" This prayerful utterance was not without effect, for gradually I grew calm and resigned, and awaited unfearily the stroke, by which the "silver cord was to be loosed." My bodily sensations seemed to indicate, that the moment was not distant. First my feet and then my limbs grew cold and completely numb, and this chillness and numbness were creeping gradually through my whole frame. Meanwhile my lungs acted with more and more difficulty, and I expected, every moment, the access of some peculiar and before unknown sensation, which should bring respiration to a close. I felt, though I could not see, that my mother was close at my left side watchful, though silent. Suddenly I heard, on my right side, the exclamation, "he has but a few more breaths to draw," and, on glancing thither, I saw plainly a female form shrouded in black robes intently observing me.

The cold had now reached my heart; my senses were failing me, and my mind becoming confused and inefficient; when suddenly the first gleams of morning stole through my window; a shock like that of electricity passed through my frame; the vital currents began again to flow; a genial warmth stole over me; respiration became free and easy; and I felt that I was remanded from the grave to a new lease of earthly life. How to account for this instantaneous and immense change, I am utterly at a loss, but here, as from the outset, I state unmodified, literal facts. I rose with difficulty from bed, for I felt weaker than a child, and found at first that I could scarcely walk or stand. With the most painful efforts I at length succeeded in taking a cold bath and dressing. A walk of some length in the open air, and a breakfast, restored partially my strength, but it was some weeks before I had entirely recovered.

Such is a much abridged abstract of one of my life's experiences; totally inexplicable at the time, and not less so now after the lapse of years. It left on my mind a pro-

found awe,—a sentiment, which has not yet passed away. I submit the detail to the judgment of the reader.

VISIT TO LAUREL HILL.

PART II.

THE GIFTS OF THE LIVING.

"Bring flowers! fresh flowers!" was the lay of one of our sweetest minstrels, and nature has no gift so imposing, and none which may be more sincerely offered. In tracing the paths of Laurel Hill, we discovered, with some surprise, the rarest exotic flowers decking the turf. Hundreds of graves were set with flowering plants, and, here and there, might those be descried which loving hands, in sweet officiousness, had lately tended. A travelled pilgrim, we met again, with joyful heart, a custom of the golden East. From Central Asia, from the very base of the Caucasian range, from the borders of the Caspian sea, from sacred Palestine, from the Alpine vales, from the lands of France and Spain, from ancient Germany, and from the "north country," had this custom hither come. The language of the heart that in every land is spoken, it is the tribute which Nature herself suggests, and affection rejoicingly commends.

"Bring flowers! fresh flowers!" They will breathe humility and love; they will stand in the place of hope, and bear witness to the resurrection. Frail and tender ministers, beautifying the very dust of death!

In the cemeteries of France, long and often have we watched a group of soldiers just "returned from the wars," moving in the high rankling grass, in search of those who waited not for their return. Those hardy, sunburnt men, they had tears to shed, and hearts for sorrow. Haply, some child, hastening by, with a small basket of flowers, would tarry a moment to offer to the mourner a bud to throw on the cherished tomb, and thus, with so simple a tribute, lighten grief. There is a religion about these gardened sepulchres. Whether resting in the bosom of Helvetian hills, or amidst the heights of Switzerland, or by the slopes of deserted streams, or by the gates of peopled cities, they offer a shrine at which to kneel, at which to become a worshipper of what was good on earth, and is now purified in heaven.

But not alone in fragile form is affection here expressed. Feeling and imagination have taken to their aid high Art,—the first handmaid of religion. The monuments erected are neither cenotaphs, nor mausoleums, nor pyramids of sepulchral gloom, nor costly screens—such as shrine the crowned heads of Europe—but neither do they speak vanity

or pride! Wrought with a sense of the proprieties of art, not a few serve to aid the reputation of artists, who here have shown themselves not unwilling to have their toil consecrated to the dead,—the costly labors of the chisel, the happy thoughts and strokes of genius, exposed to the erasive action of the elements. On our visit, the church of this Necropolis chanced to be closed. We would fain have looked on its interior symbols, and gathered such thoughts as its appointments suggested, binding them up in the saying: "I am the resurrection and the life."

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

In the garden of the palace of St. Petersburg, in the depths of an almost imperious grove, is a marble fountain beside which stands the sculptured figure of a female, the fragments of a pitcher lying scattered at her feet. Her head droops upon her bosom, and her countenance is expressive of the anguish of a soul, sorrowful unto death. The joys that she had almost reached to, flow on without her. And the shadows come, but she moves not; and the stars look out that earth may remember heaven; and through the garden of the palace floats a softly moaning air. But not for her, in the symbolic story of this scene, are lit up the homes of earth. A spirit stayed the steps, and the memory here remains. A monument in Laurel Hill recalled that image to our mind, after years of forgetfulness. In pale, hard marble, flowed the stream of life, wasting itself in eddies round a fallen pitcher. We cared not to read the lines *in memoriam*, the story was already told; and as we wandered on, our thoughts framed to themselves the image of a youth gifted with consciousness of inborn power, who with cheeks burning with ardor, and eyes flashing with sensibility and pride, broke from the bonds to which earth's children must submit, striving, in ambition's resolute desire, to gain the heights of perfect truth. In such spirits, how soon, alas! is the pitcher broken at the fountain.

The Romans, in their magnificent temples, were accustomed to recite each year the name of the departed, so that they might not be forgotten. Yet the names hallowed by affection need not for their perpetuity the utterance of lips. Rather should they be continued secret in our heart of hearts. And of the many here inscribed, is there not one that in life we knew? Yes one, who with the beauty of life upon her, and spirit serene, affectionate and pure, passed quietly away as caring not to linger—quietly as some angel visitant who having been brought in view of earth's terrene glories, sees, and is satisfied—like, in her passage, to the cloudlet of the

poet, when moving on to the western gate of heaven:—

"Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow,
Even in its very motion there was rest."

OLD MORTALITY.

The shades of evening gather round; yet, ere we go, let us not forget thee, Old Mortality. It is well thou still keepest guard, and laborest in sculptured figure on. Time that treads temples to dust, would soon obliterate our epitaphs were they not renewed. Therefore we revere thy memory, thou ancient minister of grace, who day by day didst find thy work amidst the tombs; thy pleasure to preserve, if only on crumbling stone, the record of the virtues of the silent dead. Gazing on thee and thy work with approving pleasure, stands listlessly by, the master who in the chosen words of genius, drew thy portrait. He has monuments enow, but this is worth them all. And for thee, most dear of antiquarians, we have learnt that thou art not a mere image of stone, or fanciful creation of a wizard working brain. Thou hast had a life as true as that of any who amuse themselves, by looking on thee; or the demurely solemn four-footed creature, thy companion. Thine was a busy life, indeed—each evening finding more work yet to be done. On the bed of death, how sad must have been the sigh, that so many memories must perish with thee; for never did we hear of thy successor. Adieu, most honorable cavalier. When we are old, we will perchance take up thy chisel, and amid the beauties of thy native land, of mountain, and of lake, and which already hath borne witness to our wandering feet, we will resume the work thy hand not willingly would have left undone.

STOCK AND SHIRT-COLLAR;

OR, HOLD UP YOUR HEAD.

A little modest assurance is an indispensable pre-requisite in society, whether its distinctive phase be refined, civilized, semi-civilized or savage. Long before the articles which stand as the title of our article, were added to the inventory of man's essential comforts, the descendants of Adam appreciated the necessity of holding their heads high. The young Indian who fell in love with a beautiful damsel of his native forest, soon understood the fact that if ever he expected to get her, he must hold his head high, and stand erect in the exhibition of honorable traits of character. And, our country cousin, when, with a palpitating heart he first shows his phiz among astral lamps and ottomans, is not unconscious that

the desperate step he is about taking demands a degree of valor and self-appreciation to which he has hitherto been a perfect stranger. Now, one decided advantage which our unsophisticated rustic relation, has over the Seminole or the Kickapoo, is, that while the latter is innocent of any formidable bandage about the jugular, the former has valuable auxiliary; an artificial one to be sure, in his honest efforts to acquire a comfortable degree of self-possession. His sinking heart may be wonderfully re-assured, when he feels the firm ligature of his new stock, and beneath the very shadow of his nasal member, sees the well-starched collar, projecting on either side of his downy face, like a double promontory jutting boldly forward. There is something in the rigid inflexibility of such neck furniture, which seems to remind one that he should look composedly on the Autocrat of all the Russias. And, hence, you find, that a man cannot habitually be subjected to such admonitions, without taking the hint and elevating his eye-brows. The plain reason why our juveniles at the age of sixteen eclipse their seniors in modest assurance, is not that the young fellows naturally possess an overweening sense of their individual importance; but because they begin so early to wear a stock. Take the fiercest gallant that ever sported an imperial, or swindled his hatter, the real Napoleon in temperament, who could dash by the Queen with as much nonchalance, as he would whiz past a porter with his budget; we say, take such a man, impulsive, daring, lion-hearted and unyielding, and give him a collar as pliable as a politician's conscience, and tie that collar round the neck with a school-girl's simple ribbon, and our word for it, he will feel all the discomfiture of a whipped Newfoundland dog; and could you hear his agonizing soliloquy, it would prove to be "A stock—a stock, my kingdom for a stock."

We suppose that the secret of the bravery, which is the leading characteristic of your stiff-collar men, is briefly this:—When they find that it is a sheer impossibility to let the head become pendant, no matter how meanly they feel, they make a virtue of necessity, and act the grenadier, because they can do no better. We never can think that the man who meets you on the pavement, eyes right and body perpendicular, looking as though he was innocent of joints; we say we cannot think that such a man is actually an Ajax. He may be as mild as a lamb when his neck is divested of artificial incumbrances, and his simple reason for patronizing such incumbrances may be the desire to acquire a little command of his nerve.

A deep philosophy resides in dress. A man in a monkey-jacket would, we think

feel as whimsical as a flirt, who, in breeches and buckles, would have all the emotions of a stable patriarch in by-gone years. A cap fitted close to his cranium, would engender a train of monk-like sensibilities; and a Kossuth feather would make him as airy as a butterfly. The farmer whose limbs are encased in the pepper-and-salt cloth of his own domestic manufacture, feels like a genuine republican. He could take his stand with Franklin at the bar of Parliament, sustain coolly a searching examination, put his thumbs mathematically into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and, without blinking, look at the Keeper of the Privy Seals, and ask him how he slept the night before, and whether he had toast for breakfast? We believe it is the box-coat of Holland, which, pressing heavily on the shoulders of the Dutchman, gives his character that imperturbable gravity for which it is distinguished. There is a specific gravity about the numberless capes which is contagiously communicated to his temperament. We hardly know what kind of a character would be formed by wearing a box-coat and French slippers. We suppose that there would be alternately evinced, moodiness and volatility. The fellow would meet you one day, and be all airs and graces, and the next day his frown would seem to threaten you with approaching annihilation. He would be one of your indefinable bipeds, who are neither fish nor fowl. One day he would load you with compliments, and the next hand you over, if he could, to the policeman, as a most unmitigated rascal. But do not censure the man for his incongruities. His airy French slippers have made him the frisky flatterer, and his ponderous outer garment has made him as grum as a Judge of the Quarter Sessions. And these two antagonistical forces, produce a most curious resultant. He is a mixture of storm and sunshine. Even in his gay moments, his bad temper is held in solution, and stands ready to form a dark precipitate. But is the man incurable? Far from it. Give him some uniformity in his apparel; substitute the loose sack for the Atlas-load of capes, and we venture to say that whether his note is protested or not, he will take the world as easy as his sack takes him; and smile, and whistle, and dance, at the sheriff who threatens to sell him completely out, to cover his indebtedness.

But we have wandered off from Stock and Shirt-collar, to a wonderful degree. My uncle, Ichabod Sims, was the finest-looking man in a well-starched collar, that I ever laid eyes on. When he took his seat as chairman of a political meeting, his dignified posture elicited universal admiration. He would not deign to cast a glance to either side of him, for fear of breaking down that

upright piece of linen, which seemed to carry off the palm from the drifted snow for virgin whiteness. If, from the nature of the case, he was obliged to exchange a word or two of consultation with his aid-de-camps, who supported his honor with commendable gravity, he would give a sudden twist of his entire physical man to that point of the compass, to which he designed to direct his sapient observations. When he arose to address the assembled multitude, no French dancing master, could have exhibited more grace and agility in passing his hand around his neck, to ascertain whether the entire circumference of stock was there. And, when in the heat of his oration, he wished to relieve his mouth of the superabundant accumulation of saliva, he would spring forward like a jack-knife, lest that plaited bosom should be sprinkled with some of the dew-drops. But there was one occasion when my Uncle Ichabod forgot the respectful attention which he usually exhibited towards his neck furniture. That portentous era had arrived in the history of our Village School, when the trustees were obliged to select a competent functionary to "teach the young idea how to shoot." A number of candidates had enrolled their names, and the competitors were all to have a fair and honorable hearing as to their literary qualifications. A motley group they were, those candidates for the academic chair; some were short, some long, some of sombre aspect, some as merry as Dean Swift, some as innocent of a knowledge of reduction of currencies as Robinson Crusoe's man Friday was of the existence of Turkey carpet, and some, who, when questioned on Geography, would have sworn with Saxon vehemence, that Boston Bay was a principal outlet of the sea of Azof. The eye of my Uncle was more, however, upon the dress of the respective candidates, than upon their intellectual acumen. How did he vociferate at one poor little specimen of humanity, who beside being lame, had the misfortune to be minus a shirt-collar. When Wellington found a sentinel slumbering at his post, he could not have been more severe in his reprimand, than was Ichabod Sims, in his verbal castigation of that delinquent, whose criminality consisted in wearing a stock without its graceful concomitant—the collar. "Sir," he said, fixing on the trembling candidate for the seat of pedagogue, a look which might sensibly remind you of Jove, when he grasped the thunder. "Sir," you would never do in the world for this station. You may have book-learning, and I dare say you have, but you are not the man to train the rising generation in habits of personal neatness. Let the teacher come creeping to school of a fine morning, like my old brindle, when she comes from pas-

ture in the clover lot. Let his hat be innocent of a brush, and his shoes appear as though they had never known the luxury of blacking; and, above all, let his shirt-collar look as if he had put an embargo on the starch to lessen his wash-bill, and you will soon have a set of scare-crow pupils, with shoes untied and hair uncombed, and clothes out at the elbows and knees. Some people, sir, maintain that slovenliness is a true test of genius, and that an indifference to neatness is an infallible proof that the man has a mind which cannot condescend to look favorably on those effeminate niceties. But it is a grand mistake; a great many people who profess to be geniuses are ignorant of what genius is; and, hence, they discard a collar which stands up, for one that falls over, thinking that oddity and intellect are convertible and synonymous terms. Why, sir, I never thought that Lord Byron had half the mind he laid claim to, and which some people foolishly awarded him. And, what led me to this conclusion, was a consideration of the fact that he poured contempt on stocks and stand-up-collars, and wore his collar falling over Byronically. No man can infuse strength and vigor into his thoughts, whose head is not supported by some buckram—he cannot do it. His ideas want that firmness, which nothing but starch can communicate. He may be flowery; he may be as full of embellishments as an egg is full of meat, but he wants consistence; sir, he wants consistence. He wants that tenacity which belongs to a Stock-buckle. The body governs the mind, and if the head is drooping because it wants its legitimate and heaven-appointed support, the mind cannot be expected to be anything, but dull, drooping and inactive. I believe old Atlas could have borne the world on his shoulders, and never stooped an inch, if he had only been fortified around the neck with a good stout stock; and I am confident, that if Lazarus had only been possessed of a shirt-collar, even had it been a buckram one, when he lay at the rich man's gate, that scapegrace of a Dives would have shared his last loaf with him and drank his health in a goat-skin bottle of real old Judean wine. Yes, sir, and the very dogs would have kept at a respectful distance, had they seen about him so unmistakeable a mark of oriental and occidental gentility. I appeal to the company whether they ever knew a dog to snap at a fellow's leg, who had a clean neckcloth and collar. Those dogs are observant. They look right at the phiz, and all the appendages of the facial organs, and they draw their conclusions from the general appearance of things above."

My Uncle Ichabod, would undoubtedly have prosecuted his theme to an alarming ex-

tent, had not old Timothy Williams, the President of the Board assured him, that they had come to ask questions on geography and arithmetic, and not to lecture the candidates about pantaloons and waistcoats, collars and cravats. There sat opposite the presiding elders, (I call them so, because they did preside, and because they were with an inconsiderable exception, all on the wrong side of sixty,) a man of about two-and-thirty, with bushy whiskers, spotless shirt bosom, and collar which loomed up like Mount Chimborazo. He had been a profound listener to my Uncle's long-winded harangue, and had evinced his entire concurrence in the sapient views propounded on the occasion by sundry nods of the head, which proved that he was on the affirmative side of the question. His sanction was also further intimated by another test. When he had fairly caught my Uncle's eye, he would rub his hands together, and look triumphantly round on those bipeds who long ago had discarded kid gloves and perfumery. But what capped the climax, was his sudden ejaculation of the word "bravo," as if his excited feelings would have vent against his will. He was of course, sharply reproved by Timothy Williams, but my Uncle kept a vigilant eye on him, and often as the examination was progressing, exchanged with him a smile or a glance. My Uncle had certainly found a kindred spirit, and they blended forthwith like a couple of dew-drops. Mr. Samson Tagg, (such was the very strong epithet under which our fastidious young candidate, sailed through the ocean of life with abundance of shirt-collar for his canvass,) Mr. Samson Tagg was at once my Uncle's candidate. His mind was at once made up that Samson was the man who would not only train up a child in the way he should go, but also in the way he should buckle his stock, and have his hair cut. Samson had warmly espoused his peculiar ideas, when all the others were looking at him in blank amazement, as though he were talking all gammon. Samson had rubbed his hands in an ecstasy of delight, and sung out "bravo" in spite of anticipated censure. Samson had given him the wink of approbation, as much as to say, "You and I are the only two sensible fellows in the room." All these indications of good will towards my Uncle's speech, raised Samson to the very culminating point in his estimation. He, therefore, hesitated not to tell Timothy, that the aforesaid candidate had a very appropriate name, for he had undoubtedly the strongest mind of all the young men that for years had come beneath his observation. Ichabod resolved to vote for Samson. The resolution was formed instinctively. He felt in his soul that the man was the very

echo of his spirit, and how could he under such circumstances give him the cold shoulder? As well think, that earth could shake off the moon, and tell her to travel off to Herschell, as to think that my Uncle would banish his satellite from his side, and force him to ferret out a more merciful patron.

The examination having closed, my Uncle remarked, that he would bet his shirt-collar and stock, that Samson Tagg had been bred to college, and graduated A No. 1 of his class. My Uncle observed, that he was opposed to betting, and had ever regarded it as a species of gambling; but the circumstances of the present case were so peculiar, that he would lay aside the self-imposed restriction, and bet but *once*. "True," said he, "a stock and collar cost money, but I do not look upon this as staking money, not at all. Besides, friend Timothy," he remarked, addressing his incredulous coadjutor, "you have intimated it as your settled conviction that Tagg is not the finished scholar he professes to be, and I wish to cure your incredulity; and, the man who conscientiously desires to cure the incredulity of his neighbor, especially on the great subject of education, is doing the part of a practical philanthropist, and no sensible man would inculpate a Howard for staking his stock, if such a beneficent result could be compassed by so doing."

Timothy Williams accepted the wager, and did it with a certain indefinable twinkle in those old grey eyes of his, which seemed to imply, that he felt confident his next week's washing would be increased by a respectable linen collar, which would then and there make its *debut* not on the stage, but among the puissant soap-suds.

"Put the question to him!" said Uncle Ichabod, "put the question to Tagg," giving at the same time a very nervous twitch at his snow-white collar, as if he felt that there might be a possibility of his neck being divorced from its appendages. The consultation which had been going on between those two respectable worthies Ichabod and Timothy, had excited the curiosity of the bevy of candidates, who looked unutterable things. Tagg alone evinced an air of nonchalance; he felt assured in his own mind that the fabrication must be about himself, and that the gray-headed trustees were putting their wits together, to contrive some plan whereby they might in a delicate and gentlemanly way convey to the anxious throng the fact of their united discomfiture. He knew that he had answered tolerably well, and he was confident that he would have the vote of the old gentleman, who had made the speech about dress, and he could rest easy that one vote was a host in itself. There was only one individual of whom

Tagg was a little afraid, although he held the fellow in perfect contempt, for his slovenly characteristics; and, that was the little scamp, who sat over by the old cannon stove, with his shoes untied, his locks beating a retreat from the top of his head, and his whole person evincing an actual indifference to neatness. Of him (although his friend Ichabod had withered him with a lecture) Tagg was afraid. There was something about little Somers, that shook his nerves. He had answered the questions promptly, and had calculated sums with peculiar readiness. In fine, he seemed more at home in science than the rest of his compatriots; and, about the eye of Somers there was a brilliancy, which bespoke him the man of keen penetration and quick discernment.

But the ruminations of Tagg were suspended by the questions addressed to him by Timothy Williams, who, putting his spectacles upon his head, and clearing his throat with judicial importance said: "Mr. Tagg, we presume that you have enjoyed the advantages of a college education, and make no doubt that you took the first honor in your class." My Uncle's countenance during the progress of the remark was variable. An air of exultation lingered on his brow, which suddenly was displaced by an expression of deep concern, and then a mingled emotion must have passed through his mind, for one side of his face seemed eclipsed, while the other hemisphere was intensely illuminated. With one hand up to his ear, (not that he was inclined to deafness, but such was his uniform attitude, when waiting to catch a syllable of weighty import), with one hand up to his ear, and the other nervously grasping the chair before him, his eyes swelling a little beyond their ordinary dimensions, and fixed intently on his candidate, my Uncle Ichabod awaited the response from the oracle of Apollo. Had his best sulky been at stake, I believe he would have been more composed and collected. Had a purse of eagles been the wager, I think he would have sat more firmly in his seat. The die that would soon be cast, involved the fate of his new stock and noble collar—a stock which had held up his head, and given him the port of an admiral, when otherwise he would have slunk from observation, and allowed his cranium to have become as pendant as a bunch of grapes on a bough the most pliant—a collar, which had been the stereotyped model of all the collars in the neighborhood for some months past, and which had all the altitude of a patriarch. Do you wonder at his nervousness? My dear Uncle, what made you hazard those articles? What freak of fancy could have taken you? But, to return to Tagg. Slowly he opened his prim and demure-looking mouth,

and said that he had been one year at college, but for half of that time he was sick, and the other half, his professors dispensed with part of the regular lessons. "To tell you the truth," said Tagg, "I run errands for the President part of the day, and helped in father's garden the balance; and Doctor Hale compensated me by some private lessons, when he was not engaged in college duties. I never graduated, but they wanted me to do so, and that is about the same in Dutch. I conferred the degree on myself, and write A. M. after my name, when I think I need it, and nobody yet has disputed the title." Uncle Ichabod rose from his chair—convulsively he grasped the buckle of his stock, and before you could say Jack Robinson, both stock and collar were dashed down on the table before the exulting old Timothy Williams. With one agile bound he leaped from the platform, and without hat or cane, shot through the open door, and ran down the lane to his cottage like another Gilpin. "What on earth is the matter?" said my annt, coming out to the garden gate. "Ah!" said Uncle, "Ichabod is my name in spirit and in truth. Ichabod—thy glory hath departed. I feel worse than Samuel did, when the rascally Philistines took the ark from Israel. Don't offer me another collar—don't do it—for if I had a hundred on at once, I am confident could never hold up my head."

SPIRITUAL DIALOGUES.*

DIALOGUE II.

HENRY DANDOLO—PETER STUYVESANT.

Dan. My dear old Dutch friend and pitcher, and brother-hero, how are you, how are you?

W. the Elder. Why, gentlemen, you seem to be old acquaintances.

Dan. Not at all, not at all. Never did my eye light on my ghostly brother, till this most fortunate moment. But didn't I know him, in a twinkling, from the description? Didn't I say to myself, the very first glimpse I caught of the old silver leg and the brimstone colored breeches, congratulate thyself, old Harry Dandolo, congratulate thyself, for here cometh no less a personage than the illustrious Hardkopping Piet, the doughty governor of New Amsterdam, the immortal hero of Fort Christina; he of the hard head and the warm heart; he that was so given to egg-cracking and kruller-munching, when a boy; who used so to walk into the cherry-bounce and the cookies of a New Years' Day; he who afterwards governed and negotiated, and fought, and bled, for the rights of his many-breeched brethren, and many-petticoated sisters of Manahattoes; who, in the

evening of his days, fought his battles over again, so pleasantly, over his pipe and his schnapps, by the hospitable fireside of the old Bowery farm-house. You see, Peter, I know all about you.

Stuy. By the pipe of St. Nicholas! thou amazest me. What is the meaning of all this?

Dan. Why, what should be the mystery? Haven't I heard all the particulars, time and again, from the lips of the famous Diedrich himself? Haven't I read them all, in his renowned history, that most authentic and delicious volume; whereat the ghosts of half the planets of creation have already haw-hawed, till they were sore; that bundle of fun and fancy, that—

Stuy. What, do you mean to tell me that I have become the laughing-stock of the universe, because of the libels of that little rascally wizen-faced dried-up stump of a Knickerbocker? Dunder und Blixum!

Dan. Libels, Peter, libels? I don't understand you. Surely no libellous thought was ever hatched in the brain, much less ever dropped from the lips or the pen of the dear old historian of Scaghtikoke. You're wrong, my friend, quite wrong. He has drawn a most delightful and loveable picture of you.

Stuy. He has run his rigs upon me and mine, in the most impertinent and scandalous manner.

Dan. Innocent frolic, my old boy, innocent frolic.

Stuy. Well, well, I don't care so much about the matter, myself; but some of my kinsfolk and descendants, I hear, have taken it a good deal to heart.

Dan. Why should they? My dear friend, I assure you, on the word of an honest, independent ghost, no such thought ever crossed my mind, while grinning over the dear volume. Ah, no, there's no malice in that mirth—but downright, hearty, kindly, irresistible fun. But to change the subject, which, I see, is not altogether agreeable, how, in the name of all the saints of all the stars, is it, Peter, that we have never bumped spiritual noses together before?

Stuy. Well, I hardly know how it is. We Dutch, men and ghosts, you know, were never much given to gadding, but have always preferred cloud-blowing at home, and other fireside comforts. Why, will you believe it, Hans, this is positively my first visit to my native town and colony, since I was here in the flesh, two hundred years ago!

Dan. Body of Bacchus! you don't tell me so.

Stuy. Even so. It is but a week ago, that I commenced my exploring rambles, and most of the time, under the guidance of our hospitable friend here.

W. the Elder. Yes, and what do you think,

Dandolo, the very first thing Peter insisted upon seeing, was his own tomb-stone. I had to humor him, of course. So off we trudged, post-haste, raining as it was, to St. Mark's.

Dan. St. Mark's, why that's the church my pew was in, while on earth.

W. the Elder. Yes, but let me tell you, my dear Doge, that your Venetian St. Mark's isn't to be spoken of in the same century with its Second Avenue namesake.

Dan. I don't doubt it. But what said Peter? What said the ex-governor? Modest ghost that he is, he was of course much embarrassed at the glowing language of the inscription. I know how I felt, when I was, for the first time, confronted with the fibs that they chiselled over my old carcass, in Santa Sophia.

W. the Elder. Well, between ourselves, I rather think Peter was somewhat mortified at the exceeding brevity and costiveness of the statement over him, as well as at the painfully evident apathy of the sexton. Was it not so, Pietro?

Stuy. It was. Had I been a fish-monger, they could hardly have handed me over to oblivion, more unceremoniously.

Dan. The ungrateful creatures! That's not the way we do things in Italy, I assure you. Nay, we have uniformly, from the days of Romulus, made it a strict point of honor, after cuffing and kicking and tormenting our best benefactors and patriots, till they were right glad to be off, to make it all up to them most handsomely, at last, by right copious and classical acknowledgements, in marble. But tell us now, Peter; you must have been completely overwhelmed with surprise and delight, at the marvellous changes and improvements that have come off in your beloved New Amsterdam, since you first stumped about in it, in the body.

Stuy. Well, not so much so as I anticipated. I have been, on the whole, rather disappointed. To be sure, there have been some changes. The town covers a few more acres than it did, in my day. There is a decided increase of dwellings and of meeting-houses. There is, unquestionably, more business transacted on 'change, and at the custom-house. There is a greater sprinkling of Yankees, and other foreigners. We certainly had no Opera, either, under my administration. But with these exceptions, and a few other small novelties, such as steam-boats and railroads, and telegraphs, and similar trifles, I do not see those evidences of progress, that I should have anticipated from the enterprising spirit of my contemporaries.

Dan. Why, you amaze me. The coolness of your reply is perfectly inexplicable. I shall begin to think my friend Knickerbocker was not so authentic and veracious a chronicler, after all. According to his ver-

sion, your whole town might have been stowed away in one of the large hotels of the present city. Nay, does he not say, explicitly, that two hundred and fifty tallow candles would have illuminated the whole concern; and that half a dozen swivels, and a barrel or two of powder, would have been ample, either for its defence or capture?

Stuy. I know he does, malignant libeller that he is; and he goes on to say, that a dozen geese would have been sufficient to have kept the whole colony in quills, for as many years; and that its entire naval force consisted of a solitary round-bottomed tub of a sloop-of-war, with a few feeble cannons and rusty fowling-pieces on board; that our foreign commerce consisted in the occasional visit of a lubberly craft from the mother country, loaded with fiery gin and cheap crockery; that our entire coast-wise commerce was carried on in three or four leaky oyster boats; that more letters passed through a single box at the post-office, in a day, in his time, than through the whole office, in a month, in mine; and so forth, and so forth. But, my Constantinopolitan friend, were you verdant enough to believe, for one moment, statements so scandalous, so atrocious?

Dan. Well, I hardly know what to say. One thing is very certain; either he has been imposing upon his readers, most shamefully, or else, which I more than half suspect, you are undertaking to play the same game upon me. Which is it now, old ten-breeches, which is it?

Stuy. What, do you mean to say, that —

W. the Elder. Come, come now, Peter, confess, confess. You are quizzing. Yes, my dear friend, our good ex-governor here, has been in a perfect gale of excitement, the whole week; completely carried away with the wonderful and splendid things I have been showing him. He has been talking of nothing else, day and night, and at all hours of the night, and has been teasing me continually to go here, there, and everywhere; in fine, has been thumping about, with that old silver-mounted leg of his, like a very Rochester knocker. You needn't look so solemn, Peter; you know I speak the truth.

Stuy. Fibs, fibs, fibs.

W. the Elder. How can you say so? Why, Dandolo, it was only yesterday that we were at the High Bridge together, and at the Reservoirs, and I never saw a ghost go on so, before. Such delight, such rapture! And so at every place; at Greenwood, at the Atlantic Dock, at Castle Garden, at the Astor, and all along our thronged and tumultuous Broadway: one eternal string of questions and exclamations! He would insist upon seeing everything, from the Collins's Steamers down to Colt's Revolvers; from the Metropolitan

down to the Pewter Mug. Nay more, spiritual cripple that he is, he would hobble up to the top of Trinity steeple, where he kept me two mortal hours, prattling about the Battery, as it was in his time, and Corlaers Hook, and Pawlus Hook, and Gibbet Island, and Quaog, and Patchoge, and the Connecticut Moss Troopers, and heaven knows what besides. Especially did he contrast his own little, long ago extinct, parish church of St. Nicholas, (which he was sadly puzzled to locate,) with the superb cathedral below us. Come, Peter, do tell our Venetian brother here, all about it.

Stuy. Oh, I can't begin to do it. It would take at least ten encyclopædias to do justice to my feelings.

Dan. But of all the things you have seen, my friend, what, on the whole, gratified you the most?

Stuy. My own portrait, in the Governor's room of the Hotel de la Ville; though, to be sure, I didn't recognise it, at first. That, and another master-piece with my name attached to it, at *Barnum's Louvre*.

Dan. Ah, by Rembrandt?

Stuy. No, by Jenkins: in his first manner, before he had fairly emancipated himself from the shackles of the Sing-Sing school.

W. the Elder. Oh Peter, do be serious. Do tell Harry about our trip to Hell Gate, and Williamsburg, and Brooklyn, that little babe of a place, (as you said,) when you last saw it, that stately queen of a city that you now find it; tell him how you stood spell-bound, on the Heights, lost in admiration of the magnificent panorama before you; tell him how astounded you were at the improvements at Communipaw; tell him how curiously you eyed, and how decidedly you relished that mint-julip at the Carlton; how you smoked and stared, and stared and smoked, at the Telegraph office, in the vain attempt to decypher the mystery thereof. Tell him how you enjoyed yourself last night, at Burton's, even unto obstreperousness, nay, almost unto expulsion, while watching the eccentric proceedings of Toodle. Tell him how bewildered you were by Fraulein Soto's cachuca, and how profoundly impressed by Alboni's rendering of Rhode's Variations. But above all, dear Peter, tell him of our trip up the Hudson; with what delight you gazed upon the fleet of gallant ships and steamers, from all the corners of the earth; how, forgetting yourself for a moment, you inquired of an aged colored wood-sawyer, on the way to the boat, what dock the Albany schooners started from, and how, supposing you drunk or crazy, he vouchsafed no answer; how you hobbled around among the hotel-coaches and express-wagons; how you consigned an impertinent news-boy to the pit without a bottom, what owl-like looks you gave the ma-

chinery, after we had got abroad; how you were looking out for Bloomingdale, long after we had passed Spuyten Deyvil; how completely astounded and petrified you were, at the interminable procession of sloops and schooners and barges and propellers, that we met and passed continually; how you looked, when that cattle-train, half a mile long, whizzed by us, just below Yonkers; how charmed you were with all the pretty towns and villas and gardens; how you longed to go ashore at Nyack, and investigate the whereabouts of some orchards that you remembered robbing, when a boy; how you guffawed, when we came abreast of Anthony's nose; how you blasphemed about the missing sour-croût at dinner; what capers you cut, when the blessed old Kaatskills hove in sight; how you whistled, as the words Rip Van Winkle caught your eye, on the stern of a safety-barge; and how supremely bewildered and delighted you were, shortly after, when you saw your own honored name on the guards of a magnificent new steamer, all dressed out in flags, and crowded with passengers; how—but what's the matter with our friend Dandolo, all of a sudden? he looks unwell.

Stuy. Why Harry, my boy, you are not well. How sad and distressed you look. What's the matter?

Dan. Ah, Peter, I am sad. I am distressed. But let me explain myself. While our mutual friend here, was rehearsing your recent pleasant journey, sorrowful thoughts came suddenly over my soul, and I could not forbear contrasting, with mingled anguish and bitterness of spirit, our different experiences. You, Peter, left your loved Gotham, a tender plant, skirting the southern borders of your pleasant island; with the elements of growth in it, certainly; still, an obscure, peaceful spot, little dreaming of the magnificent future that was in store for it. You return, and find it a stately metropolis, teeming with life and beauty and energy, and fast becoming the leading city of the earth. Now mark the difference. When I left Venice for the land of spirits, she had almost reached the consummation of her glory. Boundless her wealth, world-wide her commerce (at least as we then knew the world,) invincible her power; the mistress of the seas, the arbitress of nations. You had but to strike the bell of old St. Marks, and a hundred thousand armed men would show themselves within an hour. What port knew not her galleys, what mart her merchants? Art, it is true, had not yet given her all those magnificent palaces; had not bestowed upon her all those exquisite graces, that afterwards made her the world's pride and wonder: still was she a superb, a glorious creation. Look at her, now! Poor, sick, dying city; dying, dying, and scarce a

friend left to close her eyes; her government extinguished, her commerce all melted away, her citizens in exile, her mansions desolate, and her poor self in the clutches of a power, alike stupid and malignant. Yes, the scenes that in my day were all alive with mirth and music, and gay pageants, are now as sullen and silent as the grave. What right have I, then, to be cheerful? What right have I to be wandering here, even, and enjoying your society? I ought, this very moment, to be haunting the scenes of our former glory. I ought to appear, this very night, armed cap-a-pie, to frown upon, and appal our oppressors, and to arouse the drooping spirits of my dear countrymen. I ought—

Stuy. Harry, Harry, my boy, don't take on so. This is a sad, an unhappy business, to be sure. But, my dear ghost, what good can you do, now? 'Tis all too late, my friend; the die is cast, the destinies will have it so, and poor old Venice must be choked, at last, in the slime of her own canals. But cheer up, brother spirit, cheer up. And tell us, Hal, how long have you been in town, and where are you stopping?

Dan. Nearly six weeks. I am putting up at the Irving.

Stuy. The deuce you are.

Dan. And pray, where are you?

Stuy. At the St. Nicholas. I had a special invitation from the landlord to be present before its inauguration to catch that event.

Dan. Had I known it, I should have certainly called on you. But the truth is, I have been but little of the time in town. In fact, I have been very busy for the last month, exploring the wonders, and studying the institutions of this glorious, this Titanic republic of yours. I have special reason to remember the day of my arrival here, however. It was the day of the great Sontag Serenade.

W. the Elder. Indeed, and did you assist at that beautiful tribute to genius?

Dan. I did; and, what is more, I inadvertently wore a white hat, on the occasion, as did my brother-ghost who accompanied me; two superb Rocky Mountain beavers, which we had purchased, that very afternoon, at Leary's. We were standing together, at a somewhat advanced hour of the night, I remember, directly under the balcony of the hotel of the Queen of Song, waiting patiently for the music, and discussing the merits of Jenny Lind; when, in the twinkling of an eye, we were both, most unceremoniously, bereft of the aforesaid beavers. Alike angry and mortified, I inquired of a terrestrial neighbor, the meaning of this extraordinary proceeding. He simply replied, that it was a part of the ceremony, a time-honored custom here, whenever such summer evening entertainments were made public. Why, then, said I, was it not so stated in the pro-

gramme? Then my friend and myself could have provided ourselves with cheap substitutes. As it is, we have been flung out of six dollars a piece, by the operation. A horse-laugh was his only reply. So home we trudged, feeling like fools, and contracting obstinate colds in our spiritual heads besides, which we have not got rid of yet. But, my friends, I am afraid I shall have to break up our colloquy.

Stuy. Why so?

Dan. Why, the fact is, the Chicago River and Harbor Convention meets now, in about two minutes and a half, and I have promised to be present, and to lay before the meeting, some very valuable and interesting statistics, concerning the commerce of Venice, in the 12th century. So, good-bye.

W. the Elder. I am really very sorry for this, for I was on the point of asking you, to tell friend Peter, all about your capture of Constantinople.

Dan. Some other time, my dear fellow. Besides, what was that affair, after all, alongside of his own magnificent capture of Fort Christina? But I must positively be off. So, farewell, friends.

Stuy. Heaven be with you. (*Exeunt.*)

DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

As a journalist we desire to make a record of this event. It is the event of the year, as Webster was the man of the age. He was so great, his style of man so superior, that we despair of ever seeing his like again. All his writings, speeches, State papers, and familiar letters are marked as *his*—inimitable in beauty and exactness of expression, and fixing lessons of wisdom and metes of inquiry for all who shall live after him. He was so great, so wise, that his whole life is a teaching which men must profit by, whether they will heed it or not; it has become the moral and intellectual element in which we live.

But while all eyes are turned to Mr. Webster's greatness of mind, and his finished and unequalled productions, we would fix our own on his heart. The religious and moral tone of his character was as admirable as it was extraordinary. He died the death of greatness as truly as he lived the life of it. We have heard and read how great men have died, but there is such an original majesty in his last hours and words as we do not know who has equalled. We will not repeat the detail of what was said and done, or the manner of it. It was so simple, so trustful, so suitable to a Christian's dying; it was so considerate of all, so American, that if anything ought to make him greater in our view than he was before, it was his dying. Mr. Webster was noted for his reverence for and

familiarity with Holy Scripture. He could repeat whole chapters, and often did so in familiar intercourse. Alluding to this habit, and to passages he recited, a friend writes an interesting article which is before us, but the publication of which we are compelled to omit.

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

No great feature in the musical way, has presented itself to our citizens since Sontag left. Our people have been digesting coolly the feast she gave them. Never were more brilliant concerts given in Philadelphia, than she has just concluded. The houses were good from first to last, and there was great enthusiasm all the time. Our opinion of Sontag as she now is, has been freely given, and we are told agrees with that of many of the best connoisseurs in the city. A greater *artiste* does not live, but the organ which she once wielded to such a perfection of effects, is now a little impaired. Still, Sontag is a charming cantatrice, and there may well be enthusiasm when she appears among us. She is now singing in Boston.

We hear that the Philharmonic Society are rapidly preparing for their regular winter concerts, and that the series the present season, promises to be unusually brilliant. Colonel Waterman, certainly lives, breathes and flourishes. What more is necessary for the happiest kind of efforts in Philharmonic-dom?

Perelli resumes his *recherché* soirées, very shortly. We hear he is now developing rare musical talent. A better teacher is nowhere to be found.

Madame Alboni the papers tell us commenced her second series of concerts in New York on Tuesday, the 9th inst., will return to Boston on the 20th, to inaugurate the new Music Hall, and visit this city on her way South early in December. The Madame has given twenty-two concerts in the United States, all of which have been eminently successful. We agree with a writer, who says, "She is an artist of the very first order, possessing a rich, round, melodious voice, which is cultivated to the very highest finish. Her manner is graceful, lady-like and captivating, and her private life is without spot or blemish. No doubt, she will be cordially welcomed on her return to this city, where she made a marked and favorable impression."

BIZARRE AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

MEN'S WIVES. BY WM. M. THACKERAY.

This is a republication by D. APPLETON

& Co., of a series of papers in *Frazer's Magazine*, for 1843. The volume exhibits the ordinary characteristics of Thackeray, on which we have before dwelt at some length. A keen penetration, which no shams or shows can baffle; a genial, healthy sentiment, which is mortally hostile to wrong and meanness, in all their shapes and degrees; and a graphic, racy style, which serves admirably to manifest the thoughts and feelings of such a mind; these qualities make whatever Mr. Thackeray writes alike entertaining and instructive. The collection in this volume, however, leaves a painful impression on the reader, from its several delineations being of a sombre hue, and all in a similar vein. We cannot say that these delineations are other than true, but in a work of art, as in some other cases, the maxim holds good, that "the truth is not to be spoken at all times."

SOUTHERN MATRON AND NEW ENGLAND BRIDE.

This volume by Mrs. GILMAN, of Charleston, S. C., is from G. P. PUTNAM & Co. The old phrase, "good as gold," came over us repeatedly in going through it. A peculiarity of our authoress, not very often met with is, that with ideality and several other of the qualities that constitute the poet, she combines the shrewd, penetrating observation, and almost infallible common sense, that make up the idea of the veritable Yankee. She is, in fact, by birth and education, a New Englander, and this circumstance, one would think, should give her pictures of Southern life an extra value. If we may not take the testimony of a pure-minded, religious woman, gifted with an intellect so sound and able as hers, we know not what testimony is worthy of reliance. And, if we mistake not, the vexed questions which have so disturbed the land, will receive no slight quietus from the perusal of these pages. Sure we are at any rate, that all must be gratified with the easy, graphic, often humorous details of the commonest events of domestic and social life, which both the "matron" and the "housekeeper" have given us. Her house-keeping reminiscences in particular, are inimitable. She has caught not only the characteristics, but the drollest of all droll phraseology, of all the "help," that usually "operate" in the New England kitchen, nursery or chamber. The only that we have to charge upon Mrs. Gilman is, that she does not write enough. Like *Oliver Twist*, we ask for "more."

NORTHWOOD; OR, LIFE NORTH AND SOUTH.

H. LONG & BROTHER, have sent us this handsome reprint of a novel by Mrs. HALE, which first appeared more than twenty years

ago. Like everything this lady writes, this volume is marked by good sense and correct sentiment; by an accurate delineation of the local and domestic usages of the places, where its scenes are laid; and by some, though not very much, power of characterization. On the whole, the book is rather to be pronounced *respectable* than *great*. The author's mind appears to be not of an intense, vivid quality, and the consequence is, that something of the tame and prosy, not unfrequently marks the current of the story. Still the book has merit—more merit, as a whole, than many exhibiting greater genius and force.

WORLD-DOINGS AND WORLD SAYINGS.

—THE ITALIAN journals give the following account of the origin of the *Lyrical Drama* in Italy. During the year 1494, three young Florentine nobles, united by similarity of taste and customs, and by a love of poetry and music, formed the idea of reviving the musical declamation of Greek tragedy. They employed the poet Rinuccini to write a drama founded on the fable of *Daphne*; and that drama was set to music by Peri, the most celebrated composer of that time. The composition was privately represented in the Palazzo Borsi. The singers were, the author and his friends; and the orchestra of this first opera was composed of only four instruments—a pianoforte, a harp, a violin, and a flute. No one thought of airs or recitative, if so, it could be called; it was a species of measured intonation, which by us would be considered insufferably languid and monotonous. It is a pleasure to observe this embryo of the Opera, and to compare it with the "*capitavi*" of Mozart, of Cimarosi, of Rossini, and of others, executed, by such voices and orchestras as we hear in the present day:—but even so suffocating a harmony as that of the former nevertheless produced at that time an extraordinary sensation. Four years after, was represented on the Theatre of Florence, the first musical opera, entitled "*Euridice*," on the occasion of the marriage of Maria de Medici. The introduction at that time of the anacreontic "*cantate*," and of a chorus at the end of every act, produced the first imperfect outlines of the airs and choruses of modern opera. Montoverde, a musician of Cremona, brought the recitative to perfection. He brought out the Arianna, music of Rinuccini, for the court of Mantua; and, in the opera of "*Jason*," by Cavalli and Cicognini, at Venice, 1649, are found the first airs corresponding in sense and spirit with the dialogue. The first regular serious opera

executed at Naples was in 1646, under the title of "Amor non ha legge;" and the music was composed by several masters whose names are now unknown. During half of the last century the opera not only did not improve, it even degenerated. It became in Italy what it was in France a century earlier—a grand spectacle offered to the eyes; in which Poetry and Music were the last things considered—whilst the scenery, the mechanism, and the pantomime, were in the greatest request. Then, the money now lavished on the singers were thrown away upon the painter and the machinist; and hence the reason that Goldoni, a long time after, says of the opera at Paris—"It was the Paradise of the eyes, and the hell of the ears."

—THE ORGANOPHONIC Band, is the title of a new company of musicians, who have lately come out in London, and who take pride in converting themselves not only into fiddles, violoncelli, and bassoons, but even into drums and cymbals. Nay, one more ambitious than the rest actually makes of himself a musical snuff-box. The *Chronicle* says: "Altogether the 'Organophonic Band,' who, without instruments, can, by the voice alone, imitate all the brass, wood, and catgut in a regular orchestra, possess a certain talent which may possibly please a certain portion of the public. The imitation of a drum by a strange motion of the mouth, of the trumpet by a forced action of the facial muscles, of the pizzicato of harp or violin by what, for want of a classical word, we must call the 'pop-pop-popping' of the lips: of the piccolo by whistling, and of the cymbal and musical snuff-box by some vocal contrivance, we cannot venture to describe, is close enough to amuse those happy folks who have an hour or two to wile away; and perhaps a gentleman who had swallowed three bottles of heavy port, and whose imagination was stronger than his memory, might fancy himself in the presence of a real band of instrumentalists. Moreover, the artists are handsomely attired in the military undress of Hungary, and have a solemnity and earnestness of deportment which inspire a feeling of respect for their vocation. A mustachioed Magyar, six feet high and stout in proportion, uttering the notes of the 'wry-necked fife,' is a sight not to be seen every day. Nor should we forget the opportunity which this exhibition affords of studying the human countenance under very peculiar circumstances. Our uninitiated readers have no conception of the pretty face which a man makes when he produces the sound of a cymbal, by twitching up the corner of his mouth and a puff of one cheek."

—THE COLLECTIONS of printing in the Crystal Palace, though derived from almost innumerable points, and in themselves of

extremely varied character, showed some^o remarkable—we will add, painful—*lacunæ*. There were examples from Sydney and Washington—towns founded only a generation ago—but nothing from Rome or Venice. The Roman press once so active, and still so famous, is now idle. The great office of the Vatican, founded by Sixtus the Fifth, and perfected by Leo the Tenth and Clement the Fourteenth, for printing the Scriptures, and the writings of the Christian Fathers, has long been all but idle—its only issues of late having been in the Oriental tongues. The contrast of this office with the imperial press of Vienna, or the national press of Paris, is entirely to its disadvantage. What is curious is, that it has been most idle since its great rival in England became so active. Every year the London press sends into the new world, upwards of a million Bibles and New Testaments, and the press of the Roman Propaganda does nothing. This fact offers curious matter for speculation to those who may choose to follow it up to its conclusions. Meanwhile, the Crystal Palace was an evidence in its way that Rome has ceased for awhile to combat with intellectual weapons. Then, Venice—the home of so many renowned printers in the days when it was a free republic—active, intelligent, artistic—the Vendelins, the Jenson, and the Aldi—Venice was unrepresented at the Great Exhibition. It is little that the Queen of the Adriatic has now to do with types and printing presses, except to strike off ever-increasing quantities of Austro-Venetian paper-money. Nor, while the Croat is encamped in the Piazza, and the tannon of San Giorgio Maggiore, sweep the whole extent of the Riva, can it be expected that anything much better than an almanac or an official gazette, will appear in that renowned typographical city. So says the *Athenæum*.

—THE INCOMES of the leading members of the Episcopal body in England stand thus:—Archbishop of Canterbury, £15,000; Archbishop of York, £10,000; Bishop of London, £11,700; Bishop of Durham, £8,000; Bishop of Winchester, £10,000; Bishop of Ely, £5,500. The highest ecclesiastical functionary in France, the Archbishop of Paris, has £1,600 per annum; the other fourteen archbishops have £600 per annum each; and the bishops, sixty-five in number, have £400 per annum each. In Belgium, the net income of the Archbishop of Malines is £840 per annum, and each of the bishops £588 per annum. Such was the state of things in 1846. Louis Napoleon has caused the income of the Archbishop of Paris to be raised from 40,000 to 50,000 francs per annum. Fourteen other archbishops are augmented from 15 to 20,000 francs. Sixty-five bishops spring from 10,000 to 15,000, and the lower

grades of the clergy in corresponding degrees. The sum of 180,000 francs is appropriated to cathedral choirs.

— A PERSON signing himself "Hen-pecked," writes the London *Times*, as follows: "As you have admitted into your columns a discussion on the rights of woman, and as it has been set forth that they are not sufficiently 'protected,' permit me to state my case. I am a married man, with an extremely jealous wife. I have been very wrongfully accused of kissing the maid-servant. I am perfectly innocent both of the fact and intention. The servant is openly accused by my wife, and indignantly hurls back the accusation; nevertheless, these suspicions are uttered by my wife to every inquirer as to the servant's character. The maid cannot obtain a situation in consequence, and she brings an action for defamation of character. The wife being in law *feme covert*, I must be named as one of the defendants in the action, and I must suffer in comfort, in character, and in pocket. What has become of the rights of men?"

— AT A LATE meeting of the London Entomological Society, the President drew the attention of the meeting to the subject of insects found impaled, by stating that he had recently, at Boulogne, found a bee stuck on the sharp point of a reed, in such a way as to preclude the idea that it had been fixed by any other means than the wind. Mr. Desvignes said that he had a moth which was found impaled on a thorn, and it bore no marks of having been previously taken by a bird, for it was in beautiful condition. Mr. Curtis and Mr. Bond, however, thought that insects found impaled were mostly transfixed by birds; and Mr. Waring said he had repeatedly found the nests of shrikes by being guided to their locality by the birds, mice and insects, hung on thorns around.

— NOT LONG since a hawker, named Freeman, residing at Norwell, near Newark, Nottinghamshire, (Eng.,) was convicted in the penalty of 14s. 6d. and costs, for assaulting a woman under the following circumstances:—Two of his daughters had been successively taken ill, and reduced to skeletons. At periods they were attacked with severe pains, during which time they would call upon the name of an old woman named Williamson, living in the same village. Believing that this woman had bewitched his daughters, and thinking, according to an old superstition, that, if he could draw blood from her, they would recover, he went to her house, and seizing an opportunity, punctured her arm with a large darning needle!

— AN ACTION brought by Madame Sonntag against Mr. Lumley, for payment of bills of exchange amounting to 98,000*fr.*, was

called on before the Tribunal of Commerce, in Paris, not long since. M. Seaye, *agréé* for Mr. Lumley, objected to the competency of the court, upon the ground that the bills were signed in London, payable in London, and protested in London, and that the transaction being one between foreigners in a foreign country was not within the jurisdiction of a French court. The tribunal, however, held that Mr. L.'s position, as director of the Italian Theatre in Paris, at the time the bills were signed, necessarily impelled a domicile in Paris, and ordered the cause to be heard upon the merits, in a fortnight.

— ALTHOUGH Holyrood Castle, in Edinburgh, (according to the English papers,) is not now absolutely closed against the general public, it can be said to be open only in the same sense as that in which the London Tavern is said to be open. Any one may enter, but it will cost him a round sum to get out again. Every room has its price, and an extra shilling is expected for a peep at Rizzio's blood or Queen Mary's portrait. As for the gallery of Kings—in which there are oil portraits of men who lived centuries before oil-painting was known, and when artists worked only in a congenial distemper—a special fee is always demanded ere those characteristic "illustrations of manners" are shown.

— AT THE dinner given to Mr. Webster by the citizens of Albany, without distinction of party, on Wednesday, May 28th, 1851, in response to Hon. John C. Spencer's admirable sentiment: "The Constitution of the United States and Daniel Webster—inseparable in the records of time and eternity." Mr. Webster, said: "My destiny attaches me to the Constitution of the country. I desire to render it some service. And to the modest stone that shall mark my grave, whether within my native New Hampshire or my adopted Massachusetts, I wish no other epitaph than this: *While he lived, he did what he could to support the Constitution of his country.*"

— A MEETING of the New York Historical Society, was held not long since, at the rooms of that Association, to testify the sense of the Society in the loss sustained by the country in the death of Daniel Webster. Able eulogistic speeches were delivered by Hon. Luther Bradish, and Messrs. Hawks, March, Osgood, and Francis. The Society feel deeply the loss which they have sustained in the death of Daniel Webster, who was an honorary member, and a very efficient auxiliary.

— IT WAS about a quarter of a century ago, or just before the decease of the first Mrs. Webster, that Daniel Webster made his first purchase in the spot upon which he died, of the late Captain William Thomas.

The farm might have contained one hundred and fifty acres. He had since purchased of his neighbors, north and south, east and west, until he owned, when he died, about two thousand acres. Among his last business acts, in Marshfield, was the purchase of additional land.

—THE SCOTCH papers record the death, at Edinburgh, of Mr. Thomas Thomson. "Mr. Thomson," says a contemporary, "was a coadjutor of Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and Lord Brougham, in the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*, and was a prominent member of the Liberal party at the Scotch bar."

—ICELAND, say the Continental papers, has just lost her most accomplished linguist—Dr. Egilsson. Fortunately, he lived to finish his great work, a Dictionary of the old Norse poetical language, as exhibited in the Eddas, Sagas, poems, &c., of Norway and Iceland. This storehouse of philological research, in which the explanations are given in Latin, will, it is added, shortly be published by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries.

EDITOR'S CHATTER-BOX.

Next was November: he full grown and fat,
And yet the season was full sharp and
breeme,

Whereon he rode, not easie 'twas to dreme,
For it a dreadful Centaure was.

SPENSER.

NOVEMBER is derived from *Novem* (nine) and *Imber*. The Emperor Commodus attempted, but unsuccessfully, to change the name of this month. The Senate had once proposed to give it the name of the Emperor Tiberius, who was born in it. But he declined this servility, observing with a jest, "What might be their embarrassment should there be *thirteen* Cæsars?" In this month, about Martinmas, was the great time of laying up salt provisions; a custom which seems to have extended over Europe; the cattle being slaughtered as the pasture failed. The Saxons termed November the *Wint* (wind) *Monath*, or *Blot* (blood,) *Monath* from this custom of slaughtering the winter provision.

"Summer suns are past and gone,
Sullen Winter darkens on,
Chilling winds his harbinger,
Singing requiem to the year.
From the night-air, nipping cold,
Flocks are shrinking in the fold;
Ere the day to twilight yield,
Hastes the peasant from the field;
Then before his cheerful fire,
Hears the tales that never tire,

Listening oft with awe profound
To the tempest's rushing sound."

November is the month when the city puts on its overcoat, and the country strips itself to the buff; in other words, the aspect of the city is one of muffling up, while that of the country is of naked forests and fields. We love this month. It has memories to us, which are passing sweet. Other months present reminiscences of gloom and death. But, why pause upon the source of joys, much less sorrows? The reader knows what it is to be happy, aye, and to be wretched, doubtless.

—HERE is a little gem from the French:

On parle fort diversement

Des effets que produit, l'absence:

L'un dit qu'elle est contraire à la persévérance,

Et l'autre, qu'elle fait aimer plus longuement.

Pour moi, voici ce j'en pense:

*L'absence est l'amour ce qu'est au feu le vent:
Ileint le petit, il allume le grand.*

And so quoth we: Absence is to love, that which wind is to fire, extinguishing the small, whilst adding intensity to the great. And, further, quoth we: at least one half the philosophy between heaven and earth is wrapped up, openly or disguisedly, in poetry. We might almost add, the seven heavens of the gods and infernal regions; for it would seem that poets, as *dead-heads*, are the only creatures that obtain a pass to either, without shuffling off this mortal coil. Witness Milton, Tasso, Dante, the only creatures that came back with men's form, from that bourne whence no traveller—certainly no prosy traveller—returns. The philosophers of Europe many years since, were set upon prick by the report, that one of their number with an established claim to the title of an astronomical seer, had seen so far into the moon, as to descry nanny-goats with beards, walking upon the mountains of that glorious country. The secret died with him. But to set aside all doubt, he left behind him a statement of the exact powers of the instrument, when alas! for human infallibility, it was found on close calculation, that said optical glasses, with full allowance for this sketch of a lie, would yet have left him six miles distance. It was sagely argued it was impossible to see them, much less their beards. How science does confound human devices.

—MARY STUART, with her passions and her misfortunes, her beauty and her grace, forming together such a charming ideal, was ever a subject fitted for tragic romance. For amorous fiction and vivid contrast, for an epoch full of remarkable personages, for whatever was great in itself, or seductive in its influence, nothing is denied. Yet, we

know no writer who has fully availed himself of these advantages. The prize is immortality.

—READER, hear the fortunes of some *chef d'œuvres* of the ancient art:—The Farnese group of the Bull, was found in the baths of Antonius; the Laocoon, came from the baths of Titus; the Apollo, was fished out of the sea at Antium; the Sleeping Fawn, slept in the ditch of St. Angelo. Our great American sculptor's bust of Calhoun, found for some time a watery grave.

—WE REPROACH critics, says a French writer, with being malevolent. Their very office, without which they would be unknown, is to blame. A word of eulogy consumes their lips; a sentiment of admiration suffocates them. How shall they make reply to these reproaches? Listen! The occasions for praise are very rare, and more rare still for admiration. What is a critic after all, but an intelligent spectator of the orchestral performance of some new piece? If the piece is bad, it is not his fault; and his business consists either in interpreting or rectifying the impressions of the public. BIZARRE endorses this, and if his smile occasionally fades away, and for a laugh incites a frown, he must be permitted to plead the necessities of the critical office.

—It was worth one's while to love in the days of old. Take the following from one of Schiller's most beautiful and elaborate poems, and sigh—ye garret poets—for departed romance:

By the side of an altar yet chaste and divine,
Stood the muses in stillness and shade,
And honored, and homelike, and holy that shrine,

In the blush and the heart of the maid:
And the sweet light of song burned the fresher and truer,

In the lay and the love of the wild troubadour.

As ever, so aye, in their beautiful land,

May the maid and the poet unite,
Their task be to work and to weave hand in hand,

The zone of the fair and the right.
Song and love, love and song, intertwined evermore,

Weary earth to the suns of its youth can restore.

—A GREAT many men and women, in possession themselves of no very positive virtues, are constantly endeavoring to build their reputation on the ruin of others—an ambition like that of the Syrian herdsmen, who are content to find their hovels in the subterranean chambers of ruined temples, or in the cornices of neglected aqueducts.

—A FRENCH chemist has discovered the property of iodine to be diffused largely

in fresh as well as in salt water; and, that a constant atmospheric current is preserved between the two. He is still pursuing his researches. Already, it appears we are breathing iodine every moment; though not yet poisoned.

—WITH THE present development of musical taste in this city, it is a positive fact that organ-grinders can't get a living. We humbly inquire—can the power of music further go? Since penning the above, we learn by telegraphic despatch from the South, that the whole kit have vamoosed into Mexico.

—WE SAW, the other day, at the house of a friend, a beautiful silver pitcher, intended as a birth-day present from a gentleman to his wife. The design is singularly beautiful and appropriate—the handle being formed of grape vines which ramify over the surface of the jug, covering it with leaves and grapes, and representing everlasting attachment; for the older the vine grows the more firmly it clings to what first gave it support. This beautiful piece of art is the work of Messrs. Dunlevy & Wise, manufacturing silversmiths, and reflects great credit on them for their skill and taste. The cost is moderate, which is important, and taking it all together we think it the most useful and appropriate present a person could make. The idea was probably suggested by the beautiful lines of Sweeney:—

“And as age but makes the vine,
Whose young tendrils wander
Round the sapling stem, entwine
Fonder there and fonder—
So my breast for thee retains
The first love that bound it;
Time only can twine the chains
Still more firmly round it.”

—GEN. PIERCE has been elected to the Presidency by an enormous majority, having obtained 278 out of the 296 Electoral votes. He gets all the States in the Union with the exception of Vermont and Massachusetts. We hope the Whigs will take their defeat calmly and pleasantly. Certainly, it will do them no good to get into a passion.

—IT IS ASTONISHING how many friends a selfish man can hunt up and keep. Query, if this be by the laws governing the doctrine of attraction? We scarce ever knew a man with this passion consummately developed, who didn't succeed in everything he set his hand to. Quite encouraging.

—PIC BERNARD, the author of a work entitled “The God of the Rich and the God of the Poor,” published at Paris, has been condemned to six months imprisonment and to a fine of fifty francs, “for promulgating revolutionary doctrines.”

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

VOLUME II. }
PART 17. }

FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1852.

{ SINGLE COPIES
FIVE CTS.

THE CITY IN LIGHT AND SHADE.

A MIDNIGHT WALK.

Lend us, gentle reader, your ears, while we give voice to some thoughts suggested by, and some personal experiences encountered in the great city. Nor hold us, we entreat you, to any rigorous method in our utterance, but let our tongue speak what spontaneously and first presents itself, and wearing the precise aspect it appears in, for we feel this evening miscellaneous, and hence, not logical and premise-obeying.

Our theme, we hinted, was the "Great City." And what is the great city?

"An ulcer on the body politic," said one, who was often wise, but yet, not less fond of "hobby-equitation" than men far less wise and great.

"God made the country, and man made the town," said another, putting substantially the same thought in phrase less bald.

We differ not a little from both. Modestly as befits us, we would say, the great city is the world, and man and man's life made palpable to sense, in a single sketch. Crowded into a compass, sufficiently contracted to be apprehensible, may be witnessed specimens of well-nigh all things the big globe contains. The purest, loftiest virtue, and the deepest, loathsomest debasement; the largest opulence, and the most constrictive penury; the most prodigal, elegant splendor, and the nudest, coarsest life-conditions; beauty and ugliness; strength and weakness; the best and the worst; the most complete and the most defective; the highest of heights, and the profoundest of depths in man and man's works and ways and havings—all these may be seen side by side, in closest contact within a space far smaller than that occupied by an insignificant village. If then,

"The noblest study of mankind be man," who would miss, or who could afford to spare the materials and opportunities for such study, so lavishly furnished by the

great city? No—the disadvantages attendant on the existence of the city, great as they are, though they were multiplied twenty fold, were still scarcely to be named, as a counterpoise to its advantages for subserving the noblest of ends.

What, we ask again, is the great city? In summary phrase, it is an efflux or out-birth of the human soul. You see nothing, you hear nothing there, which is not in the nature it sprang from.

Thus, that never-ceasing din and uproar, sounding perpetually on through the hours of light, non-suspended, wholly even during the hours of darkness: what is it save the noise of man's unresting passions and desires? That heterogeneous assemblage of edifices so huddled together, the great and the little, standing side by side; the palace touching the cabin; the workshop or warehouse below, and the dwelling above; here the church, and there the brothel; here the temple of science or art, and there the frowning penitentiary; here the bank or broker's office, and there Philanthropy's asylum for the needful and the stricken of calamity. What is all this congeries, but man's mind, that incongruous mixture of darkness and light; of nobleness and littleness; of good and bad; of attainment and deficiency; in a single word, of the angel and the demon!

And, in the palpable degree of regularity, you witness here and there: the rectilinear, paven, cleaner-swept streets; the private abodes, and public buildings magnificently constructed and tastefully equipped;—who does not behold the divine principle of order gradually making its way through the chaos of man's nature, and bringing nigher and nigher the time, when discordant, self-clashing man, shall in his own fully-developed, poised and harmonised being, image back the completeness and accordance of heaven?

Nor can we accept the view insinuated by the bard before quoted, that the Divine presence and working are less palpable in the city than in the country. No: God's blue sky, with its infinite beauties and

splendors, bends alike over the one and the other. His love, incarnate in the sunshine, streams down with pervasive light and warmth into every street and alley, of the city's architectural mass. So, too, does the moonlight of His mercy, visit and tenderly embrace it, shedding a matchless and touching beauty even on the foulest, ugliest things. His purity descends upon it in the star-beams, with a hushing, tranquilizing power. His provident care takes now the form of the breezes, which sweep in turn from every point of the compass, to bear away the constantly-gathering and harmful miasmas, and to carry everywhere refreshment and health, and now of the showers, which visit impartially every nook and recess, with cleanliness, coolness and reinvigoration in their train. Yes, God is evermore in, and very palpably cares for the great city.

Nor in these ways solely. Invisibly, inscrutably also, His providence is over it to direct and restrain. Do but contemplate the bare fact of 400,000 human beings packed into a space so narrow. Thousands of these are almost, if not totally lawless, as concerning any respect for, or even any idea of the sacredness of human law, or governmental authority. Lack of early training, whether mental or moral; sharp, gripping poverty; unchecked, craving passions, exacerbated well-nigh to frenzy, by the spectacle of inequalities, of which they count themselves victims; and the sight of a thousand luxuries, for which they thirst, and which others enjoy habitually, but themselves, never; these and kindred causes, make of multitudes, creatures of passion and impulse exclusively. What is it, then, that so far holds these beings in check? What keeps so many of them back from ravage and spoil? Why do they not, by the strong hand, wrest the things they crave and have not, from the possessors of them?

Do you reply, it is government with its terrors, that prevents them? But what is the government you speak of? All they can commonly see of it is a small body of policemen, starved, but perhaps, without even a staff, scattered singly over miles of space. Those thousands, banded together, might at once rend these representatives of government in pieces with their naked hands. But somehow, they are restrained from working their fierce will, whether aught reminding them of authority be within sight or not. It is then, chiefly something invisible, intangible, that holds them in check. This *something* hedges government about with an atmosphere of awe, which makes the very name and thought of it, potent enough to bind these raging, tiger-passions.

What is this something?

It is, in the last analysis, God omnipotent! He makes that wrong-doing, which is fatal to human welfare, intrinsically, terrible and appalling; and He clothes His principle of order, which is partially incarnate in government, with a potency that strikes with paralysis those who would fain violate it, however urgent the instigation.

Then too, He makes evil incohesive and self-clashing. The lawless and bad cannot cleave together; cannot trust in each other; cannot feel any repose in companionship and co-operation. Conscious of their own treacherous natures, they are eternally apprehensive of betrayal by their associates.

Thus it is, in fact, God who restrains the lawless and impulsive; and the comparative order, peace and quiet of the great city, is a most striking, unmistakable evidence of the vigilant and perpetual providence of the Divine Being over it. Those close-compacted, heterogeneous myriads walk safely, and sleep undisturbedly because God is there! Therefore we say,

"God made the country, and God made the town."

But to descend from we to I, from generals to particulars, the city is the place beyond all others, for oddhaps and adventures. I have nothing astounding, or much out of the ordinary line to relate now, but I can give some details of an occurrence which I thought sufficiently unpleasant when it happened. I was once shut out of my lodgings in a city, from not reaching home by half-past nine in the evening. It matters not how or why this was—the fact is sufficient. It was the city of New York, where I was then but a transient visiter, and the season was autumn, when the nights were long and chilly.

Now, the reader may count it no great mishap to be thus excluded for a night, from a temporary lodging, there being so many ways of repairing the evil. "Why not betake yourself to a hotel or other lodging house, for this occasion, as plenty of such may be found always open for reception?" A quite sufficient reason, reader; I had precisely a solitary ten cent piece in my pocket. No matter why this was. If I had any more it was locked up in my trunk at my lodging-house; and one dime was hardly a key to unlock such a bed-chamber, as I wanted.

"But why not go to some friend's house for the night?"

Simply, because most of the friends I had, if I had any, lived out of town, and if any lived in it, I knew not where to find them. So I was out for the night; I had the "key of the street." Lodging was not to be thought

of, and ten cents were not a large capital to invest in any other comforts.

Well, one can get on tolerably till eleven or twelve, for a thousand hotels and saloons are open, and the streets are lively with their hurrying crowds. But I was tired already from having been all day on foot, and found patrolling a doubtful pleasure. So, by slipping into three or four hotel reading-rooms successively, I contrived to wear out the time till the clocks "clashed and hammered" twelve. But now the call for lights and slippers by the *habitués*, and the turning off of the gas by the servants, gave warning that the hour had come for my stepping forth "under the canopy."

The sky was overclouded as I went forth, and the air was chilly. So lame and stiff was I from much previous walking, and so tender were the soles of my feet, that my gait couldn't have been cited as a specimen of grace. Few lights were now visible, save the street lamps; the passing carriages were few, and the foot-passengers were as "angels visits." For awhile, I paced up and down Park Row, from Barnum's Museum to French's Hotel, going up on one side of the street and down the other. One or two inferior drinking saloons were still open, and thronged with a set of rough-looking and "far-gone" customers. Worn as I was, chilled, and longing to sit down, I couldn't as yet quite resolve to go in. One o'clock hadn't yet struck, though it seemed as if I had already been promenading an age. At last I stepped into the Park, and sat down on one of the benches. Ten minutes had not elapsed before I was joined by one of those specimens which are rarely seen save in cities. His dress was remarkably shabby, showing a solution of continuity at the elbows, the knees, and in many other places; his hat appeared to have served him for a seat, while retaining any stiffness; and his shoes exhibited abundant apertures, for what was doubtless, needful ventilation. His face wore a crop of long, dingy bristles, through which gleamed a skin so red, that crimson would have looked pale beside it, and his eyes, whether for ornament or use, were encircled by black rings. He was plainly that creature *sui generis*, the "loafer." He plumped himself down close at my side, said something, probably intended for "good evening," but which was obscure from the disproportionate size of his tongue, and in his cordial way laid his hand on my pantaloons' pocket. The report of my olfactories brought instantly to mind what Coleridge said of the city of Cologne, that "it had seventy thousand stenches—all well-defined and separate stenches!" It was, in fact "too much of a good thing," and in some haste I "put out," for Broadway. The

clock struck one, and six hours remained before I could get into my lodgings. So up and down a quarter mile on either side of this famed thoroughfare, I trod "wearily, wearily." There was more appearance of life here, than in my previous walk. Occasionally a hack rolled by, bearing some late reveller home, or some newly arrived traveller to his hotel. Sometimes, too, one or more well-dressed men crossed my path; at others, a party of youths, whose noisy talk and laugh, and song, intimated a doubt whether they had just left a "Temperance meeting;" and again, a single individual, whose zig-zag course seemed a perpetual attempt to ascertain which side of the side-walk afforded the easiest travelling. But, who is this lying stretched on the side-walk, with his head pillowed on a door-step? He is well enough dressed, and not ill-looking. Doubtless he is affected with a malady quite prevalent in the city, and being seized with a violent paroxysm of it on his way home has sank down unable to proceed. Well, he'll soon find relief in various ways. Friends will ere long appear to ease him of his watch, the contents of his pockets, and perhaps his hat. Then the police will kindly lead him to a temporary hospital, called a "station-house," and to-morrow morning his case will be examined by skilful practitioners, and some species of application will be administered, which will probably throw off this fit at least.

But what a pitiable sight is this? Two young girls on a door-step in a not very reputable neighborhood, for these side-streets lead directly through that "valley of Hin-nom," the "Five Points." Ah! I have seen these children abroad begging, on several evenings. The oldest may be thirteen—the youngest cannot be over seven. Now, the youngest is asleep, and the oldest is weeping bitterly. I inquired into the case, and learned that they were sent forth daily by their parents to beg, and that whatever money they carried home was spent for gin, with which these wretches were intoxicated much of the time. The children had been unsuccessful this evening, and were therefore afraid to go home, as they were always cruelly beaten, if they returned without money. A tolerably good specimen of the affairs of Pandemonium! These wretched children, now cold, hungry and worn out, in addition to all their other woes, wrung my very heart. I hurried in search of a policeman, and luckily found one, of kindly, sympathizing spirit. On hearing my tale, he readily agreed to take the children to a "station-house," where they should be kept warm and fed, and have a decent bed, and to take them home in the morning, and give their parents such a rebuke as might terrify them into better conduct.

But I have no room to detail half the items of my experience during the remaining night hours, and will therefore finish with a single other. Travelling a little beyond my main circuit, I had got into a street named either Centre or Orange, when, at about half past three, I met three young men, who appeared somewhat lively and boisterous. On encountering me, they bade me good evening, and spread themselves so as nearly to surround me. All at once, I sustained three simultaneous applications; a tremendous blow between the eyes, which blinded them "with excess of light," my hat knocked down upon my nose, and a hand thrust into my pantaloons' pocket. By the time I had recovered myself, raised my hat, and wiped my eyes, I saw the trio at several rods distance, running swiftly down a side alley. Feeling in my pocket, I found my dime, penknife, and trunk-key gone.

I cannot describe the intolerable hours that followed. Enough, that I lived, and at seven o'clock entered my own chamber.—While undressing, I looked in the glass, and found my eyes encircled by monstrous black rings, while my nose was several degrees larger than its wont. It was a month before my face resumed its usual aspect. So much for having the "key of the street."

SPIRITUAL DIALOGUES.*

DIALOGUE III.

RUBENS. COLE.

Rubens. Need I say how charmed I am to meet my brother student of Nature, in the metropolis that he hath embellished with so many lovely pictures?

Cole. Really, my dear friend, you flatter me. Such praise from such an artist is—

Rub. Is the simple truth. Pardon my interrupting you thus, but I spoke from a most hearty and profound admiration. 'Twas but yesterday, my dear ghost, that I saw your masterpiece, the "Course of Empire." He, who put that poem on canvas, must not be too modest. Charming, charming work! I had the day before been to see some of your landscapes, and was delighted. I speak not merely of your transcripts from your own wild, fresh America, nor of your compositions, but also of your most felicitous renderings of Italian, and Greek, and Swiss, and Sicilian, and English scenes. All, all alike truthful and beautiful. Kenilworth, by the way, my friend, was no ivy-dressed ruin, but a sumptuous palace in my time; and some of those stately oaks that you have introduced in your sketch of Windsor, I am confident, were not there when I had the

honor of waiting on his Majesty King Charles. Ah! dear, it seems a thousand ages since then. Your "Voyage of Life," too, and your "Past and Present," and above all, your "Departure and Return," delighted me. The tender sentiment that pervades this last, fairly brought the tears to my eyes. Brother Claude must look to his laurels. With all his glowing skies, and limpid waves, he hasn't a tenth part of your invention. He never read any such beautiful lessons, never preached any such glorious sermons as your pencil has, from the great volume of nature. No, nor Salvator, with all his fire and romance.

Cole. Why, you surprise, even more than you gratify me. To be told this, too, by one himself so illustrious, the prince of colorists, the brilliant, the versatile Rubens, the Flemish Raphael, as we all call you; it is, indeed, far beyond my humble merits.

Rub. Not at all. I say again, I speak the simple truth. I am no flatterer, and if I were, I should not dare to approach you with any such language. Your ingenuous nature, I know, holds in utter scorn aught that savors of flattery or falsehood.

Cole. May I inquire, seeing that this is our first meeting, into the origin of your good opinion?

Rub. Certainly. It comes in part, then, (and you must excuse my being thus personal,) from irresistible first impressions, but more especially, from the statements of our mutual friend, Alston.

Cole. What, my dear brother Alston?

Rub. The same. He has told me all about you; your toils, your struggles, the slow, but sure recognition of your genius by your countrymen, and your ultimate brilliant success. He told me many interesting things, too, of your country and its heart-stirring history, and also of this pleasant metropolis, that I now, thanks to the kind invitation of our honored friend and medium here, am visiting for the first time.

Cole. But, do tell me, where is our dear friend? I have been most anxious to meet and confer with him. Is it long since you met?

Rub. No, quite recently. I am surprised that you have not found out your compatriot, long since. He is now in Herschell, and hard at work, I can assure you.

Cole. May I ask the subject of his labors?

Rub. He is busy painting the plafonds of a suite of apartments in the superb palace, belonging to his illustrious brother Herschellian, and former fellow-countryman, whom they called on earth Alexander Hamilton.

Cole. Ah! I am delighted to hear you say so. But what is the design? Something grand, of course.

* Continued from No. 16.

Rub. Magnificent, magnificent. But I am not at liberty to divulge it. To say truth, he wishes to surprise the good people of that planet. Even his own patron hasn't yet ventured to take a peep at it. One thing the artist told me, however; that nothing he had done on this ball could give one any idea of its merits; a statement, by the way, which I intend to verify, *in proprio spiritu*, before leaving the hemisphere. And whom do you suppose he has for a neighbor? No less a ghost than Titian himself. Hardly a day passes without his consulting him upon the work; and he in turn, has given Titian a good many valuable suggestions, relative to the still more arduous task, on which he is himself engaged.

Cole. And pray, what may that be?

Rub. The entire supervision of a superb cathedral, destined, when completed, to be by all odds, the finest in the system. Every portion of the work, architecture, sculpture, painting and decorations, are to be after designs by the great master. A colossal undertaking, is it not? He has been at it now most faithfully for the last two years, and there is a world of work to be done yet.

W. the Elder. Two years? Why that don't seem to me such a long time, for a job like that you speak of.

Rub. You forget, my dear friend, we are talking of Herschelian years, every one of which is a good deal more than threescore and ten of your little terrestrial ones.

W. the Elder. True, true; I ask pardon. You don't happen, by the way, to have a Herschel Almanac in your spiritual pocket, do you?

Rub. I am sorry to say I have not. Here is last week's *Georgium Sidus Advocate*, though, Perhaps you may find something interesting in it.

W. the Elder. Thank you, thank you, (pocketing the paper.) But I must apologise for this interruption. You were about saying—

Rub. True; I was just about remarking to my dear brother here, how often I have since regretted that I did not devote more of my earthly hours to that work of art in which he has won such laurels. I always had a hankering for it, and the few landscapes I *did* paint, such as they are, I painted with real relish.

Cole. I have often wished myself that you had given the world more of them. But of course you had to consult the wishes of your patrons.

Rub. Yes, confound them, and they would insist, quite too often, either on stupid allegories, or else on mere voluptuous pictures. Ah! my dear Cole, I am afraid there are quite too many things of mine even now on earth, that are doing no good to the

morals of the rising generation. I am quite ashamed of myself, when I think how much of my time and canvas I expended upon leering nymphs and drunken satyrs, and such like abominations.

Cole. Ah! you judge yourself too harshly, my friend. There certainly *are* things that you had better left alone, but when I consider the whole course of your career on earth, these few exceptional works seem more spots upon the sun. Yes, when I call to mind your magnificent Scripture-pieces, your superb historical works, your matchless portraits, your grand draperies, your delicious combinations of colors, I am lost in amazement at the fertility and facility of your genius.

Rub. My conscience *will* smite me, though at times. And the kindness of your criticism only reminds me, how far you surpass me in this regard. No impure or unworthy thought disfigures any performance of yours; certainly none that I have yet seen.

Cole. Yes, but then, my friend, I was not tempted as you were. I had no such versatility to lead me astray; still less, such rich, powerful and capricious patrons. It is not so easy to disobey the orders of crowned heads, you know.

Rub. Pretty silly and worthless ones, between ourselves, too many of them, crowned though they were. I wish to heaven I had been out, studying the fair face of nature, or exploring the windings of some such glorious river as this Hudson of yours, instead of wasting so much paint and labor as I did, on that worthless Medicis' Gallery.

Cole. And yet, the master's hand is visible throughout it. Every student of his art would be very sorry to lose it, I can tell you. But how came you, my friend, to mix up Christendom and Heathendom, so strangely in it, and, I must add, so unjustifiably?

Rub. Well, I hardly know how to answer your question. The truth is, my dear Cole, in all my performances, both before and since leaving earth, I have been governed quite too much by impulse, and too little by rule. I seem to have painted from the very start because I couldn't help it. Before I was fairly out of my earthly longclothes, I remember going at it, and executing portraits of dogs and cats, and cabbages; everything, in short, that came in my way. And so throughout my terrestrial career. I must always be painting something, no matter what, from the gaping watermelon of my garden, up to the monarch that I served; from the plump, ruddy matrons around me, up to the saints and seraphs of my dreams. Such was the Lord's will; such his commission to me, not only on earth, but in other worlds; and even

now, my friend, it makes me quite unhappy to lose a day from my studio.

Cole. I sympathize with you most heartily, my dear spirit. But to come down to our worthy host's day and generation; may I ask how long you have been in town?

Rub. It is just ten days since I arrived, and most of the time has been spent in the company of Whimsiculo here, who, I need not tell you, has been all attention. A lovely city, truly, this Gotham of yours. We have nothing in Flanders, and never had, to compare with it. I believe we have explored pretty much all the prominent lions, have we not W.?

W. the Elder. Well, we have been pretty busy.

Cole. You looked in at the Dusseldorf Gallery, of course.

Rub. Oh yes; some charming things there; though, as a whole, I must say, I do not altogether like the spirit that pervades that school. They seem to me to waste their strength on trifles; finishing the accessories of their scenes with painful minuteness, and sadly neglecting the actors themselves. And then their landscapes appear equally full of superfluous finery, and equally devoid of genuine feeling. Don't you agree with me?

Cole. I certainly do, though somewhat of a sinner in that way myself. Less elaboration and more sentiment would improve them all. But have you been to the Bryan Gallery?

Rub. I have; more than once, too.

Cole. An admirable collection, isn't it.

Rub. Indeed it is. Not so grand or costly, of course, as many that I have seen in my day, nor so valuable as the one I myself owned, when in the flesh, and which I sold, must unwillingly, I remember, to that scamp, the Duke of Buckingham; still a charming assemblage, and full of gems.

Cole. You recognized a good many old acquaintances in the gallery, did you not?

Rub. Oh yes; the first thing that my eyes lit upon, was brother Hemling's "Marriage of St. Catherine;" quite an old picture, in my day, and certainly a most charming one. I always loved the placid beauty of his saints, and the orderly grouping of his angels; very different from my tumultuous style. And right under him, I recognized no less a hand than my old fellow-townsmen, Matsys, though, to be sure, he died fifty years before I was born. Many a time have I played tag round his well in Antwerp, when a boy. And right alongside of him was brother Mabuse, too, with his exquisitely finished little pictures. Old acquaintances, say you? Lots of them; not merely my own pupils and countrymen, either; but there are works here that I remember distinctly having seen in the studios, both of my Spanish friend Velasquez,

and of my most illustrious and amiable Italian brother, Domenichino.

Cole. By the way, what a sweet little picture that is of his; I mean the "St. Paul carried up to Heaven by Angels;" between ourselves, I think it the gem of the collection.

Rub. I don't know but what I agree with you. It certainly is a most spirited and expressive thing. How it contrasts with the wooden uniformity of some of its Byzantine neighbors; and even with those of Cimabue and Giotto. Is it not perfectly amazing, my dear friend, to think of the triumphs achieved by our art, in two little centuries? Contrast the most insignificant performance of our angelic brother, Raphael, with even the masterpiece, of Guido of Sienna, for instance, and what a world-wide difference! But to return to our saint. His is, indeed, a most noble and animated figure. What a face, too! Alive with joy and expectation; none of your pallid, indifferent looking creatures, that disfigure too many of our Assumptions; who seem to care as little about the heaven to which they are ascending, as about the earth which they are leaving: no, no; he is, indeed, entering into the joy of his Lord. I do not know that I ever met with a picture, my dear Cole, that so admirably illustrated that fine old Scripture phrase, as this does.

Cole. Why, do you know, that same idea occurred to me, while looking at it? But, my friend, you say nothing about your own performances, in the collection. You surely, don't mean to disavow them.

Rub. Disavow them? no, indeed. What should put that idea in your head?

Cole. Well, I have no doubts, myself, on the subject. But you need not be told, my dear brother, of the innumerable quackeries and falsehoods that have disgraced the great majority of picture-gatherers, in all stars and ages.

Rub. Alas, it is too true. Had I myself painted one-hundredth part of the earthly pictures attributed to me, I would have wanted the years of Methusaleh, and the hands of Briareus besides. But there can be no mistake here, my friend. I remember distinctly the circumstances connected with the execution of the works in question.

W. the Elder. Ah, do tell us, my honored guest, do tell us. It is indeed pleasant, in this world of mysteries and misgivings, now and then to have a fact authenticated, direct from spiritual head-quarters. Tell us all about it.

Rub. Well, I don't mean to say that I can give you the minute particulars, at this distance of time. I can recall the Susanna, however, very clearly, and the rich old burgher of Antwerp, for whom I painted it; as amiable an old fellow as I ever knew, but somewhat too much given to jollity and

grossness. He would insist on having his wife, (a fine portly figure, much stouter indeed, than I have made her,) painted in this character. I suggested putting her in a Holy Family, but he wouldn't listen to it, and so the poor thing and myself, both had to submit. The Elders are portraits of two ecclesiastics of the town, notorious hypocrites and sensualists in their day, and especially obnoxious to my plain-spoken old friend. On the whole, I regret having painted the picture.

Cole. To be candid with you, it is not at all to my taste. But the St. Catherine I was charmed with.

Rub. Bless her sweet saintship, I remember that I took great pleasure in painting her. I remember, too, how my friends congratulated me on the performance; they said I had surpassed myself on the occasion. I had quite a talk with the proprietor, about this picture, wherein he explained to me the circumstances of his ownership; and I must say, my dear friend, that while I might have preferred that it should have remained in its native land, I am quite delighted that it has fallen into such good hands. The cordial, appreciative way in which he spoke about it, was most flattering to my ghostly vanity. Indeed, he took me all through the collection, and I found his remarks alike agreeable and instructive.

Cole. But tell me, Rubens, did you really paint the Hercules.

Rub. I am inclined to think so, though I cannot exactly locate it, as you New Englanders say. I certainly must have had a hand in it. Let me see. Now I think of it, I do recall it. Yes, yes, I had begun upon the hero, I remember, when I was suddenly called away from town, to my chateau, for a day or two, to entertain some dear friends from Mantua; on my return, how surprised and delighted was I to find the piece finished by my scholars. Jordaens, whom you of course remember, as one of the best of them, completed the Hercules, while Suyders, silent, rapid worker that he was, made short work with the lion.

Cole. But that little landscape, under the Susanna—

Rub. Ah, you noticed that, did you?

Cole. Indeed, I did. A most spirited, suggestive thing it is, too.

Rub. I am right glad to hear it thus spoken of by the first landscape-painter of his day. Yes, my friend, I well remember dashing off that little thing. I was in fine spirits, at the time, I tell you. Why it was only two days before my marriage with my second wife, my sweet, loving, lovely Helen. I think you will find some of the painter's glee transferred to his canvas, in this instance.

Cole. Yes, indeed. No dull brain, or unhappy disposition could have ever given birth to a thing like that. But what's the matter with our host? He seems to be in a brown study.

Rub. Halloa, landlord, a guinea for your thoughts.

W. the Elder. A doubloon, and they are yours. But seriously, friends, I was thinking how improbable it was, that I should ever again have the honor of entertaining two such illustrious ghosts, at my humble lodgings.

Rub. Don't say that, my old friend, don't say that. But, Whimsiculo, you'll soon be a ghost yourself, you know. You are pretty near the end of your terrestrial rope, old gentleman. Don't that frosty pow of yours tell you as much, when you shave o' mornings? And then, my boy, we shall be better acquainted, I hope.

W. the Elder. By the way, Rubens, there is one of our metropolitan lions, that I have neglected showing you.

Rub. And what may that be?

W. the Elder. Had you left town without seeing it, I should never have forgiven myself.

Rub. What is it, what is it?

W. the Elder. Why, it is no less a thing than that magnificent series of pictures, that commemorates the virtues of the renowned Mustang Liniment. Brother Cole must forgive me, for speaking plainly. He knows I am a warm admirer of his. I have gazed with delight on his "Voyage of Life" and "Course of Empire," many a long day in summer; but it would be gross flattery to him, to compare either of those series with the wonderful group of tableaux in question. Such coloring, such composition, such—

Rub. Keep your feet, my dear friend, keep your feet. You are really the most impulsive gray-beard I ever met. But if the work you speak of is so very wonderful, we must make a point of seeing it, the first thing in the morning. Meanwhile, I must be off.

W. the Elder. Off?

Rub. Don't be alarmed. I shall be back to supper. I have only a short call to make; a quadrillion of leagues or so; nothing more. In fact, I have promised to put my name on the back of a piece of paper, for a brother artist, in an adjacent comet; a whole-souled fellow, full of genius, but not so flush as he ought to be. He seems to think my endorsement may be of service to him, and he must have it, of course.

Cole. I must be going, too.

Rub. Whither away, dear friend?

Cole. Back to my labors. While the light lasts, I wish to put the finishing touches to a picture, that I am a good deal interested in.

Rub. May I ask what it is?

Cole. Certainly. It is a large landscape, a composition, that I design as a present to a valued friend, formerly of this very city, and now in heaven. I call it "Reminiscences of Earth." It is, indeed, a compilation, so to speak, of choice Italian, Swiss and Grecian scenery, with a leaf or two from my own loved Kaatekills.

Rub. I would love dearly to see it.

Cole. And why not? It's right on your way.

Rub. Why, so it is: so let's be off, my friend, at once. Adieu, landlord; recollect, I shall be back to supper.

W. the Elder. I shall most certainly expect you. (*Exeunt.*)

CLOISTER LIFE OF CHARLES THE FIFTH.*

A very interesting work with this title has lately appeared in London; it is from the pen of William Stirling, author of "Annals of the Artists in Spain." The great monarch who furnishes the author with his subject, was, we are told, only fifty-four years of age when conquered by disease. Being prostrated completely thereby, he announced his intention of retiring from the political cares and ambitions that had occupied him from his boyhood, and spending the remainder of his life in monastic seclusion. In 1555-6 he carried this long-cherished intention into effect, by resigning the Low Countries, Spain, and the Indies, to his son, Philip the Second, and the Imperial crown of Germany to his brother Ferdinand, who had already been elected King of the Romans. From that period Charles the Fifth is lost to the sight of the general historian.

Mr. Stirling follows the Emperor in his retreat, and gives many very interesting incidents connected with his cloister life. The place chosen by him for this retreat was the monastery of Yuste—a house of the wealthy order of St. Jerome, situated in a beautiful and richly-wooded valley, about two leagues from the town of Xarandilla, in Estremadura. While changes, rendered necessary by the sudden freak of the Emperor, were going on at the Monastery, he took up his residence at Xarandilla. Here for some months he lived, attended by a rebellious band of Flemish soldiers, who wished to get home, and by his faithful company of officials and servants,—the most trusted of whom were, his confessor, Juan de Regla, his chamberlain, Luis Quixada, his secretary, Martin de Gaztelu, his gentleman-in-waiting, William van Male, his physician, Henry Mathi-

sio, and his mechanician or horologe maker, Giovanni Torriano. The following extract from Mr. Stirling's book, refers to the Emperor's love of good eating:—

"His early tendency to gout was increased by his indulgences at table, which generally far exceeded his feeble powers of digestion. Roger Ascham, standing 'hard by the imperial table at the feast of golden fleece,' watched with wonder the emperor's progress through 'sod beef, roast mutton, baked hare,' after which, 'he fed well of a capon,' drinking also; says the Fellow of St. John's, 'the best that ever I saw; he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of them, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine.' Eating was now the only physical gratification which he could still enjoy, or was unable to resist. He continued, therefore, to dine to the last upon the rich dishes, against which his ancient and trusty confessor, Cardinal Loaysa, had protested a quarter of a century before. The supply of his table was a main subject of the correspondence between the mayordomo and the secretary of state. The weekly courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was ordered to change his route, that he might bring, every Thursday, a provision of eels and other rich fish (*pescado grueso*) for Friday's fast. There was a constant demand for anchovies, tunny, and other potted fish, and sometimes a complaint that the trouts of the country were too small; the olives, on the other hand, were too large, and the emperor wished, instead, for olives of Perejon. One day, the secretary of state was asked for some partridges from Gama, a place from whence the emperor remembers that the count of Orsona once sent him, into Flanders, some of the best partridges in the world. Another day, sausages were wanted 'of the kind which the queen Juana, now in glory, used to pride herself in making, in the Flemish fashion, at Tordesillas,' and for the receipt for which the secretary is referred to the marquess of Denia. Both orders were punctually executed. The sausages, although sent to a land supreme in that manufacture, gave great satisfaction. Of the partridges, the emperor said that they used to be better, ordering, however, the remainder to be pickled. The emperor's weakness being generally known or soon discovered, dainties of all kinds were sent to him as presents. Mutton, pork, and game were the provisions most easily obtained at Xarandilla; but they were dear. The bread was indifferent, and nothing was good and abundant but chestnuts, the staple food of the people. But in a very few days the castle larder wanted for nothing. One day the count of Oropesa sent an offering of game; another day a pair of fat calves arrived from the archbishop of Zaragoza; the

* *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.*—By William Stirling, Author of "Annals of the Artists of Spain." London, J. W. Parker & Son.

archbishop of Toledo and the duchess of Frias were constant and magnificent in their gifts of venison, fruit, and preserves; and supplies of all kinds came at regular intervals from Seville and from Portugal. Luis Quixada, who knew the emperor's habits and constitution well, beheld with dismay these long trains of mules laden, as it were, with gout and bile. He never acknowledged the receipt of the good things from Valladolid without adding some dismal forebodings of consequent mischief; and along with an order he sometimes conveyed a hint that it would be much better if no means were found of executing it. If the emperor made a hearty meal without being the worst for it, the mayordomo noted the fact with exultation; and he remarked with complacency his majesty's fondness for plovvers, which he considered harmless. But his office of purveyor was more commonly exercised under protest, and he interposed between his master and an eel-pie as, in other days, he would have thrown himself between the imperial person and the point of a Moorish lance."

Of the famous story of the funeral service performed by Charles for himself during his own lifetime, the author gives the following simple account. It differs materially from that of Robertson, which the *Athenæum* characterizes as "high-wrought and inaccurate." The passage, which we here quote, is very striking:—

"About this time (Aug., 1558), according to the historian of St. Jerome, his thoughts seemed to turn more than usual to religion and its rites. Whenever during his stay at Yuste any of his friends, of the degree of princes or knights of the fleece, had died, he had ever been punctual in doing honor to their memory, by causing their obsequies to be performed by the friars; and these lugubrious services may be said to have formed the festivals of the gloomy life of the cloister. The daily masses said for his own soul were always accompanied by others for the souls of his father, mother, and wife. But now he ordered further solemnities of the funeral kind to be performed in behalf of these relations, each on a different day, and attended them himself, preceded by a page bearing a taper, and joining in the chaunt, in a very devout and audible manner, out of a tattered prayer-book. These rites ended, he asked his confessor whether he might not now perform his own funeral, and so to do for himself what would soon have to be done for him by others. Regla replied that his majesty, please God, might live many years, and that when his time came these services would be gratefully rendered, without his taking any thought about the matter. 'But,' persisted Charles, 'would it not be good for my soul?'—The monk said that certainly it would; pi-

ous works done during life being far more efficacious than when postponed till after death. Preparations were therefore at once set on foot; a catafalque which had served before on similar occasions was erected; and on the following day, the 30th of August, as the monkish historian relates, this celebrated service was actually performed. The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church shone with a blaze of wax lights; the friars were all in their places, at the altars, and in the choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. 'The pious monarch himself was there attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred and to celebrate his own obsequies.' While the solemn mass for the dead was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the kneeling throne and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, the curling incense, and the glittering altar, the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas whereon Titian had pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansions prepared for the blessed. * * The funeral-rites ended, the emperor dined in his western alcove. He eat little, but he remained for a great part of the afternoon sitting in the open air, and basking in the sun, which, as it descended to the horizon, beat strongly upon the white walls. Feeling a violent pain in his head, he returned to his chamber and lay down. Mathisio, whom he had sent in the morning to Xarandilla, to attend the Count of Oropeza in his illness, found him when he returned still suffering considerably, and attributed the pain to his having remained too long in the hot sunshine. Next morning he was somewhat better, and was able to get up and go to mass, but he still felt oppressed, and complained much of thirst. He told his confessor, however, that the service of the day before had done him good. The sunshine again tempted him into his open gallery. As he sat there, he sent for a portrait of the empress, and hung for some time, lost in thought, over the gentle face, which, with its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great Queen of Castille. He next called for a picture of Our Lord praying in the Garden, and then for a sketch of the Last Judgment, by Titian. Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of these other favorite pictures, to the noble art which he had loved with a love which cares, and years, and sickness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame. Thus occupied, he remained so long

abstracted and motionless, that Mathisio, who was on the watch, thought it right to awake him from his reverie. On being spoken to, he turned round and complained that he was ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and pronounced him in a fever. Again the afternoon sun was shining over the great walnut-tree, full into the gallery. From this pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and the murmur of the fountain, and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from which he was to rise no more."

Charles lived three weeks after this—and died on the 21st of September, 1558.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NOMAD.

Our old Nomad friend sends us the following reminiscences of two women, who have enjoyed no small celebrity in their day. He says he brings them together, because in one article of faith they agree, though in most other respects they differ widely. He speaks of course his own opinions, with which BIZARRE may or may not agree. That is not the question.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Miss Martineau's appearance has nothing of the carelessness and dowdiness in dress and other particulars, which are apt to be associated with the idea of literary women. On the contrary, in costume, manners and outward aspect generally she is perfectly lady-like, and would pass for such in the most refined circles. She is a trifle above the average womanly height; well formed, though tending to the English fulness of person, instead of exhibiting the fragile slenderness so characteristic of American maidenhood; and with a hand and foot of uncommon elegance of configuration. Her face and head are typical of intellect and energy, though not as a whole, beautiful. The lower jaw is massive and somewhat projecting,—too much so for symmetry,—and the mouth, though the swelling muscles around it stamp it with an impress of strength, is anything but handsome. The eyes and upper portion of the face are fine, and did the mouth and under jaw correspond with them, she would be what is called a handsome woman; especially as she has a fine head of hair very dark brown, glossy, and always arranged neatly and tastefully.

She is excessively deaf; unable to hear the slightest sound without the ear-trumpet, which she carries with her everywhere and always. In addressing her you grasp the bell-shaped end of the tube (which is some two feet long), and applying thereto your

lips, speak into it with a somewhat raised voice, while she puts the smaller extremity close to the ear. One would suppose this might be rather an awkward process where the parties are mutually strangers; since remarks about the weather and "small talk" generally seem flatter than usual (if possible) when thus thundered through a trumpet. But Miss Martineau wields this instrument as gracefully as a Spanish donna her fan, and you soon find yourself talking nonsense with her as easily as with anybody else. Once, however, (if the reader will pardon my egotism), I remember having felt rather silly, at outpouring my voice in this way. It was at a dinner party of some half a dozen, at the house of a gentleman of high distinction, where I chanced to sit next to Miss Martineau. In the course of our session, I narrated some ancient anecdote, which was intended to be funny, when it was young, but which had long before got superannuated and feeble. However the company laughed, being conscientious people, to whom duty was the first and weightiest of considerations. Miss M. seeing a circle of open countenances extending round the table, must of course fain know the cause of this phenomenon, she not having heard a syllable. The lot of interpreter, as was proper, fell on me. So I had to lift the trumpet, and with a voice matching that of the united "bulls of Bashan," bellow over again my poor old joke! Didn't I feel small?

Of this lady's character, as an author and as a woman, I need say nothing, as the reader is doubtless sufficiently informed already.

MRS. L. MARIA CHILD.

No female writer of more genius or greater literary power has yet appeared in our country. In personal appearance she is, in many respects, not very prepossessing. She is rather short and thick, and with that sort of figure, which, for lack of a better-sounding word, goes by the name of "dumpy." Her neck is short, and her features regularly moulded; not one of them being what may be pronounced fine, except the eyes. These are fine; being black, bright and singularly expressive. She is, moreover, rather deficient in that taste in dress, which seems with many of her sex intuitive; and at the period of my acquaintance with her, she rarely made her appearance without exhibiting some solecism in her costume.

And yet, despite these disadvantages, so rich was her mind; so copious and so tinted with beauty was her flow of thought; so frank and heart-warm were her manners; so fluent, so eloquent, and so endlessly various was her conversation; and so sweet and mellow in its tones was the voice, that pup-

sated so continuously on your ear; that you were fascinated and spell-bound—so charmed into oblivion of her mere exterior, as neither to know nor care whether they were beautiful or the reverse! Even then, (and this was long years ago)—Mrs. Child was one of the most interesting persons I ever knew through her mere powers of mind.

What she must be now, it is not easy guessing. For her latest-published works are decidedly her best, by a wide interval, and show, that both mind and heart must have been in perpetual progress from that date onwards. Her "Letters from New York," are, in their kind, the finest products as yet yielded by the American mind. Their style is pure, easy and graceful, and their sentiment uniformly noble, and religious in the truest sense. You discover in them, too, a vein of deep and rousing thought; and he who opens them to be amused by their poetic beauty, and artistic elegance and finish, will ever and anon discern gleams of heavenly light and gems of wisdom "more precious than rubies."

This lady is a reformer in the largest and worthiest acceptation, and her pen I regard as among the most efficient agencies now wielded in behalf of human amelioration. Long may Heaven spare to a world, sick and suffering, a spirit so mighty in the energy of its universal and indomitable love and compassion!

VISIT TO THE WISSAHICON.

PART I.

A stony, tortuous, narrow gorge, with the greater portion of its opposing sides dark and ragged, as though rent by an earthquake, and bearing from their bases to their summits, in an almost continuous line, a thick though stunted growth of beach, fir, willow and pine; withal, and in the centre of these, and far below, varying in breadth, velocity and hue, a shadowy and altogether pleasant stream—this is the Wissahicon. That stream, from the variety of its meanderings, seems less to have lost its way than to be hemmed in by cruel hobgoblins, who, if they might have their own way, would never let it out. With "a world of room" to flow in, it is yet sometimes narrowed to almost a rivulet, and again expands till you are reminded of the Merrimac, Penobscot, and a hundred other rivers. How such a river came to enjoy such a monopoly of space, tradition sheweth not. Indeed, tradition though giving with its tell-tale tongue occasion for infinite astonishment, makes few things plainer, and few people any wiser.

The Wissahicon lays claim with romantic glens, to an ever varying change of pros-

pect—the same rocks, banks and trees viewed from different points along the creek producing quite different effects—also to bridle paths and no paths, to roads which the ancient wagoner, even with Jove's own shoulder to the wheel, could scarcely have surmounted; and to innumerable slippery descents, execrated by every director of our city life insurance companies. We can't help confessing we are proud of this little bit of adjacent scenery. In truth, it lies beneath the common crust of this world, is, in some sense a medium between the uppermost and lowermost regions, and is sure to the pensively inclined to be prolific of that mazy but delicious combination of thought and feeling produced by the tranquil workings of an unfettered imagination—workings wherein

"The truth that is, and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife."

If thou canst aver, O reader! that thou wouldst not shrink from scrutinising a copper mine, nor turn pale when required to follow a Mameluke about to tread on hands and knees the winding passages of an Egyptian pyramid, thou mayest come along with us, but—mark you! taking the northern and eastern sides of the stream. We know but one of the gods of old who with any degree of pleasure would have borne us company, and that is Orpheus, by the enchantments of whose lyre, trees were uprooted and rocks removed. We would love to declare, in our attachment to romance, though possibly serving by the declaration to shut up the creek forever to any other human visitor—"The place is haunted!" In these immense recesses, touched neither by the softening light of morning, nor the sheeted flames of a descending sun, the weeping Niobe might have found a throne; on these mossy brinks Cytherea might have poured forth her plaints for the lost Adonis; and no more appropriate summer haunts could easily be found for bounding satyrs and meads, indulging in their dizzy dance. The gentler genii could, without much ado, find shelter, and a Midsummer's Night Dream be uninterruptedly enacted. Here, involuntarily, the thought is forever forced upon the mind:

"O have the Dryads still a tongue,
In this congenial clime,
Have sylvan spirits still a voice,
As in the ancient time,
To make the forest musical,
As in the olden prime?"

Listen, and you shall hear. We have entered the gorge. Two black snakes are after us! To run zig-zag, in the manner of an ostrich, this is your only chance. We are out of harm's danger, stop! Let us first suffer to pass on that brace of ill-looking fellows, with their guns and pointers. A queer old

gentleman it was whom we set down from our little Schuylkill steamboat—a small wonder in itself, drawing 14 in.—at Greenwood cemetery. Borne down with shooting apparatus, with which he was evidently in no degree familiar, it was sagely premised of him, that his first dead shot would be at himself. But what care we if gentlemen, under the influence of sudden rhapsodies, will choose to assume the airs of genuine hunters, and level their unavailing wrath at what Bryant calls—

“A painted figure on the distant skies?”

The best plan for these gentlemen, if they would be covered with glory, is, before they set out, to stuff their pouches with feathered game bought from market people, so that whether successful or unsuccessful, they may have “something to show.” Of this admirable spirit was the Baron de Crac, a gunner who, by the way, made his fortune without firing a shot; for going into Kamschatska and there boring holes in the ice, unsuspecting foxes put their tails in, tails which on a sudden decrease of temperature, it was impossible to withdraw, whereupon the Baron, (meanwhile esconced behind the North Pole,) stole from his retreat, and after making an incision in their heads by which to escape, whipped them out of their skins!

Showers of leaves of all colors (save the color compounded of chrome yellow and prussian blue) are rained upon us. We are here at Autumn's unrobing; at the very instant when we may best recognise the beauty of the saying—“We all do fade as a leaf.” Down they come, wrestling awhile with the invisible air, then cast to earth to be drifted hither and thither wherever the wind may list. The leaves of Vallambrosa can scarcely be more numerous than those lying, at this silent hour, like a sleeping army, on those lofty embankments. What a riot will be made by the first high wind that chooses to come along! Merry times then beneath the cold moon; and in the sombre night! The scenery with all its picturesque pomp tends even in sunlight to solemnity. The weight of rock entrenching the stream on either side, now sullenly retreating, and now shooting forward, the multitude of trees that seem to have had not earth but stones for soil, the heavy masses of gloom, the patches of undiminished light, the thousand, thousand brilliant variations of color, the living stream, and all so silent! At most, can the effect be other than tranquillising? It is impossible to forget it is Autumn. Two deserted hotels and a hermitage without a hermit, how felicitous!

Master Milton hath said, “The mind is its own place;” so our enjoyment shall not be the less. You know how Wordsworth grum-

bled when the lakes, of whose beauties he had sung, began to have their solitude invaded by curious visitors. A selfish man, unworthy of taking up the song of humanity! Let a stream of earth's children answer to this constant flow of waters, and gentle faces peep down on us from between every tree, and yet the beauty of the Wissahicon, is it not the same!

PART II.

A truce to philosophy! The spring of an antelope, with the body of a weasel, and the nimbleness of a squirrel, would be quite acceptable attributes. Even a musician's knowledge of time would not be amiss, for on your happy choice of some exact moment, and the precise measurement of your step, it depends whether you are to have a hold of some outspread bough which shall allow of further advance, or be precipitated into the stream below. Have no fear of danger, but let enterprise take its course. A road or pathway, some distance removed, we might find, but the noble and wild outline of nature, this is the best to follow. With most toil comes pleasure, and no pleasure without toil.

“Pater ipsi celendi
Haud facilem esse viam voluit.”

Luxuriant as are these trees and foliage, they have about them no oriental air. They have an American look, a determined hold, and cluster with resolute grace. Slender stems have they, but these will scarcely bend—many varieties but no isolation. “Sorrow, solitude and love,” says the author of *Mars-ton*, the *Memoirs of a Statesman*, “are everywhere, and their inspiration is worth all the orchestras on the globe.” What a place this to indulge the soul with its passions, with the aspirations of hope and the sadness and delights of recollection! All the world knows there is nothing that revives the memory like music, and of music, not the least powerful is the voice of water and of pent-up winds. Ah! here thou mayest learn whether thy heart from childhood's years has not become insensate, more or less. There still, still voices have to do with spirit, and perish in too gross an atmosphere. Dark the spirit to which nature finds no avenue, “an inner world revolving on its own gloomy axis.” At every few paces we now come upon projecting rocks that almost overhang the stream, some clothed in moss—such deep green moss, some wrapped in the hardy embrace of trees that for the toughness of their roots, might baffle Norwegian solitudes. Now a huge fallen trunk stops our way; now a dense thicket, and anon a geographical problem of the next step to be taken, a problem that in some cases might never be got

over, but for the recollection of the ass that starved between two loads of hay, having no more reason to choose one than the other. But oh! to look down from whatever height, or from the willowy brink, to touch the waters, or standing on some rocky island of the stream, to look up and wander all along the steep descents and leafy summits,

"this is to hold,

Converse with Nature's charms, and see her stores unrolled."

The secluded beauty and picturesque grandeur of one of the glens, removes all wonder that the Jesuits—they who have ever been disposed to choose the fairest portions of earth for their heritage, should here have taken up their home. Isolated now, what must its seclusion not have been three hundred years ago! On the summit of an enormous mound, rising from the stream and flanked by a forest, itself a strong natural defence, rose their simple monastery, surmounted by a cross! With wonder, the Indian tribes, united, under the temptations offered, to add stone to stone, of the mysterious building, and mused on the purposes of these dark-eyed, sun-burnt strangers, seemingly dissevered from their race, and coming in without warning and without permission! Truly there was something outwardly admirable in their self-reliance, as though reposing on the invincibility of nature. Anon, the wonder grew. Banners and uplifted ornaments of silver shone in the sun,

"Music arose with its voluptuous swell."

Wonder was now changed to admiration. The years went on, and these monks still kept their place, as high and yet beneath the sight of the surrounding regions over which with unequal fortune they swayed the sceptre of the church. Spain, their mother, forgot them not, as galleys, in the offings of the river, laden with choicest wines, might serve to show. Rome commended them in epistles, and made the gates of purgatorial regions wide enough to let the Indians in. Time and fate either compelled them at last to relinquish this magnificent site, or suffered them to die off without replenishment. It was with some interest we traced the remains of the ancient monastery, and trod over the undistinguishable graves. What amount of sanctity the stones retain, now welded like not a few European ruins into a modern building, of which they form a part, it is not easy to divine; but away from the glen exists stories of cowed monks who on dark and gusty nights are seen passing in and out; of sad procession carrying what seems a coffin with a death-light on the shroud; of chauntings that pass all down the creek, with responses fit for no embodied voice.

As we sat down to an abundant meal, in an apartment adjoining the ancient refectory, our thoughts reverted to the fare of monks and friars in the olden times, yclept the good old times; when, *O mirabile dictu*, on our assuming a contemplative position, the scene opened with priests of every degree swarming about our head or fancy as thick as summer bees.

"Bright blazed the abbey's kitchen fire, the larder well was stored;

And merrily the beards wagg'd round the refectional board,

What layman dare declare that they led not a life divine,

Who sat in state to dine off plate, and quaff the rosy wine."

Of their qualifications for attending mass and superintending shrift, who can have a doubt? Of each of whom of the brotherhood might it not be said:

"Right well he knew each roast and stew, and chose the choicest dishes,

And the bill of fare as well as prayer, with its venison, game and fishes,

Were he living now, he really might with his culinary knowledge,

Have writ a book, or been a cook, or fellow of a college!"

Bidding adieu to thoughts of monkish rules and images of wood and war, to breathing belles and heretical damsels, we slowly betook ourselves to the winding and rocky pathway already traversed, casting, however, a loving look to the deep fish-pools on our left, in which, some future summer, may we throw our lines!

THE ROMANCE OF BLOCKLEY.

And what is Blockley? Suppose we annex the word alms-house, and then you will be furnished with a key. On the other side of the Schuylkill river rises a massive building, or rather a series of massive buildings fronting most picturesquely that beautiful stream. There, at any moment you may see congregated within those spacious edifices, those imposing and ample structures, the sons and daughters of misery. Detached from the exciting avocations of the mighty city, whose busy hum is lost upon their ear, isolated pilgrims, they pass an existence almost negative in its character; a monotonous species of *entirety*, into which grief infuses its gall, and from which joy abstracts its benediction. And yet so far as physical comfort is involved, so far as generous food and warm clothing, and pleasant dormitories go to make up happiness, a very large share of felicity may be supposed to fall to the lot of the numerous inmates. Religion, too, with its bless-

sed consolations, enhances the comforts of a mere physical character, and opens up its golden vista of resplendent joys to give eternal peace to many a sojourner. Still with all these elements of comparative good; good which we heartily appreciate, how copious an infusion of woe may be detected in the cup of badged penury! Penury may be contemplated under two distinct aspects: one where it appears as associated with recognised rights and immunities, where the poor man gathers his wife and little ones around his hearth-stone, and feels that however dimly the embers burn, it is his hearth-stone; the other where the poor exist in masses sustained by the legal provision of the government. Here the man feels that he has no hearth-stone; fellowship to such is a misnomer; each has indeed one particular shrine which he may call his own, but that shrine is a desolated spirit, an anguished heart whose pent-up bitterness no eye but God's may ever know.

Suppose we direct our steps through Blockley Alms-house, and sketch a rough outline of its unmeasured woe. Let us try to take the dimensions of its sorrows, and gauge its depths of griefs. Shall we first step into the asylum for lost children? Hark! do you hear those gushing notes of gladness, which indicate the presence of the young; look through the railings there, and you will catch a glimpse of one hundred and fifty hale and jocund little ones, besporting themselves in a capacious ground; see they can whoop and call, and wrestle, and spin the top with all the zest and spirit of juveniles in the aggregate. Their faces, too, are lit up with sunshine, and they saunter up and down, arm linked in arm, or hand grasping hand, as if in genial confraternity.

But let these little ones retire to bed, and memory has even for them its sternest portraiture. Ruptured domestic ligaments, which when torn carry the bleeding heart along with them, a child unblest with the genial guidance of a parent, oh! such is the reminiscence which blights the dewy season of young existence and withers the sensibilities of the confiding heart. Little Willie goes to bed, and his thoughts are with his mother, she who soothed him once with her lullaby, and folded him like a flower to her bosom, and looked into the quiet depths of his hazel eyes, and blessed him as her jewel. Stern misfortune overtook that fond parent, her husband sickened and passed away, and she was left a desolate widow with four small children, to stem the tide of human care and trouble. Heartily she applied herself to the honorable task of making provision for the little group who clung to her the tighter now their father had gone away to God; but honest toil receives a poor equivalent when the capitalist looks out for nothing but his own

aggrandizement, and the slim pittance which she secured was found inadequate to her support. Still she battled on courageously, but sickness came once more. Little Maggie was put into the graveyard by her father's side, and sweet Janette was soon the third dreamless sleeper. None were left but Willie and an infant brother. One day his mother told him that as she found it an impossibility to get him food and raiment, she must give up her room, and work as a domestic in a gentleman's family. "Well," says Willie, "I don't care for that, mother, so as I am with you." Dear little unsuspecting boy, you must know the worst. That mother cannot take you; she can only take brother Charley, whose rattle you have often played with, and whose tiny cradle you so much loved to rock. For you henceforth there shall be no maternal bosom; kindness indeed you shall experience; tender hearts shall yearn above you, but the little heart will have no resting-place on which it can lodge its cares. With a tearful eye and a palpitating bosom the exiled boy,—God knows his exile is involuntary,—relinquishes his only parent, at an age when the bosom shrinks from fellowship with those who are new and strange to it. Thrown to a certain extent upon his own resources at a period so immature, Willie is numbered with the junior population of the great house beyond the Schuylkill. He seems jocund in the play-ground, and cheerful in school, and has already formed alliances with some little congenial spirits, but when the blended excitements of play-ground and school have vanished, and his head presses its pillow, then Willie realizes his isolation, and a mother's image comes up again with a gloomy vividness, and he feels her tender hand upon his brow, and his first troubled sleep has nothing in it but Janette and Maggie, and father, and the churchyard, and he wakes up at early dawn to think of Charley. Oh, God! even the childish heart may have its strings all quivering to one note of agony and woe.

Suppose we walk over to the insane department of the building. Yonder entire quadrangle is occupied by that unhappy class of persons, who, by an inscrutable Providence, has been deprived of man's distinguishing endowment, reason. Who is that jovial-looking fellow within the gate, who seems to be acting the part of a sentry? With cockade upon the hat, and epaulettes upon his shoulder, he has a decided military aspect. His *tout ensemble* savors very much of the belligerent; around his neck are suspended a perfect brotherhood of medals of brazen and leaden notoriety, while a ponderous cane is wielded by its possessor with a sternness bordering on Roman decision. How garrulously he sets forth his merits as a good soldier, who fought and bled beneath

the standard of Old Hickory, the invincible and invulnerable hero of the cotton-bags! And yet all his descriptions of sanguinary contests are essentially ideal; he never fought at all except in fancy; but his mental affection assumed this peculiar caste and coloring. What an imaginary world he lives in! and who shall say that he does not derive a degree of pleasure in keeping company with the airy and unsubstantial phantoms which throng his distempered brain. What a merciful provision that even in the wreck of intellect, a sunbeam of joy leaps up from the chaotic mass of thought and feeling, to shed its cheering lustre on the otherwise frigid heart! But if you want to see the major unusually complaisant, if you wish him to tell you some anecdote which, with all its disconnectedness, has still a considerable proportion of the attic salt, if you wish to see a roguish twinkle about those old gray eyes, which know full well what tears are made of, just draw out of your pocket a generous quid of Cavendish tobacco, and put it beneath his olfactory organs, and its fragrance will inspirit him. Then you will hear his wonderful feats of bailing the water out of cellars, during the times of a great freshet, and how when blows would not make his horses ascend the acclivity, a bestowment upon them of sundry expressions strongly tinged with the execrative, put fire and impulse into the lazy rascals, and sent them bounding up the hill as though his Satanic majesty had seized them by the tail, like the witches of Alloway kirk, when they came with one full swoop on Tam O'Shanter's mare. And as you give your risibilities full play, the old quasi chieftain will chew his quid with an air of nonchalance, and ask you if you do not yield assent to his miraculous narration; sometimes, however, Mr. Major's bellicose characteristics assume a formidable shape. He becomes game to such an alarming degree as to put consternation into the hearts of the whole fraternity of unfortunates, who retreat before the gyrations of that old cane, which, as it waves up and down in the circumambient air, would appear to forbode the annihilation of the community. Then how the old fellow storms and struts around, and vehemently asserts that do as he will, he cannot keep people in the places which God designed them to occupy, nor establish that harmony in the yard which always prevailed in the American camp in his day of active service, and which he yet loves to see.

But here comes the doctor through the yard. Observe, if you please, the friendly nods and looks of recognition as he passes from one point of the house to another. Conscious they seem to be that he is their benefactor; associating with him from day to day, and won to his side by the gentler affability of his

manners, do you wonder that they all look up to him as their guardian angel? Oh! what has not medical science effected in the case of the insane? The benign policy which has completely dispossessed the iron regimen of the past century, cannot too much engage our attention, or command our warmest admiration. A philanthropic Pinel has accomplished so cheering a transformation, and the system of the illustrious Frenchman has been the model for all subsequent improvements.

Direct your gaze to yonder corner, and see that little epileptic patient spinning the top. The little fellow is as happy as a lord, although he knows not what moment he may come down upon the earth by an attack of his formidable malady. Pat has suddenly stopped spinning his top, and is making his way very precipitately to that gentleman in a clerical costume, who, surrounded by a bevy of patients, is laughing with them all on terms of fellowship, the most cordial and unequivocal. Ah! Pat has run to meet his minister, the Rev. Mr. Jones, who for a number of years has consecrated his time and talents to the blessed function of cheering with gospel hopes the mentally affected. Pat hears him preach every Sunday afternoon, and now when he catches a fair glimpse of his figure, top and marble, and everything in the shape of toy, loses its fascination. This is the afternoon when the male patients are to assemble for their stated weekly exercises in singing and reading, and the patients, you will observe, are bustling up to the designated rendezvous, anxious to get their hymn-books, and exercise their powers. Walk up into the commodious reading-room, and see with what marked decorum they engage in the exercises. Never mind the wild look, and the uncouth gesture, and the occasional strange remark; look at the warmth with which they go about the task assigned them. But, no, it is not a task, it is a pleasure; a pleasure fully prized by all. Listen to the many intonations as they float through the ample apartment, and say if Christianity has not achieved a signal triumph in thus bringing within the range of her sanative influence, a class hitherto regarded as incompetent to appreciate her dowry of beatitude and peace. Before her magic touch the shadows of a distempered fancy would seem to partially roll off, and the sun of reason don a vivid though not a lasting ray. Here the philanthropist may indulge in an excursive range of thought, here the Christian drop a tear of joy and exultation, not of grief or woe; here as from a shrine may go up a thank-offering to God, that our age is as pregnant with the achievements of mercy as it is with the wonderful issues of science and reform.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," so says the stereotyped aphorism, and observation attests its accuracy. And within the walls of Blockley we have numberless exemplifications of the adage. Do you see that old gentleman with a protuberance upon the back which assimilates him somewhat to Willie Wattle's wife of Burns' notoriety? There is about him a degree of legal gravity coupled with the urbanity of refined life. Speak to him and he will raise that old hat of his from his bald cranium, and with dulcet voice remark, "I hope you are very well, sir." He occasionally saws the air, as Shakspeare has it, with gesticulations, decidedly oratorical, and indulges in a sentence of learned length and thundering sound. Whom do you think he is, that old man who is so eccentric in looks and movements? In 1825 he practised law in the courts of Philadelphia, and occupied a position at the bar of considerable importance. Many a case was entrusted to his skilful management, and by his business tact and honorable, straight-forward dealing, he attracted to himself the heart of every client who placed himself beneath his guidance. At last some domestic difficulty which defied adjustment preyed upon his unusually sensitive nature, and the silver cord of reason was rudely cut asunder. And here his existence has been running on for successive years. Occasionally a brother lawyer will interrogate an officer of the house whether the companion of his youth is yet alive; some three years ago a middle-aged lady, to whose father he had gone to school in boyhood, being on a visit to the building, recognised him by mere accident, but to the great mass of those who started life with him, he is a non-existence.

Here comes another old man, hale and hearty, who has an inferior office within the walls of the great building. He is perfectly well in mind and body. He is a very useful man in a variety of capacities; but intemperance has placed him in the lowly position which he now, to his infinite credit, so faithfully occupies. Running across the capacious yard with his bunch of keys, he meets the old lawyer, and salutes him blandly and familiarly. His very tone would seem to indicate the fact, that in former days he had known the old civilian; and so he has known him. When that lawyer practised at the bar he frequently heard his impassioned pleadings; then he was in good business and was prospering; and having some leisure on hand, he would occasionally step over to the court, and be edified by legal declamations. He admired the oratorical powers of the lawyer, whose mind is now a wreck, and embraced every opportunity of hearing him; years elapsed, and again they are brought together, but in capacities how totally dissimi-

lar, and in relations how unexpected.—A prophet's voice, had it predicted such an issue, would have been completely disregarded by them both; and yet here they are, and here they will terminate their existences, and here, in all human probability, their bodies moulder side by side. Oh, earth! earth! earth! thine is a shifting drama. Fortune! thine is a revolving wheel. Life! thou art full of darkling shadows, which rest like night-mazes on the soul. Great Author of our being, raise not thou the curtain which hides our settled doom.

LECTURES OF THE REV. EDWARD C. JONES.

The Lecture on the Genius of Coleridge, which followed that on Shakspeare, to which reference was made in the number before our last, was a capital discussion of the great characteristics of that eminent poet. His elements of greatness as a profound writer, are reducible to five, viz: A profound and far-reaching philosophy, a devout and Christian spirit, genial affection, startling and wizard imagery, and facetiousness the most pungent and ready. These certainly constitute a great writer. If philosophical, he cannot be shallow; if devout, he cannot border on atheism; if warmly affectionate, he cannot be selfish; if he possess wizard imagery, he cannot be tame; and if his satire be pungent, we need not fear a cold and unimpassioned style. His profound philosophy was shown by several illustrations, viz: "The Unclasped Knife," "Past Folly," "Labor without Hope," "Robespierre," and "Remorse." He contemplated the sinister workings of the heart through the telescope of a sober judgment, and hence was an adept in the metaphysics of poetry. But profound philosophy, unaccompanied by a devout and Christian spirit, is to be deprecated. It is like the pestilent vapour of a summer evening, mixing itself with the fragrance. Coleridge, however, was devout. His Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni, and his Christmas Musings, clearly prove that metaphysical subtlety had not warped his devotional instinct. How opposite was he to Shelley. His devotion did not hang loosely round his intellect. It was co-incident with his very being. Equally distinguished are his writings for genial sensibility and warm affection. Example: "His Address to a Foal," "Mercy to a Poor Old Man," and "Tears in Solitude." He idolized his home—he venerated his country, with the feelings of an ancient druid in his worship. There was no selfishness in his imperial nature. His heart was expanded as the rose, and all shared the perfume. We come next to his

wizard imagery. He could weave up a perfect spell of supernatural incidents to thrill and horrify the spirit. He could borrow the mantle of her of Endor. Example: "His Ancient Mariner," which for supernatural incident and thrilling interest, is unsurpassed, while its moral, inculcating humanity to all God's creatures, is truly excellent. Last, but not least, among the characteristics of Coleridge, was his caustic wit, chastened satire is a potent element of good. And his, was discriminating sarcasm. Example: "Satan's Thoughts," "Fledgling Poets," &c. He could convey a compliment most delicately. Example: "Lines to a Lady Convalescing." But is the genius of our poet without a flaw? We answer, that as when the Alhambra is seen by moonlight, the stains in the marble disappear, so beneath the mellow light of honorable and just criticism, his minor blemishes are overshadowed by his general beauties. The entire Lecture was replete with choice thoughts and beautiful imagery.

The Lecture on Memory, which followed Coleridge, was a masterly discussion of the subject in its common properties and admitted influences. The illustrations were of a glowing and original character. The succeeding Lectures on Imagination and Thermopylae were in no respect unequal to their predecessors. We are glad to see among the audience at Mr. Jones' Lectures, some of our most distinguished literati. Should he see fit to repeat his course in some sister city, we bespeak him a most brilliant reception.

LETTER FROM MR. SCHOOLCRAFT TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR:—In the last number of "BIZARRE," the article of your clever correspondent on the Spiritual mediums, puts every one in good humor, by the skill with which he turns a popular delusion to literary account. He is so much more at home with disembodied spirits, ancient and modern, that it is no wonder he makes a little mistake as to the language of Red Jacket. That eloquent defender of Indian rights was an Iroquois, and while on earth, made his communications in the Seneca dialect of that celebrated language. Charlevoix, who came to America in 1720, on an ecclesiastical visit, at the request of the French court, to inspect the Indian missions of New France, was deeply impressed, not only with the manners and customs of that proud and warlike confederacy, but with the euphonious language which they spoke. He passed through that part of their country which embraces Lake Ontario and the Niagara river, and he throws out the idea that the Iroquois had a Grecian element.

The root of the word for Mars, or the Indian God of war, he says, was the same in the Greek and the Iroquois. A resemblance to Greek has been pointed out by some travellers in their territories, in Western New York, in modern times, who appear to me, however, to have been far better posted up in the Greek than the Iroquois.

However this may be, it is quite certain that the celebrated Iroquois chief, of the Seneca tribe, in the event of his calling for pen, ink and paper, instead of a pipe or tomahawk, would have been more particularly at home in that language than in the Chippewa—a tribe speaking a pure dialect of the now-famed Algonquin tongue, so much valued by the French, and so successfully cultivated by their missionaries, but with whom, from the days of the great and indomitable Biscana, or Piscaret, as Colden calls him, the Iroquois were never on particularly good terms.

Very truly yours,

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

Philadelphia, Nov, 10, 1852.

BIZARRE AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

THE AMERICAN LAW REGISTER, Vol. I.—No. I. A. L. FISH and H. WHARTON, Editors.

For the first number of this fair-promising monthly, we are indebted to the proprietors, Messrs. D. B. CANFIELD & Co., of this city. Blackstone, in his Commentaries says, with no slight emphasis, "that no Englishman can properly be called 'educated,' who has not a correct general idea of the laws of England." In this country, his maxim may be fitly applied even more widely than in England, comprising not the "educated" alone, (technically so named) but the great mass of the people. Where all are voters, all are eligible to whatever offices the majority may please, from the lowest to the highest, and, all, therefore, may be placed where the functions of law-makers, or executors of the law, may devolve upon them, it is certainly important, that all should have some knowledge of what our laws are, or, at least, of the general principles, which are embodied in individual laws.

We, therefore, welcome the publication named above, as in part communicating the information so universally needed. It comprises brief essays on specific points of unusual difficulty or importance; together with lucid accounts of decisions, both American and European, in the several departments of jurisprudence, notices of new legal publications, &c. &c. This number appears ably managed, and contains much to interest all classes. The legal profession need not our commendations of what they must surely in-

dependently value so much. We trust Messrs. Canfield & Co., may find abundant encouragement in their undertaking. The senior of the firm is a valued friend, whose enterprise and talents are of the most decided character.

THE RELIGION OF GEOLOGY AND ITS CONNECTED SCIENCES. By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D. D., L. L. D.

This volume has a two-fold value. It not only furnishes the general reader a lucid idea of one of the most interesting of all sciences, but it will, we think, serve to remove from candid and unjudging minds, all fear of any real division between Revelation and the Sciences which interpret nature. It is indeed humiliating, that such fear should ever have existed at all; that the progress of science should for eighteen centuries, have found in popular Christianity its bitterest foe, or an obstacle hardest to surmount.—How incredible, we hear it sometimes said, that Galileo should have been imprisoned, if not racked by the church, for declaring the revolution of the earth round the sun! And yet, for the last thirty years, there has been a continuous outcry from the religious world against Geology, for its supposed antagonism to the cosmogony of Moses. Such persons seem to forget that God made our globe at all events, whether he was author of the Bible or not. The facts of our globe, then, are indefeasible truths and primary truths. The Bible, from heaven, surely cannot, when properly understood, contradict the conclusions of science.

Dr. Hitchcock has here shown plainly, that the Bible when fitly interpreted, not only does not impeach, but harmonizes with and confirms the teachings of Geology. He has thus rendered an important service, not only to the timid, but to many whose doubts have sprung rather from their strength, than their weakness. This volume comes from PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., of Boston.

DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

A beautifully printed work is this, and one, too, of great value, in its *materiel*. It embraces narratives of the missionaries, Marquette, Allouez, Membre, Hennepin and Anastase Douay, and contains a *fac simile* of the map executed by Marquette. The author, John Gilmary Shea, has certainly brought to his task a vast amount of research and talent. He has devoted many years study to early Spanish and French authorities, and in so doing has consulted books and manuscripts in many cases never before brought to bear upon the subject. All that relates to the discovery of the Mississippi river, and the consequent laying open of its

valley, which is now so fruitful in wealth and honor to the country, is naturally sought after with avidity by our people. There is a romance about the narratives of the early explorers of this region, too, which makes a work containing them agreeable even to the mere lover of the marvellous; hence, the one we notice may be expected to catch the eye of such a class, as well as that of the more profound reader. The autograph of Father Marquette's map, which accompanies the work—in itself a great treasure—was lithographed from the original manuscript at St. Mary's College, Montreal. REDFIELD, of New York, sends us this admirable work. As a publisher, let us add, he is rapidly assuming a front rank.

SKETCHES OF EUROPEAN CAPITALS. By WM. WARE.

This volume comes from PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., Boston, and very welcome it is to us. We predict, too, that the reader after going through it, will agree with us, that as to touching Italy and the Italians, and England and the English, this book furnishes more thorough and satisfactory information, than he ever found elsewhere. In fact, to those familiar with Mr. Ware's previous writings—it is quite sufficient commendation of this volume to say simply, that it is worthy of him. We have never yet seen any publication of his, which was not worth reading through to the very close without skipping, and few are the authors, of whom this can be justly said. Probably our kinsman, John Bull and his family, have never undergone a more thorough probing than here; and while the merits of the race are cordially recognized, their characteristic foibles and vices are subjected to an actual cautery, with an after-dressing of aquafortis. The Italian character, too, receives the candid, unbiassed examination which it has never had from British tourists, and while its faults are not ignored, its genial and shining qualities are brought clearly out. In short, all will find both entertainment and instruction, in this chastely and lucidly written volume.

GARDEN WALKS WITH THE POETS.

G. P. PUTNAM & Co., of New York, here furnish us with a volume compiled by Mrs. Kirkland, which is truly an exquisite one in all respects. The object of the compiler seems to have been a collection of some beautiful things that poets have written on the Garden and its accompaniments; and certainly, she has succeeded charmingly in her work. Of course, her selections are very few. They are, however, gems of the first water, gathered from another Golconda. Mrs. Kirkland tells us her only difficulty in

making her work has been to decide what treasures to omit; adding that the muse has been inspired by the Garden so much, that only one subject, Love, has to a greater extent called it into action. Many of the pieces were clipped from the newspapers, and are anonymous, others have the authors' names attached. This book will form a most appropriate holiday present. The paper and typography are of the best kind. Besides which there is a colored title-page, executed in the highest style of art.

THE FOREST. BY J. P. HUNTINGTON.

A handsomely printed volume from REDFIELD, New York. The author has previously appeared before the public in "Lady Alice" and "Alban;" books, which greatly puzzled the critics, and drew forth clashing judgments, not always expressed in the mildest terms. We read "Lady Alice," though not "Alban." It abounded in "surplusage" and eccentricities, yet we regarded it as a production of some genius. There are marks of the same power in the present work. Those who love the woods, waters and mountains, as they came from the Divine hand, will find in it much to please them.

The author's Catholic prepossessions, after changing from low church to high church, and thence into the church of Rome, are in this volume, as decided as were his Puseyite tendencies in "Lady Alice," and this will, of course, please or displease, according to the views of the individual reader. For our part we have little confidence in the opinions of one who is so constantly shifting his ground.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

We have received from the agent in this city—whose office is at No. 18 Franklin Place—the first part of a handsome book with this title, published by GEORGE VIRTUE, New York and London. Each number is to be embellished with two steel engravings, which, judging from those contained in the opening issue, will be of the highest order. The author of the history is Mr. William H. Bartlett, and he will be assisted in his task by several American gentlemen of literary attainments. The illustrations are to comprise views of the most important scenes connected with the history of our country, particularly of distinguished characters, and historical pictures of the most remarkable incidents. Price of each part, twenty-five cents. Canvassers for the work are now about in the city. The agency is as above stated.

SHABBY GENTEEL STORY.

The APPLETON'S have made this and other tales of Thackeray, the *materiel* of the latest

volume of their Popular Library. The productions of Thackeray have many admirers among the lovers of light reading, and hence find a ready sale. The Appletons have gathered together recently, many of his fugitive pieces, and unquestionably will profit thereby. "A Shabby Genteel Story," appeared originally in *Frazer*; the other tales have been published at various times in the same magazine, and in *Punch*. Thackeray is now on our shores, by the way, having arrived in the steamship Canada.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, designed for Schools. FIRST BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY. BY A. ACKERMAN.

CADY & BURGESS, of New York, are the publishers of these two volumes, which, from a cursory examination, we should think are well adapted to the wants of youth. They are both numerous illustrated with well designed and executed wood engravings, and the former with several useful colored maps. The margins contain questions upon the opposite paragraphs, thus lessening the labors of the teacher.

A LIFE OF VICISSITUDES.

This is a story of Revolutionary days in France, from the never-idle pen of G. P. R. James. There is much of the old Philip Augustus fire in it; indeed, it gives good promise of a restoration of the author to his old-time happiness in weaving together an exciting romance. The HARPERS are the publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE.

WE HAVE received No. 9 of "Bleak House," from the Harpers; also, "The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.," by Thackeray, from the same publishers. T. B. Peterson sends us "Sketches in Ireland" by Thackeray. We would also acknowledge the receipt of *Godey* for December, an admirable number, also *Graham*, abounding with interest, and many other periodicals which we shall possibly notice hereafter.

We have received since the above paragraph was written, the following additional new works: From the Appleton's, through C. G. Henderson & Co., "Knick-Knacks," by Lewis Gaylord Clark; from Redfield, "The Children of Light," by Chesebro, and "Neumann's Regal Rome." All these works will be noticed hereafter. We hail with delight, Clarke's beautiful "Knick-Knacks." It is a charmingly printed book.

JOHN TROMP'S REFORM.

We heard a very good story the other day, about the reforming of a drunkard, which we

must tell. It was related to us by our old friend Col. P., who resides at a pleasant little village in the interior of our State, where the incident occurred. The tipler who we shall call John Tromp, was a blacksmith; he had married when a young man, a very interesting woman, who bore him several children. When first wedded, he led an exemplary life; but wild company, together with the establishment of two or three extra grog-shops about him, eventually made of him a complete beast. He was, indeed, a disgusting drunkard, and his family, which included an old mother, were rendered quite destitute. Our friend Col. P., at these darkest hours of distress was called in, but all to no purpose; John Tromp persisted in his excesses, despite all his old employer could say to dissuade him therefrom. At last the Colonel hit upon an expedient, which he thought would cure him. Before calling at his gloomy house one day, he purchased a strong cord, and put it into his pocket. "Where is your husband?" said he to the wife, on entering the little garden fronting the blacksmith's house. "Oh," replied the unhappy woman, "he is in the garret." "Miserably drunk I presume, of course," quoth the Colonel. A nod of assent from the wife, was all the reply which her broken wounded spirit would permit her to make. Up stairs went the Colonel, and down sat he by the side of the sot, who was brightening up a little after an unusual debauch. The Colonel saw this, and thought him on such account, all the better fitted for his purpose. We give the interview as it took place. "Well, John," said the Colonel, "you have had another frolic?" "Yes," replied John, "if you call taking a glass with one's friends, a frolic." "I do call it such," rejoined the Colonel; I call it more, a very disgraceful criminal act on your part, thus to neglect your faithful wife, your poor old mother, and those darling little children." But, he added, "I see there is no hope for you; all your friends despair of your ever being a decent man again; no one expects to see you the active, industrious workman, you once were; no one expects to see the smoke rising again from the chimney of your little smithey, where you earned so many honest dollars, before you gave yourself up to rum; no one expects again to hear the merry ring of your hammer on the anvil."—Here John rose up on one arm, and with a look of distress, inquired, "Why not Colonel? I only have taken a little too much lately—perhaps." "Stop, John," said the Colonel, "hear me through; there is no hope for you; I had an object in coming here; your wife and mother love you John; those dear little children love you too, John; but they would rather you were dead, yes, a

corpse, and laid in the old burying ground, over there, than have you continue on in your present career. Now, I have brought the means whereby you can relieve them of this eternal sorrowing and mortification; they will mourn your loss for a few days, and then rejoice John, that you are gone." "Why, Colonel, in the name of heaven! what do you mean?" asked John, leaning towards the old gentleman as he spoke, and every instant talking more and more like a sober man; but one who was desperately frightened. "I mean," replied the Colonel, "that you shall take this cord and hang yourself!" and the Colonel tossed the cord at John's feet on the bed, as he said these words. "I won't do it," shouted John, jumping out of bed. "Stop a moment," said the Colonel, "John, you must do it. I will have a care for your poor old mother; I will see her decently buried by the side of your father; that father John, who was so bright and shining an example to you; but whose memory you have by your conduct, spit upon. I will clothe and feed the widow, aye John, and get her a good husband; one who will take care of her; I will be a father to Bessie and Mary, and Janie and Johnny. Nobody thinks you fit to live; so go about the work of death at once; throw the cord over the beam there, after you have tied one end of it to your neck; you know the rest, John." "I won't do it," said John; "do you think I'm mad, Colonel? hang myself?" "You'll make a bad looking corpse," coolly responded the Colonel; "but nobody wants to look into a drunkard's coffin; nobody wants to attend a drunkard's funeral; we will have you nailed up and buried as quickly as possible. Your poor widow and children, and mother will prefer this." John was now wrought up to a most dreadful pitch; "I won't hang myself!" wildly exclaimed he, "I won't be a drunkard! no, I'll work my hands to the bone, for mother and wife, and children." Saying this, he ran down stairs into his little smithey, lighted up his fire, and from that time the merry ring of his hammer has been heard, from early in the morning, until late in the afternoon. He never has time to visit grog-shops, for when he is not at work, which is on Sundays and during evenings, he passes his hours happily in the bosom of his family. What a wretched, disgusting, lazy John, he once was! What a merry-hearted industrious John, he now is!

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

We have nothing to speak of at present in Philadelphia, of musical attractiveness, if we except, the very clever performances

on a curious wood and straw instrument, by Herr Stoepel, at the Assembly Buildings, and the more than respectable singing of Madame Lohaney at the same place. These people make a really good adjunct for Perham and his Seven Mile Mirror, and with that truthful and artistic painting, attract full houses. Perham is a real live Yankee. He shows this not only in his industry in the engagement of stars, but in the means which he uses to keep up an excitement. After having given benefits to various societies and fire companies, he is now stirring up the schools, both Sabbath and secular. Last week he marched through the streets to the music of a fine band, several public schools male and female, from Moyamensing and Southwark; while for the coming week, he has made arrangements for the reception of children from other sections of the city and districts. His processions are funny enough; the little folks composing them, feeling no restraint, and cutting up all sorts of capers as they crowd along the pavements. The boys carry white flags with "Perham's Seven Mile Mirror," boldly painted on them in black letters, thus gratifying their own love for display, while they quite innocently "grind an axe" for the manager to whose exhibition they are weaving their way.

Signor Perelli gave his first private *soirée* on Wednesday evening, the 24th inst. It was well attended, and gave the most unequivocal satisfaction. We shall endeavor to notice it somewhat at length in our next number, when we will speak of certain features in the programme, as their merits invite us to do. We are almost tempted at this time to delay BIZARRE for the purpose, fearing that our enthusiasm may cool with the keeping; but no, we cannot, at least and appear on the centre-tables of our subscribers on the regularly appointed day. We noticed a very great improvement by the by, on entering the Musical Fund Hall, the night of the *soirée*. It consists of the erection of a beautifully neat awning over the main entrance, by which ladies may now alight from their carriages in stormy weather with perfect impunity, as to soiling dresses, or deranging coiffures. The enterprising superintendent, Beckett, has effected this improvement, and we are thinking he will obtain a big corner in many a fair one's regards thereby.

Sontag has sung with great success in Boston as she did here. Her dress-rehearsals gave great satisfaction to the clergy, who with their families, were invited to attend them; indeed, there is before us as we write, a warm expression of thanks on the part of some thirty or forty of these gentlemen, which we learn was published in the newspapers. Among the names published, we

notice those of Rev. Mr. Vinton, Rev. Mr. Kirk, Rev. Mr. Garnett, Rev. Mr. Bartol, Dr. Sharp, Dr. Frothingham, and many others of eminence.

Dwight's *Journal of Music*, announces that Madame Sontag has made arrangements to give a series of Italian Operas during the winter in New York. It says Salvi, Badiali, Rocco and Pozzolini, are engaged, also a chorus and orchestra of forty each, with Carl Eckert for director. We agree with the editor when he adds, "that it only wants Alboni to make the thing complete, and realise an opera on the Parisian and London scale." The opera season will commence in the latter part of January or first of February; Madame Sontag having first given a few more concerts in Metropolitan Hall, on a magnificent scale, with chorus, &c., amounting in all to 700 performers. She visits us again we hear, before she commences in opera.

Alboni opened the new Musical Hall in Boston, on Saturday evening, the 20th inst., when she was greeted with a monster audience. She concertizes along from the "city of notions," visiting us once more early next month. She will be warmly welcomed. How could it be otherwise in Philadelphia, with the finest *contralto* in the world? especially too, after the deep impression which her first visit made on our people.

A Berlin correspondent of the London *Athenæum* is very severe upon Mdle. Wagner, as she appeared in Mozart's opera of "Clemenza di Tito." Hear him:—"As a vocalist Mdle. Wagner has much to learn;—first, to decide what her voice shall be. At present, it is curiously unsatisfactory, with all its superb qualities—because it is unsettled. She seems unwilling to relinquish attempts at *contralto* effect, although her tones have little *timbre* below *f* on the stave. Above *f*, again she forces out two or three notes; but these are not pure, and she would do more wisely—since sing *soprano* she will—to have helped herself to that *falsestto* which is not only a means of contrast, but desirable as less fatiguing than the recourse, in a ruder fashion, to tones utterly unprovided for by nature. Betwixt *f* and *r*, the quality of the voice is noble—rich, sonorous—the most manly *mezzo-soprano* I ever heard; but the integrity of the intonation is no longer unimpeachable—more than one phrase having been begun or ended out of tune. Out of tune were Mdle. Wagner's triplets in the *allegro* to 'Parto'—her shake is courageous, but uneven and clumsy. Nor does she exhibit the least elegance in phrasing such as Mozart's music demands. * * * As regards Mdle. Wagner, it may perhaps further illustrate my impressions regarding her so say that, whereas at Covent

Garden she might have kept proportion with Herr Formes, whom, in merit and defect, she appears curiously to resemble—when employed with the Italians, or even the French artists there, her spasmodic declamation and deficiency of musical grace, must have placed her I think, at a heavy disadvantage. Should hers and Madame Köster's be really the true manner of executing Mozart's music, our Viardots, Lablaches, Persianis and Marios, must make their studies anew—and cannot do better than begin by following the example of the affected lady in Sheridan's sketched out comedy, and "untuning their pianos." But let us not offend the *manes* of Mozart, even in irony, by accepting such performance as singing. By calling it what it is, the presumption of the incompetent, we may be contributing a mite of warning to those who are apt to accept names and reputations without the question or comparison."

WORLD-DOINGS AND WORLD SAYINGS.

—THE SOLEMNITIES in New York city, in honor of the memory of Daniel Webster, which took place on the 17th inst., must have been very impressive. The procession was nearly two hours in passing a given point. The funeral car was superly arranged. It consisted of a platform, on which was erected a canopy of black cloth and velvet, trimmed with silver lace. Upon the canopy was a gilt eagle, in his mouth a wreath of laurel, the whole covered with black crape. Beneath the canopy was a handsome gilt urn, bearing the simple inscription "Webster." The car was drawn by eight grey horses, covered with black cloth, and led by grooms. Large plumes of white and black were placed upon the horses' heads. The procession reached the Park, and was dismissed about half-past four. The closing ceremonies of the day took place at half-past seven, at the Metropolitan Hall, including a prayer by Rev. Edward Lathrop, funeral oration by James T. Brady, and benediction by Bishop Wainwright. On one of the theatres in Broadway, was the following inscription:—

DANIEL WEBSTER.
'I still live.'

"Yes thou art freedom's now, and fame's
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

—THE LONDON *Athenæum* says: "No reader of ours needs now be informed that Thomas Campbell died at Boulogne—within view of the dividing seas whose romance and historic glory he had sung so well. But not every one in whose ears lingered the music of his verse could find in that town

the individual house in which the poet breathed his last—and in a few years, the generation of living men being swept away, the pilgrims of his genius might have sought in vain to give to his image a local habitation there:—as is now the case with the poet Churchill. The house in which Le Sage, the author of 'Gil Blas,' expired in the same town, has long been marked by a tablet, bearing a brief inscription. A similar monitory and memorial tablet, we learn from the *Inverness Courier*—to which journal Dr. Beattie, the friend and physician of the poet, has communicated the particulars—bearing the words, *Ici est mort Thomas Campbell, auteur des Plaisirs, de l'Esperance, xv Juin, MDCCLXIV*, has just been affixed to the outer wall near the window of the chamber in which the poet died. For the sake of the motive, the absurdity of the form may in some degree be overlooked:—but certainly, the inscription would have reported more intelligibly, as well as more correctly to posterity, if the parties could have prevailed on themselves to call Mr. Campbell's poem, 'The Pleasures of Hope.' As it stands, the inscription is simply nonsense."

—A CORRESPONDENT of a London paper, writing from Borgo San Sepolero in Italy, says: "About four miles from Pieve San Stefano, to the north-west, in the midst of Appenines, and unapproachable by wheeled conveyance, is the village of Caprese, where Michael Angelo was born in the house of his father, the village magistrate. But alas! there remains nothing here to repay the most enthusiastic pilgrim to spots of earth sanctified by their connection with enduring names; unless the imagination can please itself by gazing at the hills which first met the gaze of the infant genius. For although the spot on which the house stood is pointed out, the dwelling which now occupies it is wholly modern. The name and fame of its one world-renowned citizen, is by no means forgotten, however, at Caprese."

—WE SEE it stated in a Worcester (Mass.) paper, that Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College at New Haven, lies buried in the church at Wrexham, Denbighshire, Wales. His monument—a plain altar tomb—bears this inscription:

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa travel'd, and in Asia wed;
Where long he lived and thrived; in London, dead.
Much good, some ill, he did; so hope all's even,
And that his soul thr' ush mercy's gone to heaven,
You that so live and read this tale, take care,
For this most certain exit to prepare,
Where blest in peace the actions of the just
Small sweet, and blossom in the silent dust."

Elihu Yale went out to the East Indies from this country as an adventurer, and becoming wealthy, obtained the Presidency of Madras, and is said to have ruled with a most oppressive authority. He caused his

groom to be hanged for riding out a favorite horse without leave. For this murder he was ordered to England, where he was tried for the crime, but by some means escaped all punishment except a heavy fine. He died in 1724.

—THE DUTCH Government has just taken possession of the valuable collections bequeathed to the State by the celebrated bibliophilist Baron Wertreeneen Van Tiel-landt—and is about to form them into a separate Museum, to be called the Museum Wertrenianum. They consist of a library of ten thousand rare and curious volumes on the history of typography, bibliography, archæology, and numismatics—a gallery of pictures by the oldest masters, such as Cimabue, Giotto, &c.—ancient Greek and Roman sculpture, many of which are from Herculaneum and Pompeii—and a collection of ancient Greek, Roman and Oriental coins. Of the books, 1,233, it is said, bear date in the fifteenth century. There is further a collection of 385 manuscripts, all anterior to the fourteenth century.

—REV. FRANCIS PARKMAN, D. D., one of the oldest and most respectable clergymen of the Unitarian Church, died in Boston, in the early part of the month. Mr. P. graduated at Harvard University, in the class of 1807, was the fifth pastor of the new North Church in Boston, and was ordained the 8th of December, 1813, which office he filled 36 years, having resigned February 1, 1849. Though withdrawn from any pastoral charge, he has continued to preach, and was always listened to with pleasure. He was a very amiable man, as well as a very energetic laborer in his holy office. To these qualities, rather than to extraordinary talent, did he owe an enviable prominence, in the Unitarian denomination, to which he belonged.

—THE BRUSSELS *Herald*, says: "M. Pontin, a Swede, whose literary patent was well known, and who was deputy-master of the ceremonies at the court of the King of Sweden, has just died in a most extraordinary manner. He was returning to Sweden after a voyage he had taken on the continent; on board of the vessel in which he was passenger, some carboys of muriatic acid were placed on deck just over his cabin; during a very stormy night two of these bottles broke one against the other, the acid running through the cracks of the deck into his cabin; the gas which was contained in it immediately produced convulsions, from which he died after one day's dreadful agony."

—So OUR treaty with Brazil is ratified. The entire Majesty of that country has been regaling itself on board an American steamer in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. The

most jealous of governments on the Atlantic seaboard is brought to regard our flag with immeasurable complacency: the most slothful of all corporative bodies to acquiesce in our commercial enterprise. Hold on, good reader, to life for ten years more, and you are destined to see the Plate, Parana, and the Paraguay, threaded by our steamers; the long pale faces of Yankee skippers, on those magnificent but deserted streams, each running on to the same great ocean portal.

—FROM a catalogue of the officers and students of Brown University, for the first term of 1852-3, we learn that there are now in the University 4 resident graduates, 18 undergraduates of four years standing, 61 of three years, 77 of two years, and 80 of one year—total 240. Of this number 119 are candidates for the degree A. M.; 47 for the degree of A. B.; 27 for the degree of B. P.; and 51 are pursuing a select course.

—A ROMAN journal announces that the Pope has given orders for the continuation of the excavations commenced in the Roman Forum—amongst others, in the ruins of the Temple of Castor and on the Capitoline Hill, in order to ascertain if these remains are not those of the Basilica erected by Julius Cæsar under the name of *Julia*.

EDITOR'S CHATTER-BOX.

—THE PUBLISHERS have received a characteristic note from "Laurie Todd," who feels an interest in BIZARRE, and encloses an article, which he desires us to print. This article relates to an interview Laurie had with Jenny Lind, which is so good that it already has appeared in at least one hundred newspapers. We have certainly read it two or three times ourselves, and as often as we have done so, it has put us very nearly into the lachrymose mood of its venerable author and Jenny, when the scene it describes so happily, occurred. Our readers have doubtless seen it, aye, read it again and again, like ourselves; indeed, did we suppose there were twenty of them who had not done so, we would republish the article for the benefit of that number. We hope Laurie will send us something fresh from his pen. He says he knew us when we were a boy: and he says truly. Many a bouquet have we bought of him, when he occupied the old church in John street, New York, and many a lassie has he, through us, deck'd out with flowers, which were only surpassed in rich coloring by her bonnie lips and cheeks; in fragrance, by her soft, sweet breath. Ah! old friend, you little guess of what a chequered career this flower-buying—price three, five, and even ten dollars a bouquet!—was the prelude; a career, made up of love, hope, fear, joy, sor-

row, prosperity, adversity, folly, sickness, health, life, death! Yes, DEATH has done its work most fearfully, since those flowers were weaved together for us. Father, mother, sister, children, wife, have, one after another, gone down into the grave, since we gladly bore those bouquets away from the old church! Still we love to look back upon the past, we love to talk of it, even though the eyes be flooded with tears, the voice thick almost to inarticulation. Laurie Todd, see what a world of memories your letter has excited! But—

"Long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase in which roses have once been
distill'd.

You may break, you may ruin the vase, if
you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it
still."

—THE ORIGINAL of Washington Irving's Ichabod Crane—Dr. Jesse Merwin—died at Kinderhook, New York, on the 8th inst. According to a paper in that town, he was for many years a Justice of the Peace, the duties of which he discharged with scrupulous fidelity, and a conscientious regard to the just claims of suitors, ever frowning on those whose avocation it is to "ferment discord and perplex right." At an early period of his life, and while engaged in school teaching, he passed much of his time in the society of Washington Irving, then a preceptor in the family of the late Judge Van Ness, of Kinderhook. Both were engaged in congenial pursuits, and their residences being only a short distance apart, the author of the "Sketch Book" frequently visited the "Old School House" in which "Squire Merwin" was employed in teaching the young idea how to shoot, and subsequently immortalized his name by making him the hero of one of his inimitable tales—"The Legend of the Sleepy Hollow." Who that has read Irving's Sketch-Book, but remembers the pedagogue Ichabod, and his wonderful adventure with the headless horseman. By the way, our old friend Elliott, the artist, now famous and settled in New York city, but when we knew him, a humble painter of portraits in Deacon Hicox's brick store at Skaneateles, Onondaga County, New York, commenced a picture, the subject of which was suggested by the story of Ichabod Crane, and which promised, when finished, to excite a good deal of admiration. What has become of that sketch, Charley? The reader will pardon us for a seeming lack of respect, when we address an eminent artist thus. Everybody called him Charley, when we knew him as the occupant of Deacon Hicox's brick store, and our heart compels us, in remembrance of the many charming hours we passed with

him, on the banks of the loveliest lake in Western New York, to call him *Charley* still.

—MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & Co., announce their intention of commencing with the New Year, an *original* American Monthly Magazine. It will be published in numbers of 128 pages each, and with the programme shadowed forth in the announcement, should and must succeed. We like the idea of the work; it is honest, while it is also such as is calculated to substantially aid American writers. Hastily executed wood-cuts, and filchings from English magazines, have long enough furnished *materiel* for the entertainment of our reading public. It is time a change was effected; and though the enemy be rich and exceedingly despotic, we hope still to see him unhorsed. To do this, a warm sympathy on the part of the public, with those who exert themselves in behalf of original American literature is wanted. In other words, Messieurs the Public, you have only to give a hearty support to Putnam's new Magazine, to BIZARRE, *et id omne genus*.

—THE PUBLISHERS are indignant at the injustice of certain newspaper editors, when they publish articles from the pages of BIZARRE, without a line of credit. "Church-Warden Higgs" is going the rounds in this way; so also "An Old Northern Romance," "Toggs and the Drummer," "Yours Respectfully, &c., &c." A few of the sinners are as follows:—New York *Sunday Courier*, Lewiston *Democrat*, Philadelphia *Sunday Ledger*, White River *Advertiser*, Pittsburgh *Token*. BIZARRE is copy-righted; but not with a view to prevent editors who are disposed to give credit, extracting from our columns, but only to protect certain book-makers, who are numbered in our coterie of contributors.

—A VALUED friend, who, we may add, is an accomplished scholar, writes us as follows:—"I have been much gratified by the tone of your articles: those upon the present state of the Drama met with my cordial concurrence. What the theatre *might* be, under certain presumed conditions, is another and a widely different question. Human nature *might* approach the angelic: the difficulty is that it *does not*. When the 'broom' shall have been applied, and the stage swept clean, we—and others who keep aloof may visit it. In the meantime we are contented to stand at a distance and urge reform."

—OUR SUMMING UP of Election results, in the last number of BIZARRE, proved to be incorrect, when all the votes were in. Vermont, Massachusetts, Kentucky, and Tennessee voted for Gen. Scott. The balance of the thirty-one states declared for Franklin Pierce. Thus much for record.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

VOLUME II. }
PART 18. }

FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1852.

{ SINGLE COPIES
FIVE CTS. }

THE ROMANCE OF BLOCKLEY.

PART II.—OLD DOROTHY'S STORY.

We resume our sketch of the great palace beyond the Schuylkill, and the point from which we propose to view the panorama (and a panorama indeed it is, where light and shade are strangely interfused and blended) is that large quadrangle which is dedicated to the superannuated females. We say dedicated; for there it is, as in a settled home, cut off from the redundant population, where pass the residue of their existence the old ladies of the institution. Does the term old ladies appear out of place, gentle reader? We hope you do not invariably identify genuine ladies with Brussels carpets, handsome ottomans, and brilliant chandeliers. The term is often thus associated with factitious appendages. But true ethics has doubtless led you to recognize the inherent elements of a true lady, even where you see the bare planks, and the humble little chest, and the calico gown, and the old steel spectacles perched aloft on an unassuming muslin cap.

The most decided affability of demeanour allied to a dignified carriage may be traced in the instance of some of the antiquated grandames who sit there in that little knot, discussing their by-gone histories.—Walk along that spacious hall and take a survey; you perceive that not a few of the venerable females have drawn their chairs out of the dormitories, and are reading and knitting quite independently. Some hardly ever resort to locomotion, and when they do so, it is on a small scale. Old Dorothy occasionally manages to wheel her capacious armed chair from its statu quo position, to that point in the hall; and when she achieves the task, (herculean to her, poor old soul!) she talks about the consummation with all the gravity of a merchant who has taken a trip to Cuba, and entered into an advantageous negotiation with the flourishing house of J. P. & Co. "There now, I guess I can wheel my chair out as well as any of you. I'm as young as half of you yet, and I can work round

you, that I can; if I set myself fairly and honestly about it. There's strength in this old arm yet, I tell you, neighbors;" and then Dorothy suiting the action to the word brings down that ponderous crutch of hers, which she wields as nimbly as if it was a constituent part of her physical frame, with a reverberation on the plank floor, which makes the lookers on think of the premonitory vibrations of old Mother Earth when about to quake beneath her affrighted children.

Come, Dorothy, sit down on your cushion, put up your crutch in that sheltering corner, where it may emulate the ship in its haven of repose, and tell us the tale of your younger days. You have a tale to unfold, with all its lights and shadows. Those furrowed cheeks, where Father Time has played his antics, and then laughed at his desolations; those furrowed cheeks and silvery locks, which steal out from beneath the cap border, speak of stern vicissitude. Tell us, Dorothy, why are you here in the evening of your sojourn?—Many a grandame is this morning the sun and centre of a cheerful home, where gambol round her chair, and bask in her radiant yet tempered smile, the jocund little ones whose mother once she pressed to her throbbing bosom. To such a one, so generously provided for, and so happily circumstanced, life goes out with a beautiful lustre. Calmly and quietly the old lady steps over the threshold of time into boundless futurity, and her cold brow is bedewed with the tears of affectionate sensibility. Then the old grand-mother sleeps in death. She is carried from the cottage, with its jessamines and honeysuckles around the porch, to her dreamless slumber, and child and grand-child and great-grand-child drop the blended shower of grief into the receptacle of humanity. But, Dorothy, you have no such prospect to cheer your aged heart. Your crutch seems to be your only relative, and oh, how confidently you lean upon it, and how trustingly you embrace it as if the inanimate wood had endearing charms!

But look; poor old Dorothy is taking out her coarse handkerchief and wiping away a

briny tear-drop. Hush! she is about giving us the account of her chequered and eventful history. Proceed, old sojourner, and we will lend a willing ear to the narrative. You are the oracle to-day, and from your withered lips shall fall the sentences of wisdom.—As we look upon you we feel that you are privileged to sit upon the tripod and read us from the book of God's providential dealings with his creatures. We feel a thrill of veneration as we look upon you, for the oldest heart is the nearest to the angels.

"Kind sir, for they are surely kind who bend their steps to this abode of grief, kind sir, mine is a tale of anguish. I assume an air of cheerfulness full often, when the spirit has its mountain weight of woe. I have a son as bold in bearing as yourself, and apparently of as gentle a demeanor. When I bent above his crib, in early childhood, and put back his auburn ringlets, and listened to the clear peal of laughter, which told of his joyous heart, oh! how fancy revelled in the future. I pictured him as the prop of my declining age, and boldly I battled on in the task of rearing him with credit. He was the image of his father, who deserted me, it is true, but to whom I still cling with undiminished love. Many a time my Isaac would stand by my chair when supper was over, and the dishes cleared away, and putting his velvet cheek to mine, whisper, 'Mother I will never leave you destitute.' It was the generous aspiration of his yet guileless bosom, and I clung to it as the anchor of my spirit. Years rolled on, and Isaac was a stripling working at his trade. Ardent, industrious, and joyous, he passed with credit through the probationary career of his apprenticeship, and was placed by his generous master at the head of an establishment of his own. Oh! how I wept with joy, as I took my station as the presiding officer at the table of my boy, and managed his domestic affairs with almost regenerated ardor; 'Isaac,' I used to say, 'were but your father here, we would be completely happy; cheerfully could I obliterate the record of his cold neglect and scorn, to see him now beside us.' And then the generous fellow would rise from his seat and put his arms around my neck and say:—'Lean on me, mother, and be happy.' And the tear was as evanescent as the fitting shadow; for the rainbow of Hope came out to bless me with its gorgeous dyes.

"Two years rolled by, and my Isaac saw one who elicited his affectionate regards. She was a pleasing girl, of industrious habits, and my boy became attached to her. I could not find it in my heart to censure the innocent attachment, for had I not loved myself? And did I not yet love, despite the cruel treatment which he had heaped upon me, who before God's high altar had vowed to cherish me

with unabated interest? Assured I was that if my boy entered into the estate of matrimony, for me there would be a nook reserved beside the hearthstone, and I had no misgivings for the coming morrow. They were married; children gathered round their board. With alacrity I toiled at household duties. The morning welcomed me to domestic avocations, and the evening brought its blest repose. But time brought its changes to the hearts of my best beloved. At first an ominous conjecture would be hazarded by my daughter-in-law, as to whether the business of my son would allow him to bear the expenses consequent upon my sojourn beneath his roof. Then came the look of indifference, and the blunt rough answer if I ventured to advise on any subject in which I felt an interest. Isaac was indeed for a long time a mediator in the case; he advocated my claims with warmth and earnestness; but retorts and menaces soon convinced him that he must abandon his position. Why did you not leave a place so unpleasant, you may say, kind sir? Ah, where was I to go? No friendly receptacle was open. Acquaintances I had few; so I calmly anticipated the issue. One bright day in September my little grandchild, who bore my husband's name, came up to my chair, and said, 'Grandma, I want to tell you something.' The poor little fellow was overheard, and a check imposed at once upon his utterance. It was an ominous check, I felt it so; but I did not realize the stern destiny which lay before me, and the actual position which they had both designed me to occupy. A dark uncertainty, a misty future, fitted before me like a shadow. But this agonizing suspense was soon terminated; I was told that a kind friend had promised to receive me to his domicile, provided I would try to restrain my irritable temper, and not obtrude my opinions and suggestions upon those who wished not thus to be meddled with; I looked at my son, but his averted gaze fully indicated the fact that his will had been completely subjugated, and that his wife had effectually biassed his judgment against her who bore him. No remonstrance did I urge against treatment so inhuman; no plea did I advance against the fulfillment of a design which put to shame the conduct of the youthful Hindoo, when he inters alive his superannuated parent. I had often seen the poor old horse, after years of unrelaxing toil, turned out to die upon the upland when his fiery spirit was subdued by infirmity; and I thought that I was put upon the level of the brute, only to attest the fact that man is to his fellow the vindictive despot who abjures humanity whenever it suits his convenience, or tallies with his whim. I felt that God was only teaching me the lesson which all his suffering saints must learn. It

is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in man. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in princes. My little grand-children began at last to regard me with a suspicious eye, and when the carriage drove up to take me to the house of my future benefactor, (as it was most wilfully misrepresented,) there was no kiss for grandmother, no smile, no token of attachment. My Isaac took his seat beside me, and moodily we sat as the vehicle rolled fast over the flinty road; my heart was buried in the past, I only saw my son as he used to put his arms so lovingly about me, and whisper in my ear, 'mother you shall never want a roof to shelter you while I have strength to labor for your own and my subsistence.'—Twice deserted, twice thrown upon a heartless world, twice turned adrift with bleeding bosom. Once by a husband, and now by a son! For one passing moment I felt strongly tempted to rebuke the erring one, or invoke upon him the justice of that mighty One to whom belongeth vengeance; but the good spirit exiled such nefarious suggestions, and a calm feeling of resignation supervened.—I prayed for those who were infusing gall within the cup of my existence, and bore them separately and singly before the mercy-seat.

From my temporary abstraction I was soon aroused by a rude push upon the shoulder, and the stentorian voice of the driver announcing the wish that I should get out of the vehicle, as we had at last reached our point of destination. Little or no politeness did my son evince to his poor old mother as she alighted. We were by a ferry, and a boat was in readiness to convey us to the other side of the Schuylkill. The truth flashed upon me in all its vivid intensity. The house of my friend, of which so much had been spoken, to beguile me into acquiescence, was none other than the Alms-House!—Henceforth I was to bear the badge of the pauper, and reach the grave at last an exile from the sympathies of those in whose veins my blood was running, an alien to my flesh. Fearful as was the issue I was prepared for it; I made no struggle when embarking, but anticipating a contest, they thrust me forward into the seat. Isaac darted into the carriage, the oars went plashing through the waters, and the old outcast was soon in the room you see her occupy. Since then I have looked upon no face which ever basked in my smile; no little grand-child crosses the threshold of my apartment. No son enquires whether I am yet in the land of the living. And he whom I nursed in childhood, guided in youth, and served in manhood, my only boy, oh, he has buried me from sight, and I am dead to him forever! Here I shall die, and strange hands shall put me in the last

long home of mortal. And they, my own, my yet beloved, God knows I love them all, shall walk laughingly on through flowers, and feel no pang of self-reproach."

Dorothy wiped her eyes with her apron, and we, instinctively, applied a handkerchief to our own!

TO CLEMENCE.

Beautiful one! though far from thy dear side,
Thine image still before my eyes is gleaming;

And, at the sight, a thrill of noblest pride,
Mingled with joy, is through my bosom streaming.

Pride—that to me that precious heart is given,

With trust all boundless on my truth relying;

Joy—that a love, which makes dull earth a heaven,

To me is pledged, all obstacles defying.

Beloved one! how can I e'er requite

A boon so far above my poor deserving?

Methinks no triumph would transcend my might,

Were but thy love my arm and spirit nerving.

But "days of chivalry are gone,"—not now
On listed fields the mail-sheathed charger prances;

Nor longer knight to lady 'gages vow

To be redeemed by blows and splintered lances.

In our day, man elects to make his home

The arena, where the knightly virtues muster;

Nor does the lady bid her champion roam,

But best love's joys, that round the hearth-stone cluster.

Thus may I strive in part the debt to pay,

To thee, love, for thy sweet affection owing;

So may I gild for thee each passing day

With gladness from heart-service loyal flowing.

O let but fate award such loving home,

And I will seek elsewhere no other pleasure;

'Twere mad, indeed, beyond the walls to roam,

That hold within them thee, the world's best treasure.

These rugged verses, part in railway car,

In stage-coach part, I have to thee indited;

Though heat, noise, dust and jolt, might well afar

The Muse, with all her witcheries, have frightened.

But if my thoughts thus readily up-spring,

'Tis, dearest, but thy love my spirit firing.

So moved, the least melodious voice must sing;

The dullest soul respond to such inspiring!

HOW TO RID YOURSELF OF A PARROT.

Leon Gozlan, in his lively story, "Comment on se défaire d'une maitresse," got his hero out of the difficulty by marrying him to Victorine. But my readers will hardly expect that I got rid of the parrot in the same manner. For although mythology furnishes us with an instance of an attachment between a woman and a swan, I believe the imagination of the ancients never carried them so far as to describe one between a man and a parrot. And, when I think of it, there were no parrots in those days. But to our sheep.

Now our next door neighbors, at the time I write of, were the Miss Rowlers. These three ladies having long passed the age which is peculiarly subject to love's tender alarms, lived together in single blessedness, and occupied themselves usefully and agreeably in attending Dorcas Societies, and meddling in other people's business. There was no indecent merriment in that house—they were the primmest of the prim—the severest of the severe. When a boy I had frequently received their reproof, for shying oyster shells at their cat, and (with the thoughtlessness of that tender age,) for blowing putty out of a blow gun at their rabbits.

They had one brother, a partner of a house in some South American port, who annually testified his affection and remembrance, by sending them a box containing such delicacies as that climate affords. But one summer's day, as I was sitting at a back window, enjoying an after-dinner cigar, my attention was attracted by an unusual bustle in the next yard, and upon looking out, I beheld the three Miss Rowlers, surrounding a tin cage, in which was—THE PARROT. Little did I think when first I looked upon this dreadful bird, what a bore it would prove to me—on the contrary, with a cheerfulness I now shudder to think of, I silently welcomed it, saying to myself, "here at least is a jolly neighbor."

Now my room was in the second story of the back-buildings—the house of the Misses Rowler exactly corresponded to ours—and at the window directly opposite mine, not twenty feet from my favorite smoking, reading and lounging place, they hung the cage of this destroyer of my happiness. The next day, as soon as it became accustomed to the novelty of its situation, my torments began. This horrible bird, with its incessant *awk, awk, awk*, would have exhausted the patience of Job. From morning to night, it screeched out its monotonous tones into my ears. No more reading, no more studying—the voice pursued me in my walks, accompanied me at my meals, was the predominant tenor of my dreams; and I awoke at daybreak to hear a

continuation of my nightmare in the "*raucous cantus*" of that miserable animal.

Things went on thus for a week, and the Miss Rowlers grew more devoted in their attachment to what they called pretty Poll. They caressed it, they brought it sugar, and they enticed their visitors to put their fingers into its cage, to be rewarded by a snap from its iron beak. I made up my mind that things could not go on so much longer, and revolved schemes of vengeance. Firstly, recurring to my boyish days, I procured a blow gun and some putty, and through my Venetian blinds, commenced a cannonade upon my enemy; but the tin pillars of his cage interfered with my aim; and where it was effectual, such a horrible and prolonged shriek arose, that it not only defeated my end by a reduplication of my cause of misery, but also attracted one of its mistresses to the cage, whose presence of course silenced my batteries. I then had recourse to a mirror, with which I endeavored to dazzle it into silence. But the nefarious beast turned its back to the focus, and cawed victorious pæans over my defeat. It was plain that a *coup de soleil* was a *coup perdu*. I resolved to try a *coup de tambour*. I recollected having seen at the house of one of my friends, a gong, which formed a part of a collection of noise-making instruments, he had taken some pains to collect. I sent him a note, and the bearer returned with the gong. I took it to my window, hung it upon a nail outside, just below the parapet of the sash, and when my enemy, attracted by the noise incident upon my opening the shutters, broke out into a redoubled discordance, I sounded my *pas des victoire* for three minutes. When the last roll of the Chinese drum had died away, I listened with a trembling heart for a response—victory—I had conquered. I composed myself to my reading, pausing occasionally to enjoy the sweet silence, and congratulate myself on my sagacity. But alas! my triumph was short-lived, an hour had not passed ere the voice was lifted up, and a second appeal to my gong was necessary to stun him into silence. This time I kept up my song for five minutes, and in about the same space of time, received a polite note from the eldest Miss Rowler, enquiring "if it would be a great deprivation to Mr. —, to forego beating that instrument, as it was not only distressing to them, but also deafened their dear bird."

I fell back senseless in my chair,—how long I remained so, I know not—but I do know that I was galvanized into animation by the voice of my vampire.

I was making up my mind the next day, whether to poison myself or the bird, when I received intelligence that the Miss Rowlers were going into the country to spend a

week. My heart bounded within me at the thought, that they would take their bird with them, and that then I would have one week, at least, of quiet. But no, the fates forbid! I watched the Miss Rowlers as they stepped into the carriage, but the bird remained.

The night is darkest just before the dawn; and as I was giving myself up to the blackest despair, a gleam of bright hope flashed across my mind.

The Rowlers' establishment was now desolate with the exception of the parrot, and Aunt Phillis the cook. The latter was an old ally of mine; when a boy she used to let me take apricots from the Rowlers' tree, and keep shady on the subject; and, when I poisoned one of their rabbits with an overdose of cocculus indicus, which I was accustomed to give them to make them drunk, reported it as having died a natural death. In about an hour after the Miss Rowlers had departed, I went down into the yard, climbed up on the fence, and saw Aunt Phillis on the other side, arranging some clothes lines.

"Aunt," cried I, "won't you lend me the parrot till the Miss Rowlers come back?"

"Yes, Massa Charles, sure he more plague than he worth. What for you want him?"

And, without waiting for an answer, Aunt Phillis brought down the cage and handed it to me. I took it, and carried it carefully up to my room. Why, the reader may well ask, did I domiciliate my bitterest enemy with me? Did I cut his throat, or beat him, or pull feathers out of his tail? I answer triumphantly, no! Why then did I, as it were, press the viper to my bosom, and keep it there a week? Listen and you will hear:

When the week was over, the Miss Rowlers returned, and their bird had been given back to Aunt Phillis with an injunction to say nothing of his temporary absence. The first thought of these fair ones was of their bird, and they immediately repaired to the garden, where they found their favorite enjoying a little fresh air on a pole, which had been erected for his accommodation.

"Pretty Poll, pretty Poll," cried the eldest Miss Rowler.

What was the response—I shudder when I write, "Get out, you beastly old maid."

"What did he say," said the second Miss Rowler. "Polly, don't you know your mistress?" "Get out, you beastly old maid," was again the surly rejoinder. The second Miss Rowlers clutched the third Miss R. convulsively—"Did you ever hear" began the latter. "Shut up your—ugly mug," shouted Poll. The third Miss R. fainted, the second struck the Poll down with her parasol, and the first disappeared in a fit of hysterics; while I, gazing through my Venetian blinds upon the scene, faintly chuckled.

The next day Poll was gone—where, I know not. It is still a mystery to the Miss Rowlers, where the bird learned that vulgar impudence which obliged them to send him away. Aunt Phillis seems to have her suspicions on the subject, but she never opens her mouth to the ladies.

SPIRITUAL DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE IV.

PINDAR. DRAKE.

Pindar. Welcome, thrice welcome, to our dear young brother of Columbia. It is a long time since we have had the pleasure of meeting.

Drake. It is indeed; not since that charming entertainment given by Hesiod in honor of our friend Wordsworth.

Pin. Even so. A right pleasant gathering it was, too, as you say. Such choice spirits don't often get together, Drake.

Drake. You may well say that. Let's see; there was Homer and Cleanthe, and Corinna and Milton, and Tasso and Horace, and Byron and Sappho, and Shakespeare; to say nothing of the honored guest himself, and our host of a host, and your own illustrious bardship.

Pin. But my dear Drake, what kept you so wonderfully quiet and demure, all the evening? You scarce opened your lips, I remember.

Drake. Did not silence become me best, in the presence of such renowned children of Parnassus?

Pin. Ah! you're too modest by half. The author of the Culpit Fay, too.

Drake. A trifle, my friend, a mere trifle.

Pin. A trifle, indeed! Ah! had you heard what Shakespeare said about it, you—

Drake. What, did the great poet himself condescend to notice it?

Pin. To be sure he did. He pronounced it incomparably the finest thing of the kind in his language. His own Queen Mab's chariot, (he went on to say,) he flattered himself was an ingeniously got up little contrivance; but your fairy's boat, and indeed, all his armor and outfit, were far more dainty and delicate creations. The whole poem, he added, in its conception and execution, reminded him of one of those matchless cups of Benvenuto Cellini, so prized on earth, wherein the amazing prodigality of the artist's fancy, was only equalled by the exquisite finish of the details.

Drake. This was, indeed, most kind in him.

Pin. He meant what he said, too. There was no mistaking the cordial enthusiasm of his manner. I told him that I agreed with

him most decidedly, and, moreover, that the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the *Culprit Fay*, were stored side by side in the chambers of my memory.

Drake. Why, my dear friend, you quite overwhelm me. Such praise, and so sanctioned! To be spoken of thus, by the renowned Pindar himself; Pindar, the prince of poets, and the guest of princes; whose odes have been chanted before admiring thousands, by the most illustrious youths and loveliest virgins of Greece; the distributor of fame, whose verse immortalized whate'er it touched; whose coronation-hymns—

Pin. Why, holla, holla, what are you about? You are paying me off in my own coin, with a vengeance. But to convince you, my dear boy, of the sincerity of my admiration, 'twas but a few days ago, that I amused myself, by turning several passages of your charming little poem into Greek. Would you like to hear a verse or two? I confess I should be pleased to have your opinion as to the merits of the translation.

Drake. It would gratify me exceedingly.

Pin. Well then, have at you. (*The Razor-strop man is heard in the street below. Whimsiculo senior, giveth way to uncontrollable emotion.*) Ah! what rival strains, are these? And, what on earth is the matter with our worthy host here? Dear landlord, do compose yourself, and elucidate this mystery.

W. the Elder. I really ask pardon, gentlemen, for this most unseasonable, and apparently ill-bred guffaw. These absurd incongruities, however, will occur some time, in this queer world of ours.

Pin. But who is this wandering minstrel? And what god or hero's exploits is he commemorating?

W. the Elder. The bard in question, is our estimable townsman, Wm. Smith, sole proprietor and vendor of the Great Columbian Nonpareil Razor-strop. He is chanting his customary orphic hymn to the masses. Don't stare so, my sweet Swan of Thebes, I speak the simple truth; but listen for yourself.

Pin. Verily, it is so. But, my old friend, I did not quite catch the purport of the last stanza. Bowlegs, Bowlegs—what, in Pluto's name, does he mean by Bowlegs?

W. the Elder. Oh yes, yes. He has just been telling the crowd, how Rough and Ready, Old Hickory, Old Chippewa, Old Tippecanoe, Wellington, Kossuth, Soult, Bowlegs, Charles Albert, in fact, all the military notabilities of the nineteenth century, have tested the merits of the aforesaid strop upon their rusty razors, and have sent him grateful epistles in return. The lines that so impressed you, were neither more nor

less than the versified statement of General William Bowlegs, as to its transcendent virtues. But what say you? Would you like one of the articles? Only a couple of drachmas. Perhaps, you would like an introduction to the minstrel himself? You'll find him a right good fellow.

Pin. Not to-day, my friend. Besides, I do not allow any cold steel ever to profane this ghostly beard of mine.

W. the Elder. Well then, now for our little fay. I long to see him in his Greek costume.

Pin. No, no, no; some other time; I have no idea of entering the lists, or of permitting my friend here to do so, against a champion so illustrious as this, whose strains we are now devouring. He seems to be moving off, though. Ah! how sweetly those dying notes salute my ear.

Drake. But, my dear Pindar, to revert to our friend Hesiod's complimentary supper. Brother Wordsworth acquitted himself on the whole, most admirably, did he not?

Pin. Indeed he did; a little stiff and dignified at first, perhaps; but as he warmed up, he became quite charming. Those lines of his, in acknowledgment of the entertainment, were really delicious; full of feeling, full of fancy.

Drake. I had no idea he was such an improvisatore, either. How happily he responded to Corinna's compliments, when she handed him that exquisite bouquet. You remember the circumstance, perhaps.

Pin. As if it were yesterday. The very flowers themselves, seemed to blush afresh, at the pretty things he said about them.

Drake. No poet was ever more at home among the flowers; alike the gay belles of the garden, and the humble children of the wayside.

Pin. And then, when Milton's own honored hands crowned him with laurels, he looked so serene and stately, and modest withal, that I was quite delighted with him. By the way, how is it that Byron and he always fight so shy of each other?

Drake. I hardly know why it is. They never seem to have agreed either on earth, or since. What a pity that two such glorious masters and profound observers, who have really so much in common, should have always misunderstood each other. I can't help thinking it is Byron's fault, though. A pretty wayward ghost, *entre nous*: very sweet and fascinating at times, very proud and moody at others.

Pin. Poor Byron! that beautiful face of his is quite too often tinged with sadness. Even in his happiest hours, have I seen a gloom, as black as sudden, take possession of his soul.

Drake. Recollections, doubtless, of his

tumultuous, sorrowful career on earth. He'll soon recover his serenity though, and for good I trust, he'll think better of his brother-poet then.

Pin. They'll find each other out in time, depend upon it. But, friend Drake, do tell us, have you been long on the planet, and do you intend making anything of a stay?

Drake. Only a day or two; a brief business visit; though it has been an exceedingly pleasant one thus far. Never, dear Pindar, did our earth appear more beautiful to me, than when it first hove in sight this time. Say what you will, and apart from all prejudices in its favor, as our honored birth-place, there are few finer planets in the heavens.

Pin. It certainly *does* hold its own among its brother and sister stars. But, what time of day was it, and whereabouts were you, when you got the first glimpse of it?

Drake. In the morning, and pretty well up towards the north pole. The first thing I saw was a group of magnificent icebergs, glittering like diamonds, and shooting up their splendid spires into the heavens.

Pin. And what were the first indications of life, you encountered?

Drake. Guess.

Pin. How should I know. A company of jolly bears, waltzing and polking, on a floating cake of ice. No?

Drake. Ah! no my friend; something far more interesting and pathetic than that, I can tell you.

Pin. What, pray?

Drake. What, but our own dear flag, at the stern of as gallant a little craft as—

Pin. The flag that you have immortalized? Why, that was a pleasant rencontre.

Drake. It had immortalized itself thrice over, long before I had anything to say about it.

Pin. Modest as usual, I see. But, what was it doing up in those chilling regions? Some boundary business, I suppose; some new annexations. Will your Yankee nation never be satisfied. Haven't they play-ground enough for their youngsters already?

W. the Elder. No, sir. We want the entire ball, and what's more, we mean to have it. But, I ask pardon, my friends, for interrupting you thus. My patriotic feelings got the better of me for a moment.

Drake. No, no, my dear boy, it was on no such errand, I assure you; no vessel of war, either; but a messenger of peace, sent by a princely merchant of this very town, bound on a mission of love and mercy; going in quest of a lost adventurer, whose zeal for science had entangled himself and his brave crew, in those perilous regions. Poor fellows, I fear the search is all too late. I fear they have long since perished. Gladly would

I have accompanied the expedition in its beneficent labors, but necessity summoned me hither, and so I e'en left them, and with my heartiest benediction.

Pin. Heaven speed them, and may they yet find and release their brethren! What a captivity; what an exile from home and kindred! Brave fellows, indeed; true heroes, far more worthy of the Muses' homage, than ninety-nine hundredths of those whose praises I sang on earth. Talk of Alexander and his Indian conquests, nay, of the labors of Hercules himself; what were they, compared with such a magnificent crusade against nature, as this.

W. the Elder. Such expeditions were not very common in your day, brother P., were they? I ask, because I saw no mention made of the *use of the Globes*, in the programme of the *Bæotian Academy*, as advertised in the columns of that *Theban Mirror* you were so kind as to lend me.

Pin. No, indeed; we knew precious little either of the outside or inside of the earth, compared with the savans of your generation. Geography was a small affair in our schools. It was the grammar, my old friend, the grammar, that used to bother us boys so; that used to cost us such terrible thrashings. But I was about asking brother Drake, if he had seen any of his old earthly friends, since his arrival?

Drake. A few; I have just returned from Long Island, from a call on brother Bryant.

Pin. What, he who wrote *Thanatopsis*; the poem that Milton is so fond of quoting, and that he told me, he considered the grandest funeral hymn, that had ever been chanted over humanity?

Drake. The same; I am sorry to say, however, that I found him writing politics, not poetry.

Pin. Why, the renegade! To turn his back thus upon the Muses, who have behaved so generously towards him.

Drake. So I told him. I scolded him right heartily, I assure you. "Ah!" said he, "it's of no use talking. Your remonstrances come too late. Distasteful as this fierce partizan warfare is, and ever was to me, I shall never get out of it, I shall die in harness. In some brighter and better world, perhaps, I may renew my vows, retune my lyre; not here, not here." He smiled as he said this, in a half-playful, half-serious way, that quite moved me. I had just been talking with my dear friend Halleck, and taking him to task for the same offence, that very morning.

Pin. Ah! and how is brother Bozzaris? Hearty, I trust. No true Greek can ever hear *his* name without pleasure. You know how often I have made you recite those spirit-stirring lines of his. I'd rather have

written that ode, than any twenty of mine, that I remember. How is he, and what was his reply to your charge?

Drake. I rejoice to say that I found him right well, and as cordial as ever. He laughingly referred me to his executors. True, said I, I've no doubt they'll find a great many gems among your MSS., but why not let them see the light, before you go? Why not let your brethren crown the living man with laurels, instead of the cold marble?

Pin. And what did he say to that?

Drake. He only laughed again, and poured out for me a glass of as delicious claret, as ever warmed a ghostly stomach, or clarified a ghostly brain. "There," said he, "I consider that worth all the MSS. that lean book-worms ever bent over, all the busts that irritable antiquarians ever squabbled about. Taste it, and if you don't say it is good enough to set before even our great master Shakspeare himself, you are not the ghost I take you for." Finding the case thus hopeless, I changed the subject. But, my dear Pindar, I had far rather listen to the story of your adventures, than be repeating my own. I am sure they must be far more entertaining.

Pin. Not at all; I have nothing to say for myself, worth listening to. To say truth, I had been a very sedentary ghost for some time previous to receiving old Medium's note here.

Drake. And, what has been the nature of your studies?

Pin. Well, somewhat out of my customary line. I have been trying my hand at a comedy.

Drake. Indeed! What do you call it?

Pin. *The Slow Coach.* The principal hero, or rather victim thereof, is no other than that ineffable bore, Priscian. You know him, of course.

Drake. Yes, though I never had the pleasure of meeting him.

Pin. Most fortunate of ghosts! Heaven spare you from any such collision.

Drake. You mean of course, the individual who wrote the poem on *Weights and Measures*.

Pin. The same; he also, you may remember, put the Roman tariff of A.D. 515, into rhyme, and the Constantinople Directory of the following year into hexameters, not to speak of a host of similar narcotics. The old nuisance has been especially hard on me of late; stopping me in the streets, pouncing upon me in lobbies and concert-rooms, and sending me eternal copies of his trashy performances. And, so I was determined at last to have my revenge.

Drake. You have not been unmerciful, I hope.

Pin. Well, I must say, I have made him as ridiculous as I could. He certainly performs some wonderful feats in the course of the piece. In the very first scene, he effectually quiets the nerves of a poor patient with an elegant extract from his epic poem, of Lucretia, preparatory to the extraction of a couple of old aching molars. In the second act, the curtain falls on the snores of a sufferer, whom he has put to rest with a single stanza from his *Tribute to the Memory of Epaminondas*. In the third act, a learned judge sentences a prisoner, duly convicted of arson, to the daily recital for six months, of the first speech of Oxyges, in his tragedy of that name. In the fourth, with ten little lines from his *Ode to Duty*, he triumphantly disperses a crowd, upon which two perusals of the Riot Act, followed up by as many volleys of darts and javelins, had made no impression whatever. What wonders his Muse is to work in the fifth act, I have not yet decided. Couldn't you give me a suggestion, my dear friend?

Drake. Not I, indeed. Excuse me, too, for saying, my dear Pindar, that you are altogether too cruel in this matter. You ought to have more patience with your feebler-witted brethren; you—

Pin. Not so, not so. There can be no punishment too severe for such offences. What right has the old humbug to bore and torment me thus? Let him stick to his Syntax. He is only fit to grub about the roots of a language. His place is in the kitchen of the Muses, among the pots and pans. How dare he show himself in the drawing-room? How dare he—

Drake. My dear brother bard, don't be so fierce, so bitter.

Pin. I can't help it; I am annoyed and vexed, when I think how much of my time has been thrown away on this infernal old gerund-grinder. Confound him; can one never sit and listen to the sweet hymn of the lark, chanting on the summit of Parnassus, without being continually interrupted by the braying of such donkeys as this, at the base of it. But let's change the subject for something more agreeable. We may expect you of course, at the Festival?

Drake. What festival, my friend?

Pin. Why, is it possible you have not received your invitation? As Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, I put your name down myself, among the very first.

Drake. This is the first I have heard of it. But what is it all about?

Pin. Here's the Programme; read for yourself.

Drake. (*Reads.*)

STAR AMARANTH.

TWENTY-NINE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF HOMER.

O DES OF EXERCISES.

Invocation to the Throne of Grace, by Fenelon.
 Grand Hymn and Chorus, Music by Beethoven.
 Opening Address, by Cervantes.
 Birthday Ode, words by Pindar, Music by Mozart.
 Coronation-speech to the Poet, by Shakspeare.

THE BARD'S REPLY.

Grand Coronation Hymn, written and composed by Orpheus.
 Oration, by Cicero.
 Poem, by Tasso.
 Grand Hymn and Chorus, words and music, by Milton.
 Closing Prayer, by Channing.
 Benediction, by Sanchoniatho.

A rich treat certainly, and well worthy of the great occasion. But when and where, is this grand celebration to come off?

Pin. You would have found it duly set forth in your invitation. To-morrow, at high noon, in the Palace of the Villa Clarissima, of our honored friend, Lorenzo the Magnificent, the warm patron and originator of the entertainment.

Drake. How fortunate that I met you. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. What a pity, though, that our excellent host here, can't go with us.

Pin. It is indeed; my dear old friend, however, must see at a glance, the utter impossibility of the thing. If he could only manage to be handsomely dead and buried in the interim, it would delight me to send him a ticket.

W. the Elder. No, I thank you; I am very grateful for the compliment, but I am quite contented to remain where I am, yet awhile. Low as you may consider my tastes, I assure you, I am in no hurry for celestial novelties. Your nectar and ambrosia are, no doubt very pretty propositions, not to speak of the seductive programme just read by brother Drake. Meanwhile, earthly mutton and Madeira for my money, and such singing as Sontag and Badiali can give me.

Pin. Far be it from us, my dear friend, to speak slightly, either of earthly dinners or earthly music; especially after your hearty hospitality. But I must away, to meet the Committee; don't fail us, my dear Drake.

Drake. Not I; meanwhile I must be off to Sunnyside, to see my revered friend Irving. So, good by, old host.

W. the Elder. Bye bye. (*Exeunt.*)

THE GHOST OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

"Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth
 hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
 Which thou dost glare withal!"

Certain of the ancients, according to learned writers, believed that every body had three ghosts, which were separated and released at death. These ghosts were denominated the *manes*, which descended to Pluto, the *spiritus*, which ascended to Heaven, and the *umbra*, or shade, which wandered over the earth. Another, of equally profound antiquity, gives four qualities or principles to man; and they are thus described by an old Latin poet:—

"Bis duo sunt homini, manes, caro, spiritus,
 umbra,
 Quatuor ista loci bis duo suscipiunt:
 Terra tegit carnem, tumulum circumvolat
 umbra,
 Orcus habet manes, spiritus astra petit."

This doctrine was moreover very generally accepted. The Queen of Carthage, it will be remembered, threatened Æneas that her *umbra* should haunt him on earth, while her *manes* would rejoice in his torments. Old Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, thus records the notions of Surius:—"There be certain monsters of hell and places appointed for the punishment of men's souls, as at Hecla in Iceland, where the ghosts of dead men are familiarly seen, and sometimes talk with the living. Saint Gregory, Durand, and the rest of the schoolmen, derive as much from Ætna in Sicily, Lipara, Hiera, and those volcanoes in America, and that fearful Mount Heckleberg in Norway, where lamentable screeches and howlings are continually heard, which strike a terror to the auditors: fiery chariots are continually seen to bring in the souls of men in the likeness of crows, and devils ordinarily goe in and out."

Well then, readers, the ancients believed in ghosts, sometimes to the amount of four for each body. Surely then, some of us may credit the existence of at least one flitting, rapid-moving, uneasy *umbra*; especially when furnished with reliable proofs of the same.

There are always doubters in the world, especially where ghosts are concerned. Despite, too, the evidences of spiritualism which are particularly active in our day, the number of unbelievers is much larger than that of believers. We cannot say that we are exactly a believer, even though the facts touching the Ghost of St. Stephen's have been for some days in our possession. They were communicated to us by the worthy Rector of

that honored church; a gentleman who holds a most exalted position as a scholar and man, and whose offices as a christian minister have long been highly valued in the community.

But, to our story:

It was a beautiful day in the autumn of 18—, when the most excellent Rector afore-said, as had been his habit for a long time previously, repaired to his church, in order that he might enjoy without interruption a profound book. The time was somewhere between noon and night. He entered the church by his own private door, which is on the north, or grave-yard side; a very gloomy, dark spot, even on sunshiny days.

The Rector's thoughts were abstracted, and he proceeded through the outer-door and quite up to that of the chancel within, as it were, mechanically. The curtains* in the building were all down, and a sombre and melancholy hue, everywhere prevailed.—Coming from the bright sunshine into such a subdued light, the natural sense of darkness was rendered all the keener; aided as it was, too, by deserted aisles, vacant pews, and an unbroken quiet, peculiar to the time and the place.

The Rector, we say, had reached the chancel door, had opened it to enter, when, casting his eyes to the opposite end of the church, a tall figure, clothed in white, flitted across the space between the north and south walls. The movement of the object was altogether shadowy, and seemingly of lightning quickness. It was no optical delusion, and we suspect the Rector, for a moment at least, felt all the poet paints, when she says:

"A horrid spectre rises to my sight,
Close by my side, plain and palpable,
In all good seeming and close circumstance,
As man meets man."

He was not a believer in spirits; he looked upon the story of them, indeed, as

—"Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale,
Which children, open-ey'd and mouth'd, de-
vour."

Yet, certainly he had seen a most startling form clothed all in white, which, with dimly-defined hazy outline, had glided before him. Could it be in reality, a ghost? Had he truly beheld one from the spirit-world?—Reason said no; the whole philosophy of life said no. But then, there it had gone; the eye had contained a something, which certainly had a very ghostlike glide, as it darted athwart the church.

*Before St. Stephen's Church, was refitted, or made in its interior the elegant whole it now is, with stained-glass lights, gilded chancel, &c., its windows were hung with blue curtains.

The Rector now passed around the chancel and walked down the middle aisle, saying as he did so:—

"Who's there? Why don't you answer? What do you want here? Answer I say; who are you?"

To these inquiries there was no response, but the most death-like stillness. The Rector thought the matter all the stranger for this; indeed, it began to wear, even in his cool mind, quite a supernatural aspect.—Again he spoke, after pausing a moment in the aisle:—

"Who are you, I say? Why don't you answer me? Answer, and come forth."

Still no response.

The Rector at this moment very readily might have perceived that an increased darkness gathered about him, while the church became chilled in its atmosphere. Perhaps he did so; but he makes no confession of such conviction. He now had reached the very spot where the figure had disappeared, and immediately commenced searching the pews thereabout.

Long he looked, and yet without even an approach to a solution of what now seemed to him evident mystery. At last, he resolved to abandon the hunt, and was just on the point of retracing his steps to the chancel, when he saw, crouched down under the seat of a pew which he had overlooked, partly concealed by the curtains of the cushion, what was evidently the object he sought. It wore the form of a female. Not a motion did it make, but seemed a very statue; the statue of a daughter of Eve, doubled up into the smallest space imaginable. However, as to sex, spirits, it will be remembered, assume either that of men or women, as they please; for the poet hath it:

"Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease,
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please."

The Rector saw the figure crouched under the seat, we say, and hesitated not to speak to it, thus:

"Who are you? What—do—you—want?"

Again was there no reply. Nay, not a movement of the mysterious object indicated that it was alive. There was no use for further delay. The Rector must, would be satisfied, even though he confronted what seemed most likely a denizen of the charnel house.

He now leaned forward, and touched the white drapery in which the object was clothed. As he did so, the figure moved, and he discovered two wild eyes deeply set in sunken sockets, glaring upon him. Around the head of the figure, and passing down over the ears, to a meeting point under the chin, was a white kerchief, just after the

fashion of those which are placed upon the dead.

Imagine the scene! There stood the Rector in the dark, gloomy stillness of the church, and crouching down at his feet, the quivering object we have described. Its bony hands were uplifted, as if imploring mercy, yes mercy; while still those piercing eyes, lighting up hollow cheeks of ashy paleness, glared forth with overpowering wildness. Almost any other man would have trembled; but not so the Rector. He was cool, collected; had been used to trying scenes, and evinced a determination to meet calmly the worst that might now happen. Again, he spoke:

"Who—are—you? What—do—you—want?"

The object still made no reply, but only looked more fearful out of those eyes, while there was even a stronger expression of suing for mercy.

Again spoke the Rector: this time, too, most authoritatively:

"What—brought—you—here,—I—say?"

"MR. CRAGG SENT ME HERE, TO SWEEP THE CHURCH,"

Replied a tremulous voice.

The mystery was now explained; the excellent sexton of St. Stephen's, Mr. Cragg, had occasionally been accustomed to employ a poor woman to sweep the church. She was engaged in the work, when the Rector suddenly entered by his private door. Not wishing him to see her, attired as she was, with her gown gathered up about her waist, and a handkerchief over her head, she had darted under cover as he entered. When he called her, she was too much agitated to reply; indeed, having concluded to conceal herself, she hoped to escape discovery altogether, and therefore was silent. We got our story, we repeat, from the worthy Rector, who may be said to be its hero; and, it may be relied on as strictly true. "You may print it in BIZARRE," said he, "if you choose." The reader will see we did choose. There has, we opine, in conclusion, been many, many a poorer hobgoblin tale told than the "Ghost of St. Stephen's."

CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIME.

Merry Christmas time is hurrying around. Indeed, before we issue another number of BIZARRE, it will have nearly come. It has been no doubt, denominated *Christ-Mass*, from the appellative Christ having been added to the name of Jesus, to express that he was the Messiah, or the Anointed. The Mass of Christ, as originally used by the Church, implied solely the festival celebrated, in which sense it was applied to

Christ's Mass. At that period of the incarnation or birth of Jesus, the Roman Calendar, or register of time, had undergone considerable alterations, in order to make it accord with the true course of the sun; but the regulations of Julius, and afterwards of Augustus Cæsar, were subsequently found to be insufficient. Hence arose that inaccuracy, which has been so often lamented, in keeping the day of our Lord's Nativity.

The sports of Christmas are very different now, from what they were in olden time, among our English ancestry, of whose doings in what follows, we shall endeavor to give a description. Our facts are gathered, as we should add, from a source entitled to the highest consideration as authority, and which many of our readers may have already met.

In England we find, in the earliest accounts we have of the state of the island, that the Druids celebrated during the winter solstice the rites in honor of Thor, one of the Scandinavian deities; and some few of the customs by which the festivities of Christmas were characterized in later times may be traced to the established ceremonies in honor of that heathen deity. Thus the practice of adorning the house with mistletoe, has been derived from the use of that plant in the druidical ceremonies; and other customs which obtained in this country but a few years since, are referable to the same origin.

Among the many customs which prevailed at the period of Christmas in the days of Elizabeth, the investiture of a person with the power and privileges of assembling a number of persons, and teaching them tricks, tumbling, and fantastic performances, for the purpose of amusing the peasantry, and indeed the higher classes, is one of the most remarkable. This jocular personage was styled the "Lord of Misrule," or "Abbot of Unreason;" and by custom of long continuance, connived at by the authorities of Church and State, he was permitted to lead the vulgar who desired to enlist under his banner, whithersoever he pleased in search of fun and ludicrous adventures. Even at Court, and at the houses of the principal nobility, this officer was appointed to superintend and direct the Christmas revellings, and his reign of folly generally lasted a month or more, commencing early in the month of December, and not terminating until the "morrow after the Feast of the Purification," on the 2d of February. These worthies were also appointed in solemn conclave by the principal inhabitants of a village or parish, to represent the wit and folly of the place. But it is probable, that the Lords of Misrule appointed by parishes, and by the less wealthy personages, were more confined in their powers, than those

who were appointed and protected by the more powerful noblemen, or by the monarch.

The puritanical Stubbs, in his "Anatomic of Abuses," descants with much fervor on the proceedings of this "heathen companie." He is describing a parish festivity. "First of all the wild heades of the parish, flocking together, chuse them a graunde captain of *mischiefe*, whom they ennoble with the title of *Lord of Misrule*; and him they crown with great solemnity, and adopt for their king. This king *annoynted* chooseth forth twentie, forty, threescore, or an hundred lustie guttes, like to himself, to waite upon his lordly majesty, and to guard his noble person. Then, every one of these men he investeth with his liveries of greene, yellow, or some other light wanton colour, and, as though they were not gawdie ynouf, they bedecke themselves with scarffes, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with gold ringes, pretious stones, and other jewels. This done they tie about either legge, twentie or fourtie belles, with rich handkerchiefs in their handes, and sometimes laid across over their shoulders and neckes, borrowed for the most part of their prettier Mopsies and loving Bessies. Thus, all things set in order, then they have their *hobby-horses*, their *dragons*, and other antiques, together with their pipers and thundering drummers, to strike up the devil's daunce withal. Then march this heathen companie towards the church, their pypers pyping, their drummers thundering, their stumpies dauncing, their bells jynghing, their handkerchiefs fluttering about their heads like madmen, their hobby-horses and other monsters, skirmishing amongst the throng; and in this sorte they go to church, though the minister be at prayer, or preaching, dauncing and singing like devils incarnate, with such a confused noise that no man can heare his own voice. Then the foolish people they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleere, and mount upon the formes and pewes, to see these goodly pageants solemnized."

The irascible Mr. Stubbs goes on to declaim against the practice of rewarding these mummers, with so much feeling, that we should suppose he had himself been applied to, and perchance roughly handled on his refusal to sanction such "terrestrial furies."

"Then for the further innobling of this honorable *lurdane*, lord I should say, they have certaine papers, wherein is painted some babeterie (childish, trifling nonsense,) or other of imagerie worke, and these they call my *Lord of Misrule's* badges or cognizances. These they give to every one that will give them money to maintain them in their heathenish devilrie (how many worthy

antiquaries are there who would now empty their purses to possess such a relic of olden times); and who will not show himself buxome to them and give them money, they shall be mocked and flanted shamefully; yea, and many times carried upon a cowlstaffe, and dived over head and eares in water, or otherwise most horribly abused. And so besotted are some that they not only give them money, but weare their badges or cognizances in their caps or hats openly. Another sort of fantastickal fooloes bring to these *helhounds*, the Lord of Misrule and his 'complices, some bread, some good ale, some new cheese, some old cheese, some custardes, some cracknels, some cakes, some flauns, some tartes, some creame, some meat, some one thing, some another."

We have no doubt that an assemblage of persons under so little control as that of the "Lord of Misrule," seldom separated without some rough or dangerous mischief, having been perpetrated. Yet the institution in itself was innocent enough, and calculated to lighten the severities to which the rude peasantry were exposed at this inclement season; and had it been under proper superintendence and control, such a system for the exercise of joyful amusements might be encouraged without ill effects occurring to the people from its existence. With respect to the appearance and proceedings of this motley assemblage, Sir W. Scott has given a very lively and amusing description:—

"The appearance of the crowd was grotesque in the extreme. It was composed of men, women, and children, ludicrously disguised in various habits, and presenting groups equally diversified and ludicrous. Here one fellow, with a horse's head painted before him and a tail behind, and the whole covered with a long foot-cloth, which was supposed to hide the body of the animal, ambled, caracoled, pranced, and plunged, as he performed the celebrated part of the hobby-horse, so often alluded to in our ancient drama; and which still flourishes on the stage in the battle that concludes Bayes's tragedy. To rival the address and agility displayed by this character, another personage advanced, in the more formidable character of a huge dragon, with gilded wings, open jaws, and a scarlet tongue, cloven at the end, which made various efforts to overtake and devour a lad, dressed as the lovely Sabæa, daughter of the king of Egypt, who fled before him; while a martial St. George, grotesquely armed with a goblet for a helmet, and a spit for a lance, ever and anon interfered, and compelled the monster to relinquish his prey. A bear, a wolf, and one or two other wild animals, played their parts with the discretion of Snug the joiner; for the decided preference which they gave to the

use of their hind legs was sufficient, without any formal annunciation, to assure the most timorous spectators that they had to do with habitual bipeds. There was a group of outlaws with Robin Hood and little John, at their head—the best representation exhibited at the time; and no great wonder, since most of the actors were, by profession, the banished men and thieves, whom they represented. Other masqueraders there were, of a less marked descriptions. Men were disguised as women, and women as men—children wore the dress of aged people, and tottered with crutch-sticks in their hands, furred-gowns on their little backs, and caps on their round heads—while grandsires assumed the infantine tone, as well as the dress of children. Besides these, many had their faces painted, and wore their shirts over the rest of their dress; while colored pasteboards and ribands, furnished out decorations for others. Those who wanted all these properties blacked their faces and turned their jackets inside out; and thus the transmutation of the whole assembly into a set of mad, grotesque mummers, was at once completed.

Mummings and masqueradings were from a very early period great favorites with the English people. Kings and princes, the clergy, the gravest, as well as the most lively, were equally delighted with these amusements. We find frequent entries in the inventories of the fifteenth century, and even earlier, of sums paid for suits of buckram and vizors, to represent animals, angels, devils, &c., according to the fancy of the wearers. At periods of festivity, especially at Christmas, the practice of dressing-up and enacting mumming pageants prevailed to a great extent throughout the country, every one who could afford such an entertainment hiring a troop of professional mummers to entertain his friends; and even when such an expense could not be supported, the parties frequently blackened their faces and otherwise disguised themselves, and performed various frolicsome games for the amusement of their friends at Christmas, or, going through the village from house to house, made themselves merry at the expense of their neighbors. Then there were many ancient customs, the origin of most of which is involved in great obscurity, with which the Christmas party was wont to be amused. One of these, always observed with great pomp, was that of placing a boar's head on the great hall table, when a large party of relatives and friends were assembled at their Christmas dinner. We have many accounts of the manner in which this jovial ceremony was usually performed. England has ever been celebrated for its substantial dinners, and many of its most curious ceremonies or pompous exhibitions are con-

nected with her feasts and entertainments. The abundance of substantial viands with which the tables at the great festive exhibitions of the fifteenth century were covered may be conceived from the following account of the installation-feast of George Neville, the brother of the Earl of Warwick, when he was inducted into the Archbishopric of York:—"A hundred and four oxen and six wild bulls, a thousand sheep, three hundred and four calves, as many swine, two thousand pigs, five hundred stags, bucks and roes, and two hundred and four kids, formed the solid basis of the entertainment. Of fowls, large and small, rare and common, wild and tame, there were twenty-two thousand five hundred and twelve. These were aided by mountains of fish, pasties, tarts, custards and jellies; and three hundred quarters of wheat formed the vegetable portion of the banquet. The quantity of liquids corresponded to that of the solids, consisting of three hundred tuns of ale, a hundred tuns of wine, and a pipe of hippocras. Besides which, there were twelve porpoises and seals."

From the time of the Saxons, whose wealth consisted principally in large herds of swine, the boar has been held in particular esteem by the English; and on Christmas-day, it was always the first dish brought on table. Placed in a capacious dish and ornamented with sprigs of bay and rosemary, the huge head was borne in by the sewer, preceded by trumpeters, fifers and drummers, who made the old hall echo with their minstrelsy, while the attendants shouted and huzzaed, and a person specially appointed for the occasion, proceeded to chant a collection of rude rhymes in praise of the favorite dish, in which he was supported by the guests, who, joining in the chorus, shouted at the top of their voices, until from exhaustion, they were compelled to recruit their voices from the flowing tankards of brown ale.

One of these old songs has been preserved in a curious book printed by Wynkin de Worde, in 1521, entitled "Christmasse Carolles."

A CAROL:—BRYNGING IN THE BOAR'S HEADE.

*"Caput Apri deferro
Reddenti laudes Domino."*

"The Bore's head in bande bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary,
I pray you all singe merrily,
Qui estis in convivio.

The Bore's head, I understande,
Is the cheifs service in the lande,
Loke wherever it be fande,
Servite cum Cantico.

Be gladde, lords, both man and lasse,
For this hath ordayned our stewards
To chere you all this Christmasse,
The Bore's head with mustarde."

Sir W. Scott has elegantly alluded to the custom in the following lines on Christmas lines:—

"The fire, with well-dried logs supply'd,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge tall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving man;
Then the prim bore's head frowned on high;
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the bear;
While round the merry wassel-bowl,
Garnished with ribbons, blithe did trowl."

Then there was another curious ceremony, viz: that of bringing in the great Yule or Christmas Clog, or Block, which placed on the massive "dogs" or upright supports on either side the hearth, was destined to warm and illumine the great hall or dining-apartment. The Yule Clog (the word Yule, by which Christmas was often designated, is supposed to be derived from *giul*, the name by which the Feast of Thor at this time of the year was known to the Saxons, who so called it from *iol*, or *ol*, signifying *ale*)—the Yule log was selected from one of the largest trees in the park of the proprietor whose house was to be enlivened by its consumption, and, accompanied by a number of dependants bearing large candles, it was dragged with much state and rejoicing on Christmas-eve into the apartment in which it was burned. The attendant customs of drinking ale and celebrating the occasion with music may be gathered from the following carol, which occur in Herrick's "Hesperides":—

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMASSE.

"Come, bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boys,
The Christmasse log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring!

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psaltries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-tending.

Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loafe here,
That while the meat is a-shredding
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by,
To fill the paste that's a-kneading."

We might describe many other customs which enlivened the natural gloomy season of Christmas in the olden time, and pursue the subject until lost in the gloom of anti-

quity, were we sure that our readers would follow us with as much alacrity as we ourselves should feel in the pursuit. We might show how little images of the Virgin Mary and Infant Christ, made of paste, and called the *Yule Pough*, or *Pow*, were formerly carried about the towns, and presented by the bakers to their customers; how the minstrels made their progress through the village singing their carols, and praying for the health and success of the inhabitants; how the wassail-bowen, decorated with ribands, was paraded from door to door, accompanied by the most beautiful damsels, singing with dulcet voices verses composed for the occasion; and how every one, from the highest to the lowest, greeted each other with presents and good wishes. These, and many more matters connected with the subject, might we descant upon, did we not deem our readers to be somewhat more impatient than we, in the delight of our antiquarian studies, profess to be. We shall not therefore pursue the subject further at present.

SCRAPS.

As it is likely that none of our readers have ever waded through the torrent of sour small beer, the opposing parties have poured forth respectively upon General Scott and General Pierce, in the late campaign, we have taken the trouble to condense a few of their accusations into a reasonable space, regretting that we have no room for many minor charges. These unfortunate generals have been accused of treason, cowardice, sacrilege, murder, highway robbery, arson, picking pockets, forgery, misdemeanor, grand larceny, petty larceny, burglary, embezzlement, obtaining money under false pretences, parricide, matricide, fratricide, infanticide, homicide, and suicide; conspiracy, libel, barratry, embezzlement, breaking church windows, being drunk and disorderly, incapable, riotous conduct at Sontag's concerts, pawning goods from their lodgings, abducting slaves to Canada and kidnapping free negroes; smoking in omnibusses, poisoning General Taylor, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster, cutting telegraph wires, selling sausages of dog's meat, selling by false weights, opening letters, altering election returns, tickling their soldiers to death, secretly corresponding with Santa Anna, stripping children; selling painted sparrows for canaries, horse stealing, dog stealing, pot stealing, common assault, aggravated assault, assault with intent to kill, keeping a gambling house, keeping gun powder and saltpetre stored in their lodgings; setting fire to the Henry Clay, obstructing railroad tracks, carrying umbrellas in the market, dropping orange peel on the pavement, cutting the

benches in the public squares, riding in first class cars to New York having only paid second class fare to Bordentown; frightening children, stealing a play actress' monkey, sending threatening letters, contributing to the Sunday papers; defrauding the customs, bulling and bearing the stocks, poisoning confectionary, uttering counterfeit gold dollars, and clipping the coin; smuggling tobacco, receiving stolen goods, shop lifting, flogging apprentices, and puffing at mock auctions.

These offences were committed at different times since the discovery of America, and in different parts of the world, including the North and South Poles, the top of Chimborazo, and the bottom of the crater of *Ætna*. What awful sinners the poor Generals must have been!

The Orientals have a tradition, that the various medicinal plants sprang from the bitter tears of penitence shed by Adam upon the earth, which had been accursed through him, during the first century of his exile from Eden.

Another of their traditions is, that the beautiful, fragrant flowers and aromatic shrubs, were produced by the tears of gratitude let fall by our first parents during the second century of their exile, when they found that their prayers had been heard and their sorrows accepted.

The Arabs believe, that in primeval Eden grew trees bearing gold and silver and precious stones; that beneath these trees man first harbored thoughts of sin, in consequence of which these trees were banished from the surface and buried in the bowels of the earth.

Here are some bits of wisdom in prose and verse, which are gathered from various sources:

If we could open and intend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy,
Even in a bush, the radiant Deity.

The most brilliant victory is only the light of a conflagration, which the tears of suffering humanity slake into a smoke—the faithful emblem of its miscalled glory.

Experience is the light in the ship's stern, shining on dangers past, but not foreshowing dangers to come.

In Queen Elizabeth's time, the surface of society was embossed with hieroglyphics, and poetry existed in act.

The human race are all children, and require leading strings and a guardian. Their reason reposes continually in the soft cradle of imagination, and their senses stand at its side and rock it.

BIZARRE AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

We have received from M. W. DODD, of New York, a package of books, among which we note:—

1st. *THE WORLD'S LACONICS*, by EVERARD BERKELY.

It purports to be a selection from the best thoughts of authors of all times and all nations, and is a species of book which when well executed, is for many purposes valuable. It enables you to commune not merely with one of the immortals in his most genial mood, but with a whole host of those glories of humanity in their wisest and most felicitous moments. Forarousing thought; for inbreathing consolation; for quickening dulness and depression and communicating strength; such a volume is inestimable and is the best of companions both at home and abroad.

Mr. Berkely has executed the task of compilation and selection admirably well; far better, indeed, than most who have preceded him in this department; and thus produced a volume for which the whole community owes him warmest thanks. And the worth of the volume is still further enhanced by the introduction of Rev. Dr. Sprague, eminent in all good works and words.

2d. *THE EARLY DAYS OF ELISHA*, translated from the German of F. W. Krummacher.

A charming volume, as all would anticipate, who had ever met with the author's "Parables," or, indeed, any of his other writings. It is, in fact, an unrhymed poem, in which imagination is made to fulfill its highest purpose, that of clothing wisdom with beauty, and of imparting attractiveness to piety and goodness. He takes up successively the events of a portion of the Prophet's life, and unfolds their significance and manifold relations, and by showing us virtue and holiness in living manifestation, sets them home to our perceptions and feelings with a vividness and force not otherwise to be attained.

Krummacher is thoroughly German, though in the best sense of that term. The un-ideal and prose-natured may find in him, not a little for which they have no taste or relish. But they who sympathise with the excellencies of the Teutonic genius,—and these, we think, constitute a majority of the intelligent and cultivated,—will read this book with genuine delight, as well as profit. Indeed we believe the number must be small, of any class, who will fail to derive both pleasure and advantage from such a storehouse of wisdom and beauty.

3d. *LIGHT IN A DARK ALLEY*, by HENRY A. ROWLAND.

This little volume carries us back thirty years or more to our childish days, when we

were accustomed to hear from the pulpit and the "conference-room," precisely the doctrines here discussed, and occasionally to encounter books, which handled them in the same way. Now, we seldom hear such doctrines or meet with such books,—a fact which seems to indicate that our author is, in some respects, behind even his fellow believers.—Justice, however, exacts of us to say, that the volume is written in a lucid, simple style; that the reasonings are put with considerable ability, so that they, who admit the premises, will find it hard to escape the conclusions; and finally, that to those harmonising in faith with the writer, his work fairly deserves to be acceptable.

4th. A SEQUEL TO THE FEMALE JESUIT, by MRS. S. LUKE.

It seems that this volume is a continuation of another, which was occupied with the history of the same person who figures in this. This person was a young woman, who lied, swindled, played the hypocrite, &c., &c., for no reason, we are informed, save an innate love of these iniquities. The tale may be true, or may be false, but in either case it is a very disagreeable one, and one that puzzles us to account for its having been written at all. Had clergymen and clergymen's wives no better employment, than to hunt up and chronicle the frauds and falsities of a young girl of ill repute? Could they do no better work for the world than to publish such a chronicle for its perusal?

In the "present state of our knowledge," we disapprove of this book altogether, and regard those concerned in preparing it as deserving grave censure.

THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT, by CAROLINE CHESBRO'.

This young lady has been received by the public with much favor, and the critical press has bestowed strong commendations upon her productions. And yet we have never been satisfied with the estimate awarded her. We should rank her far higher than she is usually ranked. We regard her as a woman of extraordinary genius,—as standing undeniably first among our rising female writers. She possesses the poetic and the philosophic, the creative and the analytic faculties in nearly equal degrees,—quite a rare union—and thus, while excelling in the sketching of character, she also amazes us by the sharpness and profundity of her insight, and her infallible skill in bringing to light the most hidden motives and feelings. The present work is, we think, a decided advance on her two previous ones, and we thought them overflowing with power and beauty. Asia, Vesta, and Abby are genuine creations, of almost the Shakspearian

class. Were we to breathe any fault, it would be, that in two successive volumes she has made a "fallen woman" the heroine.—We had occasion, recently, to censure Miss Alice Carey on the same ground. No doubt such persons are legitimate subjects for a literary work. But cannot these ladies find better? In a young, forming country, marching onward to a stupendous destiny, we could wish, that two such geniuses, qualified by nature to illuminate, to guide, to mould, might fling themselves into the current of our national tendencies, and thus write from the inspiration of youth and hope, instead of brooding over themes of sin and despair.—Let us, in all respect and kindly wishes, beg of our distinguished authors to think of this!

We are indebted to REDFIELD for this volume.

KNICK KNACKS, by LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

This long-promised volume comes to us at last, through Messrs. HENDERSON & Co. It is too late in the day to undertake giving any account of its contents, as it were "wearisome iteration" to heap commendations thereupon. Every body, who reads at all, reads the "Editor's Table, in the *Knickerbocker*, and no one reads but to admire. We are very glad brother Clark has brought these miscellanies into a volume. It is an excellent companion; containing as it does something adapted to make us happier and better in whatever mood we may be. The Editor must, we are sure, have in his desk "more of the same sort." If so, he will hardly be excusable, if he does not give them to the public. The publishers, Messrs. Appleton & Co., deserve credit for the elegant manner in which they have done their part of the "Knick Knacks." We have never seen a prettier work.

REGAL ROME, by Prof. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN.

They who are fond of antiquarian research, will find a "feast of fat things" in this little book. Especially so, if their antiquarian propensities take a classical turn.—The book shows marks of deep and faithful study, and a patient collation of authorities; and therefore deserves all the credit due to these.

For ourselves, since Nichbur proved that ancient Roman history was all a fable, and that the many heroic acts of the early Romans were but poetic inventions, we have felt little desire to direct our attention that way. REDFIELD also sends us this volume.

THACKERAY'S BOOKS.

With Thackeray the present is, in very truth, a golden season, both literally and metaphorically, or in respect of fame and profit. On both sides the Atlantic and by

both his printed and his spoken words, he is gathering a plentiful harvest of applause and coin. So be it. Richly does he merit all he gets in either kind, a judgment not ours alone, but one to which the public at large respond with unwonted unanimity.

We have now lying before us two of Thackeray's latest published works, viz:—"SKETCHES IN IRELAND," from T. B. PETERSON, of our city; and "HENRY ESMOND," from the BROTHERS HARPER, New York.

Both these books have already been so repeatedly and so largely commented upon by the critics, that it were superfluous for us to say more than a very few words. Both will be found interesting, nor does either detract from, if it does not greatly augment, the already ample fame of the author.

The "Sketches" exhibit in a somewhat new field that keen observation, which seizes all the essential points in whatever is presented to it, and that sound logical judgment, which deduces therefrom the most exact conclusions. Of Ireland and its people the reader will learn from this volume more than he knew before, and he will be pleased to find valid reasons to think better of the latter than many previous writers would fain have him.

"Henry Esmond" treats of times and persons, in which on many accounts we feel special interest; the times of the Spectator, the Tatler, of Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke, Pope and Marlborough. In the artistic handling of his huge mass of materials, our author is, perhaps, not quite faultless. But that he has made a charming book is undeniable.—There are specimens in it of characterization almost Shakspearian, as for instance Lady Castlemore, Beatrix and Marlborough. We hardly know where to look for such a portrait, as that of the last of these. And it is hardly needful to say, that everywhere you find those inimitable strokes of unmalignant satire and those genial touches of humanity, for which our author is remarkable.

On the whole, both volumes are a valuable addition to our belles lettres stores.

MUSICAL BIZARRE.

PERELLI'S SOIREE—MUSICAL FUND—PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, &c.

WE INTENDED to give a somewhat particular notice of Perelli's opening soirée, brief allusion to which we made in our last number; but find that for good and sufficient reasons, which it is unnecessary to state, we cannot. The entertainment was in every way brilliant, while it was also enjoyed by a large but still select company. Among the gentlemen who sang, and who particularly impressed us, were Messrs. S. and D. The first possesses a glorious *baritone*, which he uses with

marked skill and taste, while the latter indicates that he has the very soul of music within him, which he succeeds often in expressing most happily. The young ladies acquitted themselves charmingly, showing clearly the ability of the teacher, and their own readiness in drawing in the genius of music. We could write a page at least about the admirable efforts of a lovely *brunette*, who executed the *Polka Aria* from "Le Tre Nozze," and the *finale* of "Sonambula." We thought her long ago without even a rival among the very clever amateurs of our city; we now pronounce her equal, if not superior, to the majority of professional singers. There is a delicacy of style, a graceful ease of manner about her, which peculiarly distinguish her. We never hear her sing, we may add, whatever be the quality of those who take part with her, without realizing the words of the poet, when he says:—

—"She to higher hopes
Was destined—in a finer mould was wrought,
And tempered with a purer, brighter flame."

There was another who charmed us, as she always does with her sweet flexible voice, and vivacious, yet lady-like manner. She executed a cavatina or two—one from "Sonambula"—and sustained a difficult soprano part in a Trio, with the best effects. There was a lively little *blonde*, too, who performed her part in a duett, to the satisfaction of all. They say she has a perch on the other bank of the Schuylkill. Let us say to her as we doubt not do many of her admirers, at least in thought:—

"Bird of the pure and dewy morn!
How soft thy heavenward lay,
Floats up where life and light are borne
Around the rosy day."

The other young ladies who had parts in the programme, did credit to themselves and their teachers. One in particular executed a duett from "Don Pasquale" with Perelli himself in truly admirable style. The *maestro* indeed in this effort indicated no ordinary comic ability, thus surprising happily those who knew him best.

THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH concert of the Musical Fund Society, given at their Hall on the evening of December the 3d, was well attended. Among the *artistes* who appeared were the M'lles Tourny, M'le Camille Urso, Sig. Cortesi and Sig. Foghel.

M'lles Mina and Louisa Tourny sang one or two duetts very prettily. The latter also executed an aria from *L'Italiana in Algieri* quite respectably, showing at least good points as an *artiste*. Her "Polish Mother's Cradle Song" was the gem of the evening, however, though it won but little applause. Signor Cortesi showed himself to be a nervous little gentleman, with an uncommonly correct

idea as to how music should be rendered, but without the ability to put those ideas into execution. Moreover he worried himself so much about the *orchestré* that we expected every moment he would spring up and possess himself of Meignen's baton. Signor G. Foghel, the violinist, showed great adroitness in fingering his instrument, doing at times the most surprising things. Everything he did, however, was Foghel, nothing but Foghel; and as a piece of digital dexterity his performances are without a rival. He will be a good card to travel with our friend Barnum's Managerie. Now come we to Camille Urso, a very bright looking little girl, who appeared on the occasion in notice dressed in white cambric frock trimmed with blue ribbons and sash, and pantalettes. She appeared, indeed, as she is, a mere child, but still a wonderful child. Her performances elicited the most unbounded applause; indeed, an encore of her first piece was warmly demanded. Pity Camille was not managed well when she came over. We consider that there never has appeared on our shores a greater wonder. Had Barnum taken her up, he would have secured for himself another fortune. It was really interesting to see this child stand up as she did at the concert in notice, and execute the most difficult arrangements of De Beriot and Artot so gracefully, so artistically, and with an *aplomb* greater than Sig. Ole Bull himself possesses. We would add in conclusion that the *orchestré* under Meignen acquitted themselves most admirably, while Professor Cross imparted his usual grace and effect to the piano accompaniments.

THE FIRST CONCERT of the PHILHARMONIC took place on the evening of the 4th, presenting to us Madame Rose De Vries, the celebrated *prima donna*, Mr. Frazor, the well-known tenor, and Mr. Flemmer, a violinist. The first all admire who know what is good singing. We may add that she acquitted herself throughout this concert if possible better than usual. Mr. Frazor was welcomed back heartily, after quite an absence from our shores. His vocal efforts were successful, too, certainly, in presenting forcibly to the large audience the "light of other days." The Hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. We should add that the performances of the *orchestré* under the brilliant Mr. Cross, were unusually fine, indeed, their execution were generally so admirable that one or two of the pieces were encoired. The managers of the Philharmonic promise us the present season an uncommon round of attraction, and as experience teaches us that they perform all they promise, we may hence expect from them unusual things. Look then for glorious doings in our musical world.

ALBONI, we learn, is as attractive as ever. Her rich notes are always precious to our lovers of music. We have it not in our power in our present number, to say anything of her concerts. We shall do so perhaps hereafter.

MR. ADOLPH SCHMITZ, an esteemed professor of music, has commenced a series of Juvenile Concerts, at the Sansom Street Hall. His son Charlie, the Violoncellist, of nine years old, and his little sisters, form the centre of a company of young amateur artists, who make up Mr. Schmitz's bill. The enterprise merits encouragement.

FOREIGN PAPERS state that Louis Napoleon has issued an Imperial *ukase* in protection of the musical theatres, prohibiting the performance of any opera-morceaux at the *cafés* where vocal music forms part of the evening's attractions. There is already, it is added, a murmur concerning a Coronation Mass to be prepared by, if not already bespoken from, M. Auber.—The London *Athenæum* gives the following odd passage signed by M. Blanchard from a recent number of the *Gazette Musicale*:—"M. Lefebure-Wély assured us recently that he had consented to remain as organist at St. Roch, only on the express condition that he should never play the least fugue." The *Athenæum* adds:—"Really such a devotion to high taste in Art claims a new epithet for its characterization! Betwixt the Wagners who write what is expressly destructive of the art of singing, and instrumentalists who bind themselves solemnly to abstain from the special use of their instruments, a new era is likely to set in sufficiently cheerful and promising. Fortunately, the race of organists not quite so far advanced as M. Lefebure-Wély is not extinct." Your musical people sometimes take strange airs, and employers are obliged too frequently to submit to them.

The *Osservatore Triestino* speaks in high strains of two Mdles. Sulzer, a German *soprano* and a *contralto*, who has been singing at Trieste. A daughter of the Madame Gazzaniga who has for some time past been considered as one of the best *prime donne* now singing in Italy, is said by the foreign Journals to have created an extraordinary *furor* in Bologna as *Norma*.

WORLD-DOINGS AND WORLD SAYINGS.

— ACCORDING to a report made in one of the papers, Professor Buchanan, in an interesting lecture before the Mechanics' Institute of Cincinnati, makes the following observations upon the average duration of life, the effect in part of medical science. In the

latter part of the sixteenth century, one half of all that were born, died under five years of age, and the average longevity of the whole population was but eighteen years. In the seventeenth century, one-half of the whole population died under twelve. But in the first sixty years of the eighteenth century, one half of the population lived over twenty-seven years. In the latter forty years, one half exceeded thirty-two years of age. At the beginning of the present century, one half exceeded forty years, and from 1838 to 1845, one half exceed forty-three. The average longevity of these successive periods has been increased from 18 years in the sixteenth century up to 43.7 by our last reports. These facts are derived from the medical statistics of Geneva. It is added that applied to this country, such an improvement as is here exhibited from 1500 to 1845, would make a variation in our bills of mortality, of more than half a million, or 1,500 deaths daily.

— THE LONDON *Athenæum* lauds most extravagantly, the last volume of Bancroft's History of the United States. It says for instance, of those chapters which are devoted to England, its history, constitution, and modes of thought and of political action, that they are "highly interesting as literary efforts, and become doubly so as conveying the ideas of an intelligent American considered in his own country the ideal of a patriotic writer, on the people with whom his nation was about to enter on a contest of life and death. Except in the case of writers who, to use Canning's satirical description of certain patriots, are 'the friends of every country save their own,' we know not where to look for so highly appreciative a picture 'from an enemy.'" Again, touching the march of our empire, as sketched by the historian, the reviewer says: "Mr. Bancroft dwells with a fondness and pride in which many hearts on this side of the world will share, on the irresistible march of the Saxon settler along the whole border line of civilization in the Far West:—and some of his descriptions of this tide-like advance of human life across the desert and the prairie, lake and river, forest and mountain, are amongst the best passages of his book."

— A NEW universal coin is spoken of in the Irish papers. It is of silver, containing 37 parts of that metal to 3 parts of copper. Its weight is one ounce troy, and its value, in the coin of Great Britain and Ireland, is 5s. 2d. The weight is expressed in English, German and French, on one side, and on the reverse the proportions of the two metals in the same languages. Its value, in the existing currencies of twelve countries, is likewise stamped on it thus:—England, 5s. 2d.; America, 1 dollar 19 three-fifth cents; France,

6 francs 39 centimes; Naples, 1 ducat 50 grani; Austria 2 florins, 27 three-fifth kreutzer; Prussia, 1 thaler, 21 two-thirds silver grosschen. On the reverse:—Spain, 1 dollar 5 reals 28 maravedis; Portugal, 1 milrei 71½ reis; Russia, 1 rouble 60 copecks; Holland, 2 gulden 99 cents; Hindostan, 2 rupees 10 annas 10 pice; China, 7 mace 8 candareens 4 four-fifth cash.

— CERTAIN piratical London publishers, are beginning to print all they can lay their hands on of Mrs. Stowe's writings, so popular has "Uncle Tom" made her in England. The lady is quite indignant thereat, it appears; knowing full well that her reputation as a writer must be seriously endangered, if not wrecked by the crude and fragmentary efforts of her youth. Through her London agent, indeed, so troubled was she on the subject, that she expressed a willingness to forego any advantage from the sale of "Uncle Tom" if she could thereby stop the reprinting of "Four Ways of Observing the Sabbath," being selections from the May Flower; but all would not do, the work was published.

— THE FUNERAL ceremonies of the late Duke of Wellington took place in London, came off on the 18th of November. The papers are filled with the details, and we should judge it must have been a great sight. People from all parts of the three kingdoms were present in London in immense numbers. The body was placed in the tomb prepared for it, immediately beneath the great dome of St. Paul's Church. The ceremonies at the tomb were very impressive. Immense sums of money have been expended in giving effect to the funeral pageant; potent influence in winning the homage of man to the memory of the deceased, but poor testimonial enough at the judgment seat of the Most High!

— M. CHARAVAY, the Paris bibliopole and collector, proposed to sell by auction during the present month, his library of autographs and other original MS. papers, connected with the history of France and her revolutions. The collection contains a letter written by Mary Stuart, and another by Henri Quatre. But the greater part of these historical treasures referred to the revolutions and the civil troubles of France. A letter written by Madame Roland after her arrest on the 24th of June, 1793, is very touching and characteristic of the high-spirited lady.

— CAPT. KELLETT of an Arctic expedition from England, now out, writes home, "That when at the mouth of Wellington Channel, he and his officers saw a great number of birds perched on what turned out on examination to be square pieces of whale blubber, which were drifting out of the

channel. They bore every appearance of having been cut from the animal. Captain Kellett came to the conclusion that the Prince Albert was close at hand, but that ship was at the time in Regent's Inlet. The blubber must therefore, have been cut either by Esquimaux, or by Franklin's party.

—THE ATHENÆUM noticing a new edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," lately published in London by Mr. Routledge, without the sanction of the author, Mrs. Stowe, but with a preface by Lord Carlisle, (late Lord Morpeth) says: "We will only add, that we should have preferred seeing the name of a literary nobleman of high character, like the owner of Castle Howard, prefixed to the edition which recognizes at once the wrong of slavery, and the right of literary property." Here is a good hit at the literary pirates of England, which may well be pondered by publishers of the same cast in our country.

—MR. JARED SPARKS has published a rejoinder to Lord Mahon's letters, in answer to a reply to the strictures of his lordship, touching Mr. S.'s editing Washington's writings, in which he vindicates himself, as we think admirably. We have no room for even the briefest extracts from this letter. It was originally published in the *National Intelligencer*, and has since appeared in pamphlet form, which we presume may be had at the bookstores.

—A MONSIEUR ROLLIN lately exhibited before the French Academy, a silk-worm's cocoon of a rose color; remarkable because the color was produced by feeding the worms upon mulberry leaves sprinkled with chico, (*Bignonia chica*.) A cocoon had been exhibited on a former occasion of a blue tint, produced by sprinkling indigo upon the mulberry leaves. The tint in the present case was, however, much stronger than that of the blue cocoon.

—LETTERS from Bonn, announce the death in that city of M. Scholz, Doctor of Catholic Theology in the University, and author of several important works, of which the best known are his "Travels in the Countries between Alexandria and the Ancient Prætorium," and his "Biblio-Critical Tour in France, Palestine, and the Archipelago." He had been attached to the University of Bonn for twenty-nine years, and was in his fifty-ninth year when he died.

—THE DEDICATION of the monument lately erected at Sudbury, (Mass.) to the memory of Captain Wadsworth and others, who fell in an Indian ambush, April 18, 1676, at the commencement of King Philip's war, took place in that town on the 23d ult. His Excellency Gov. Boutwell was present, and made a suitable address, giving a history of the times and wars of Philip.

—AT LEAST a million and a half of per-

sons saw the Wellington procession. The sitting accommodations at the windows and roofs of the various houses on the line served for about 200,000 or 300,000. The Queen and her children looked at it from St. James' Palace. The American Minister joined a party of his countrymen, invited by Mr. Peabody, to the London Coffee House, which is situated within a few hundred yards of the Cathedral.

—THE WASHINGTON Monument is now one hundred and twenty-two feet high, and will in all probability, before the close of the building season, reach the height of one hundred and twenty-four feet. It has yet to reach an additional elevation of three hundred and seventy-six feet to make it what it is intended to be—the most lofty edifice in the world.

—THE AMERICAN Sunday School Union have sold their fine property in Chestnut street, above Sixth, and have purchased another in Chestnut between Eleventh and Twelfth, south side—opposite the Girard Row. They will immediately proceed to build an extensive establishment on the new premises, in which their printing and binding will be executed.

—THE ENGLISH papers announce the death of the Rev. Edward Mangin, Prebendary of Rath, in the diocese of Killaloe. Mr. Mangin was the editor of the impression of Richardson the novelist's works published in nineteen volumes in the year 1811—and the author of a little volume published in 1833, called "Piozziana, or Recollections of Mrs. Piozzi."

—A WORK entitled "Histoire des Crimes de Decembre 2d," has lately appeared in London, which the critics pronounce a most startling account of the late bloody *coup-d'état* in Paris. The author is M. Schœlcher one of the representatives of the people under the Republic.

—A MINIATURE of the Duke of Wellington, painted by Isabey, 1818, was sold at the sale of the Countess d'Hijar's property at Versailles, the other day, for the large price of 10,601*l.*, about 420*l.* The Marquis of Hertford was the purchaser, after a very sharp competition with another bidder.

—It is said that "Tom Hood," before he died, made a sketch for his own monument, which sketch is still in existence. It consists of a square tablet, on which a figure of himself is reclining. A plain moulding surrounds it, and the simple legend is:—

HE SANG THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

—A TERRIBLE storm which raged over Athens for five hours on the 26th ult., brought down, it is stated, one of the antique ornaments of the Grecian capital—a column of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, near the Adrian gate.

—THE FOREIGN journals announce the death of Herr Schneitzh fer—a composer who will be best recollected as having written and arranged the music to the charming ballet of “La Sylphide.”

—TRADE SALES of prints, are about being started in London, to be conducted like those of books.

EDITOR'S CHATTER-BOX.

—Is IT not enough that Railroad Directors are entitled to run trains into each other, sending travellers, incontinently trusting, in quick despatch, prematurely to their graves? By our Venezuelan files, we are informed that the Bishop of Conception, has just died of a surfeit, contracted at a banquet given at the commencement of a railroad from the coast to the interior. If gentlemen concerned in these Goliath undertakings, will not restrict their invitations to laymen, but, (needing that their rails be blessed,) will invite heads spiritual, let them in mercy withdraw too tempting dishes. We should say, for instance, though having little acquaintance with Epicurean philosophy, that a shark's fin was decidedly too rich; stewed owl's brains too flat, a flatness that might only be aggravated by port-wine sauce; Brazil turkeys should appear in moderation, always supposing they shall have been steeped in water for three days previously, by which process, as all true Frenchmen know, the strength is taken out of fowls, while their bodies are rendered unimpeachably white; furthermore, Cayenne pepper should be absolutely discarded, and, indeed, all high flavored sauces. On the other hand, gruel would be unquestionably too weak, and a stew of raccoon tails, though serving to excite appetite, would do nothing to satisfy it. We toss the subject to any successor of the worthy Vattel, whose death so touchingly described by Madame de Sevigne, arose from the discovery of having omitted *du bœuf*, from two out of thirty of the royal tables. Sumptuous laws are highly unpopular, but here must be filed a case of exception. Bishops are few, and must not be killed off. If no Vattel who can follow up our ideas make his appearance, then let reverend prelates leave such “neck and life” entertainments at the close of the third course, and in advance of the venison. This is a sure recipe.

—“SCOTT'S WEEKLY,” which has lately been much enlarged, and if possible, improved, announces that the distinguished Indian archaeologist, Henry R. Schoolcraft, lately in our city, at the United States Hotel, has had a stroke of paralysis. This is not the fact. Mr. Schoolcraft some years ago,

was seized with a nervous affection, which somewhat deranged his physical organization, but not in such a manner, as to prevent him from exercising his pen with as much effect as ever; for, as is well known, he has within the past two or three years, under the direction of the Department at Washington, sent forth two volumes of an elaborate book on the Indians; besides his minor productions, including a very able and entertaining memoir of his own life. We know, moreover, by personal knowledge, that he never was in better general health and spirits, than at present; moreover, that he never was more delightful in conversation, and that he never devoted himself to literary labor with more effect, than he now does. Some three or four weeks since, one of his eyes became affected by excessive use, in correcting the proofs of the third volume of his great Indian work, at present passing through the press of Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., but it is now quite, or nearly well again. Long may he be spared; and, though the newspapers have once already killed him off, and now seem to be disposed once more to consign him to the grave, we believe he will live, not only to finish up the admirable work on which he is now engaged, and which will probably embrace seven volumes, of the size of those which have been published, but to contribute much more that is valuable to our literature.

—“G. W. F.” drops into our letter-box the following very pretty

SONNET—TO HETTY.

Lady! gorgeous light hath broken
O'er that saddened heart of mine;
And dream-like thoughts that ne'er were spoken
Cluster round the wondrous shrine
Of thy mysterious beauty. Of more bright
Than stars that glimmer o'er the dome of night;
And rosier than all Aurorial beams
Have been my waking and my slum'ring dreams
Of thee! And e'en forest, fountain, sun and skies,
Broad, beauteous fields, and blooming flowers,
Seem clad in thrice voluptuous dyes,
Since I enjoyed those halcyon hours
In thy companionship. For thou did'st stir
Passions that made me e'en thy worshipper!

—ARTIZANS in Persia are never disposed to develop their genius to the production of any wonderful invention, for if they do so, they are sent for by the king, and are obliged to labor exclusively for him and his nobles; and he may think himself well off if he can get them to pay him the most beggarly wages. Mr. Fraser, in his “Narrative of a Journey into Khorassan,” mentions a man who made some improvements in pottery, so far as to manufacture a set of porcelain resembling tolerable china-ware. His fame rapidly spreading, the king sent for him, and directed him at once to commence his labors for his benefit. The poor fellow was terribly

frightened, and proceeded at once to Court, but not to make china, for having sold every thing of his property that was available, he bribed the prime minister, begging him at the same time to assure the king, that he was not the individual who made the china that he had seen. The money carried the point, for the king sent the poor impoverished potter home; and he never attempted again any improvement in his humble trade. How different any thing of the kind in our country! Here encouragement is given to genius, and the result is, scarcely a day passes that we do not hear of admirable inventions in the world of art.

— THERE IS NO older information regarding apparatus for observing winds, than that given by Vitruvius, respecting a tower built at Athens by Andronicus Cyrrhestes. It was constructed of marble in an octagonal form, and had on each side a representation of the wind opposite to which it looked. On the spire was a copper triton, made to turn in such a way as to present its front to the wind blowing at the time. This tower is still standing, we believe. The figures representing the winds are larger than life, and executed in *basso-relievo*. At the top of each side, under the architrave, the name of the wind is inscribed in Greek characters.— Boreas holds in his hand a muscle shell, denoting his peculiar power over the sea. The Zephyr has his bosom full of flowers, which bloom in Greece in the month of March, a time when it prevails. Similar attributes are assigned to the rest. Weathercocks are of much more simple construction now-a-days, and are to be seen in all directions.— There is one in view as we write, and it indicates just what we are suffering, a cold, gloomy rain, for it is north-east.

— THE *National Magazine*, a very ambitious periodical, which has lately been commenced in New York, and for a copy of which we are indebted to the enterprising Bates at the Exchange, comes out with a criticism on Halleck, the poet, wherein the writer tries to prove that the author of "Marco Bozzaris" is no "great shakes" after all. Hear his summing up:—"In conclusion, let us say that we consider Halleck a good poet spoiled: he is a good poet in 'Alnwick Castle,' 'Marco Bozzaris,' 'Burns,' 'Red Jacket,' and 'Magdalen,' and a good poet spoiled in 'Fanny,' and other comic poems. Whether the spoiling process was owing to his circumstances of life, his models, the spirit of the age, or to himself, Fitz-Greene Halleck, individually, we shall not attempt to determine; perhaps their combination is the nearest to the truth. But the deed is done, and can't be helped. If one is not too critical, and we hope we have not been so, there is a good deal of pleasure to be got out of Halleck's volume. We must not

look the gift horse too closely in the mouth." The question then is, what has spoiled Halleck? Will nobody answer?

— GABRIELE is a pretty name, is it not? Listen, in the barbarous Runic rhyme, to a German minstrel, as he pursues his night-way on Northland mountains, high and grand, and wraps the one word in the impassioned language of love's devotion:—

And now a hallowed light from you,
Ye guardian towers gleam-eth,
For oh! an angel-form doth sit
Upon my lip, entrancing it.
My soul shall give her best of song,
My lute shall answer gaily:
Ye guardian mountains join with me
To wake the chorus note of glee;
From stream and flower, vale and hill,
Oh! let the sweetest echo still
Be—Gabriele.

Let some of BIZARRE's readers try this with another name.

— "WHAT INJURY did Mr. Webster ever do to the Harpers?" This question is asked by everybody, who looks at the last number of the great publishers' Magazine. Such abominable caricatures of the great Expounder as are the wood-cuts in that issue, professing to be likenesses of him both in dress and undress, as civilian and farmer, were never before seen. The sketches must have been done in charcoal, while the wood-cutting could not have been executed with anything but an old-fashioned Barlow jack-knife. The bust-picture at the commencement of the article is abominable. Such a stupid overhanging of brow; such a regular fuddled expression of eye! Then the profile, oh! the profile. Look out for an angry ghost, friend Harpers one of these nights, as you are wending your ways home through the dark alleys of the swamp which intervenes between your noble publishing house and Broadway.

— AN OLD English actress, very proud of her charms, used to have the play-house call brought into her bed-room every morning. One day a man came in, who she thought was the call-boy. "Lay it down," says she, "Billy." "What do you mean by Billy?" says the man; "I die for you." "Lord bless me! who can this be?" said the actress—"I die for you!—Dear me, there is somebody in love with me; let me see who it is." She pulled the curtain aside, and seeing a shabby fellow, demanded what business the impudent rascal had there? "I dye your clothes, Ma'am," said he, "and I am come for your bombazine petticoat."

— A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know something about the old custom in England, of sprinkling apple trees at Christmas, with toast and cider. The following, then, was the ceremonial. An ash faggot was procured, and round it several bands made; indeed, as many as it would hold, there being a re-

ward of a cup of cider for every bind. The faggot was then placed in the fire, and as the binds were burnt with the heat, the cider was distributed. A bowl of toast and cider was then taken into the orchard, and a piece of toast placed upon the principal tree, the following rhyme being recited:—

"Apple tree, we wassail thee,
To bear and blow apples enow,
Hats full, cups full,
Three bushel bags full, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

—THE FOLLOWING story of Irish puffing is good:—"Kemble and Lewis chancing to be at Dublin at the same time, were both engaged by the manager for one night's performance in Leon and the Copper Captain. Their announcement was coupled with the following delectable passage:—They never performed together in the same piece, and in all *human probability*, they never will again: this evening is the *summit* of the manager's *climax*. He has constantly gone higher and higher in his endeavors to to delight the public, beyond this, it is not in *nature* to go."

—A NEW illustrated paper to be published by Mr. P. T. Barnum, and one of the Beaches, is announced as on the *tapis* in New York. There is no such word as "fail," where Barnum is concerned; we therefore predict for the new weekly, not only success, but success of the most brilliant kind. Forty thousand dollars is the capital which will in the onset be invested in the enterprise.

—THE NEW YORK *Dutchman*, a paper which in its editorial department at times, exhibits a talent that places it far ahead of other papers of its class, copies "Joel Swampy," without crediting BIZARRE; nay, more, the honest *Dutchman*, even takes upon itself to mutilate the sketch by omitting its conclusion. We think this rather cooler than freezing point.

—A LITERARY friend of great eminence, sends us the following epigram on Mr. P. A. Browne's late experiments with the microscope, which we give to our readers, as it comes to us:

Newton, in gazing on, from pole to pole,
Discovered laws by which the planets roll,
But Browne, as clearly shows, by microscopic care,
Creative wisdom in a single hair.

—THE ARTICLES about Washington, and, indeed the general contents of the last number of *Harper*, are admirable. The success of this magazine is immense.

—THE LECTURE of the Rev. Edward C. Jones on Robert Burns, was rather a delineation of his traits of character as a man, than as a critique on his writings. The obliquity of the great Scottish Bard was not palliated—his countless moral derelictions, were frankly conceded—but his commend-

able characteristics were feelingly enlarged upon. Prominent as an element of his character, was his spirit of native independence. Equally marked was his perfect abstraction from selfishness. Next was favorably noticed the intensity of his attachments in the combined aspects of lover and friend. In immediate fellowship with this trait was noticed his spirit of gratitude, and finally his affiliation with the beautiful wherever found, was recognized as his crowning excellence. In the elucidation of these commendable traits, the Lecturer had reason to introduce some elegant extracts from the poetry of Burns. His address to Mary in Heaven. His glowing verses to James the Earl of Glencairn, his Cotter's Saturday Night, and Ode to Winter, were each in turn passed before the audience in exemplification of the various traits enumerated. It was a manly recognition of excellencies. The Lecture closed with an eloquent quotation from Fitz Greene Halleck, "A Visit to the Tomb of Burns at Dumfries." The concluding Lecture of Mr. J's. delightful series, was a discussion of Oriental poetry. After defining poetry in its legitimate functions and capabilities—after showing that there is poetry in sight, in sound, in place and circumstance, in the whole aspects of nature, in childhood, and in old age, the Lecturer proceeded to the review of Biblical poetry. It was characterized, said he, by a native vigor of thought. Instance: the song of Miriam, the Song of Deborah, the Elegy of David on his friend Jonathan, &c. This, however, was but a foundation element—other characteristics were based upon it. Oriental poetry was marked 1 by parallelism, 2 by amplification, 3 by antithesis. Under the first head, extracts from some Turkish and Chinese odes, (translations by Sir Wm. Jones) were presented, proving that a parallelism is a pervading element of Eastern poetry in general. Under the second head was quoted the jubilant apostrophe of Balaam in sight of the outspread host of Israel. Under the third, various examples from the Psalms and Prophets. The Lecturer then dwelt upon the moral and intellectual influences of sacred song. Thus closed a series of highly interesting, profitable and able dissertations. They will bear repeating. And we hope, that whenever again delivered, they will insure abundant patronage.

—A MOST curious fact of the times, is that an insane man who escaped suffocation at the recent fire of the Worcester County House, was called upon to testify before the coroner's jury, and gave his evidence as intelligibly and correctly as any witness. He wrapped himself in a blanket and lay down on the floor, with his face to the ventilator, and thus saved himself. He is not now con-

sidered insane, though he was before thought to be one of the "incurables." This man's madness was, it seems, literally frightened out of him.

—THE DAUGHTER of Hortensius inherited her father's eloquence, and when the Roman women were required to render on oath an account of their property, preparatory to a heavy tax, she urged the cause of her sex with so much power that the decree was annulled. The triumviri at the time, were Antony, Octavius and Lepidus. We find there are Hortensias arising about us in these days, but generally speaking, they come forth to agitate the country, and endanger the Union. They are, many of them, infidel or socialistic, which is the same thing; and may be distinguished by peculiarities of dress; sometime following up the men so closely as to adopt pantaloons! We saw, by the way, a good story in one of the papers, a day or two since; for it bears most happily upon the new women rights' principle. It seems a gentleman occupied a seat in a railroad car, which he was asked by another gentlemen, to give up to a lady. "Does the lady believe the new woman's rights principle, viz: that a female ought to stand politically and equally on the same platform as a man?" asked the sitter. "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said the first, "let her stand and take the benefits of that doctrine!"

—WE HAVE received from Rev. Edward C. Jones, the able and excellent missionary at Blockley Alms House, a copy of his second Annual Report, which is unusually interesting. This mission is sustained by St. Luke's Church in our city, and has through the instrumentality of Mr. Jones, achieved the most gratifying results. We would state here that Mr. J. is one of the BIZARRE coterie, and has contributed to our pages many of its most valuable papers. As the readers may have guessed, the deeply interesting articles which are now in course of publication, under the title of the "Romance of Blockley," are from his polished pen.

—THE SENATE and HOUSE convened at Washington on the 6th of December, the session being the second of the Thirty-Second Congress. The President's Message was delivered at noon, and is now everywhere abroad in the land. It is a good state paper, they say, as have been all which have preceded from Mr. Fillmore. The incomings and outgoings of the Treasury for the year are stated to be as follows: The cash receipts for the fiscal year exclusive of trust funds, have been forty-nine millions seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand three hundred and eighty-six dollars and eighty-nine cents, and the expenditures for the same period, likewise exclusive of trust funds, forty-six

millions seven thousand eight hundred and ninety-six dollars and twenty cents. The aggregate of the entire exports have been one hundred and sixty-seven millions sixty-five thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars, exclusive of forty-two millions five hundred and seven thousand two hundred and eighty-five dollars, which has gone off in specie; the imports from foreign ports, has been five millions two hundred and sixty-two thousand six hundred and forty-three dollars. The President congratulates Congress on the prosperity of the country. Its relations with all foreign powers are friendly; its rights are respected, and its high place in the family of nations, cheerfully recognized. We enjoy, he says also, an amount of happiness, public and private, which probably has never fallen to the lot of any other people.

—A FEW years ago, a busy-body, and of course an immense talker, entered a stage at midnight. Only one passenger was seated in the coach, and a conversation immediately ensued. The new comer, from general subjects, descended to particular topics, and *inter alia*, very freely dissected the character of Mr. —. He descanted on his vices till he talked himself to sleep. When he awoke, the "glorious sun was up," and there he sat exposed to the basilisk gaze of the very man he had been so liberally abusing. He would have given the world to effect his escape, through the roof, or to the windows of the coach, but what's impossible can't be, and Mr. — immediately accosted him with, "Pray, sir, what apology can you offer for your unwarrantable language regarding me?" "Apology, sir! Why, you ought to return me your best thanks for telling that to yourself which everybody tells to his neighbor. I have been speaking to you confidentially, for I detest the character of a scandal-monger."

—The following books have been received at BIZARRE OFFICE, and will be noticed hereafter:—

"The Chevalliers of France," by Herbert—Redfield, New York.

"Cap Sheaf," by Lewis Myrtle—Redfield, New York.

"Pictures from St. Petersburg," from the German of Jermann—G. P. Putnam & Co., New York.

"Kathay," by Macauley—G. P. Putnam & Co., New York.

"Home Scenes and Heart Studies," by Grace Agallard—D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Essays from the London Times," second series—D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Waverly Novels—The Pirate, Peverell of the Peak, St. Ronan's Well, Kenilworth,"—Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philad. lphia.

"Bazil," William D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"The Successful Merchant," by W. Arthur, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

VOLUME II. }
PART 19. }

FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1852.

{ SINGLE COPIES
FIVE CTS.

SPIRITUAL DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE V.

—
DIOGENES. RABELAIS.

W. the Elder. I am indeed most happy to find my humble roof honored by the presence of two such notabilities. Down Judy, down. You inhospitable little hussy, down, I say.

Diogenes. Oh! never mind, never mind, my old cock. Let the young thing exercise her lungs, if its any comfort to her. Besides, I'm used to this sort of reception. This ugly mug and pretty wardrobe of mine, have occasioned a good deal of canine music in their day.

Rab. Saving your reverence, I should think so.

Diog. And, yet the slut might have shown some little discrimination. Had I been an academician now, I could have forgiven the insult. But to snarl at a cynic, one of the family; fie, Judy, fie!

W. the Elder. Well, gentlemen, you must excuse her. Ordinarily, I assure you, she is as well-bred, nay, fascinating a little terrier as ever jingled a bell; but the poor thing has been suffering a good deal from dyspepsia of late. That, and the fatigues of last evening—

Rab. Fatigues?

W. the Elder. Yes, fatigues. You must know that she enacted the arduous part of Juliet, last night, at the Astor Place, to her Italian friend Cupid's Romeo; and, what with the excitement of the performance itself, and the unreasonable quantity and size of the bouquets that were discharged at her, at the close, she is really quite an invalid this morning. But, that she is positively underlined for to-morrow night, as Mrs. Haller, (not to speak of her having to preside at a Sluts' Rights Meeting, this evening,) I should insist upon a week's rustication for the restoration of her nervous system. But, gentlemen, pray come to anchor. Diogenes, allow me to take your cloak and stick.

Diog. My good friend, I do not wish to be unreasonable; but when I tell you, that

the cloak in question constitutes, and has for many centuries, constituted my entire wardrobe, you will perceive at once, the embarrassing nature of your request.

W. the Elder. I really ask pardon. I was aware that you were not greatly addicted to under-linen, while in the flesh, but—

Rab. (aside to W.) No, nor since. You'll find him the same unsavory, pungent, profane old crab of a fellow as ever.

Diog. What libels is that flippant Frenchman whispering about me? He may have the advantage in costume, but I should be very sorry to change morals with him, for all his snow-white ruff and flowered slippers, there. The old beast, there's more downright filth in one of his vile pages, than in all the writings of us Greeks put together.

W. the Elder. Gentlemen, gentlemen.

Rab. Oh! let him rail away. The truth is, *entre nous*, that his tub was sold out recently, under foreclosure, and he hasn't got over it yet. What was the amount of the mortgage, old Soapsuds?

Diog. You be hanged! You know that what you say is an infamous slander.

Rab. Why, brother Swift, told me so but yesterday.

Diog. Precious authority, truly! Isn't he forever hatching and circulating just such fibs; going about, poisoning the universe with his vile and venomous falsehoods? You know I have never lost sight of that tub from the beginning. Where it goes, I go. To be sure, I had to leave it this morning, to be new bottomed; the thirteen hundredth, I believe, since I first bought it of Parmenus.

W. the Elder. Parmenus? I don't know him.

Diog. I should think not, my eccentric old friend. That's the name of the Athenian cooper, who made the article. A good fellow he was, too. I can see him at his work now, as if it were but yesterday. He was one of three brothers; Parmenus, Epenetus, Epicurus; of the ward Theseus, and tribe Jonesis; all famous musicians in their day, and as merry fellows as ever beat time with

their knuckles, in all Attica. But I forget. How can this interest you, or Monsieur Broadgrin, there?

W. the Elder. Oh! I beg your pardon. I know a score of old fellows in town, who would give a hundred pounds to-day, for a bit of classical information, not half so authentic, or a tenth part so valuable. Come, do tell us all about it. What were the dimensions, and prime cost of the tub in question? Was it positively put down and taxed, as real property, by the Athenian assessors, or was the mortgage just alluded to by our frog-eating brother here, a personal one? Did you ever take boarders in it? How often did you ask the old folks to supper? How much of a Home-Circle would it hold? Were you allowed to take it to church or the theatre with you? How far did it modify your other habits? What had the washer-women of the neighborhood, and the small boys to say about it? At what hour did you generally turn in, I should say, under? Did you always keep open house, or did you have your reception day? Is it true, that the brick-bats used to fly pretty freely round it, when you took your quadrennial roll in it, to see the Olympic games? Come, do favor us with the statistics.

Diog. Why, you inquisitive old Yankee! I shall begin to think you are a greater quiz than Rabelais himself. Cerberus confound me, what a twinge was there.

W. the Elder. Why, what's the matter? What are you hopping about so for?

Diog. All your fault, all your fault.

W. the Elder. My fault? What do you mean? Explain yourself.

Diog. You must know then, that when your infernal lightning invitation first thrilled through me, I happened to be operating on my ghostly corns, with my ghostly jack-knife.

W. the Elder. Where, where, where?

Diog. Don't be so outrageously impatient. I was just going to add, while seated on the shed of an ancient pig-pen, in the star Metuchen of Constellation Bootes. So powerful and sudden was the shock, that I gave myself a frightful gash on the great toe sinister. *Hinc illos lacrymæ.*

W. the Elder. I am really very sorry for this. But there's a magnificent chiropedist right across the street. He sent me his card this very morning. Here it is—Hampden Sydney Smith, Bunion Exterminator. Do let me send for him, instant.

Diog. No, no, no. I feel better again, already.

W. the Elder. But do tell me, Diogenes, why didn't you bring your family mansion along with you? You are my guest, you know, on this occasion.

Diog. Why didn't you, my venerable

legal friend, send a legible address with your invitation? As it was, I had to bundle out at the Cosmopolitan.

W. the Elder. Ah! you're putting up at the Metropolitan, then?

Diog. Cosmopolitan, I said; corner of 4th avenue and 187th street.

W. the Elder. I know no such establishment.

Diog. Well, that's not so strange, for the landlord, (a very pleasant, ruddy-faced Hibernian gentleman,) told me that he had only been open three days. A week ago, said he, my hotel was a second-class passenger car on the New Haven Railroad; having been severely battered in one of the regular hebdomadal collisions, with which the directors regale the public, I bought it of the Company at a low figure, laid out a little fortune in the way of repairs and decorations, and here we are, only waiting for the next World's Fair, to have an overflow.

W. the Elder. And how do you like your accommodations?

Diog. Superb, superb. Nothing could have accorded better with my ideal. To be sure, a dainty fellow, like Plato, might have been annoyed at finding a score of pigs in the reception room; or a Lucullus, have experienced some little uneasiness of stomach, at seeing so many old quids lying about on the breakfast table; but the arrangements suited me to a charm. I do not know when I have slept more sweetly, or have had more seraphic dreams, than I did last night; which I mainly attribute to having had one of the aforesaid pigs, for a pillow. That, and the pleasure of the company of a regiment of rats, or so—

W. the Elder. Say no more, old fellow, and for heaven's sake, stay where you are. After such a glowing account, I will not so insult you, as to offer you clean sheets and a decent meal, under my own roof.

Rab. (aside.) Hang his contemptible affectation! The old wretch is actually more vain of his rags and filth, than any peacock ever was of his plumes.

Diog. What is Mounseer muttering there?

W. the Elder. Oh! nothing, nothing. Of course you have had but little time as yet to look round, Diogenes?

Diog. I have made but two calls, so far.

W. the Elder. Where may they have been?

Diog. The first on General Scott, to congratulate him on his election.

W. the Elder. Why, confound your impertinence! What, go out of your way, the very first thing, to insult an illustrious patriot in his downfall? I am ashamed of you.

Diog. I beg your pardon. I acted in

good faith. It was my scamp of a landlord, that misled me. Didn't he tell me this very morning, that the General had carried every State in the Union, except twenty-seven, and that he only wanted three or four millions of illegal votes from the old country, to have secured them also? Didn't he add, too, that it was my duty as an illustrious stranger, to call upon the old hero, as he was passing through the city, and present my felicitations.

W. the Elder. Well, and how did the General receive you?

Diog. Most unmistakably.

W. the Elder. But how, how?

Diog. Not a word did he utter, but straightway proceeded to shy a three-legged stool, at this philosophical nob of mine; luckily dodging it, I made a hasty retreat, and then went down to see my namesake of the *Lantern*.

W. the Elder. What, my young friend and bubble-piercer, Diogenes, jr. You found him well, I trust.

Diog. Oh! yes, full of fun and full of work, besides. He tells me he is doing famously, and is rapidly becoming a mundane celebrity of the first water. I told him to go ahead; that he had a great harvest before him; that the world was never wicked or sillier than now; that a single turn in Broadway, had sufficed to convince me that there was a frightful aggregation of follies, vanities and vices, in this great metropolis; that I had seen far more of mere skin-deep splendor and effervescent tumult in it, than of solid grandeur or dignified employment; that, for all their airs, and saucy bragging style, the people I met, were a terribly mean looking-set, both in face and figure, compared with my Athenian contemporaries, and so on. I was proceeding with my suggestions, when he cut the colloquy short, by proposing that we should talk the matter all over, at dinner to-morrow, at Win—Win—

W. the Elder. Windust's you mean, I suppose?

Diog. Yes, that's the name. What sort of a place is it?

W. the Elder. Oh! a capital place, and the landlord a regular trump. It is the great rendezvous of the legal and dramatic wits of the town; the Wills' Coffee-house of Gotham. You musn't fail to meet him there. Tell him, if you think of it, that he has my best wishes, and, that I believe, he can do infinitely more good, by cutting up the vices and corruptions of the day, with that spirit-ed pen and pencil of his, than all our Solons put together, with their unwise attempts to cut them down.

Diog. I shall deliver your message. But

what makes old *Foie-gras* so silent? He has hardly put in his spiritual oar to-day.

W. the Elder. Why, Rabelais, what are you about, sitting there as mute as a mummy? *You*, too, the famous chatter-box and mirth-maker of old; what is the matter?

Rab. I certainly am not in my usual spirits.

W. the Elder. Can you account for it? Perhaps, the furnace heat is—

Rab. Oh! no, no. The fact is, I fluttered a little too long over my nectar, last night; and, it is barely possible, that in the excitement of conversation, I neglected diluting it properly with ether.

W. the Elder. Ah! you are as naughty a ghost as ever I saw. But come now, tell the meeting your experience. Where do you hail from? What have you been about recently?

Rab. Well, I've been on the planet for the last six months; on a tour of observation and amusement.

W. the Elder. Indeed! What do you consider your head-quarters? Where shall I send my card?

Rab. I am putting up with my friend Louis Napoleon, at the Tuileries.

W. the Elder. You find yourself comfortable there, no doubt.

Rab. Oh! yes, I have a delightful little suite of chambers, overlooking the garden. We have had some fine fun too, I tell you, almost every evening; saying our good things, and tossing off our champagne, to the memory of the defunct Republic. Louis killed it off very prettily and quietly, didn't he? *French Liberty!* Hal! hal! hal! Talleyrand by the way, was with us one night, and he made some pretty rich disclosures, I tell you.

W. the Elder. Ah! do tell us all about it.

Rab. You'll see it all in black and white, before a great while. His twenty years' veto on his executors will be up soon; and then, hey my boys, for breakers!

W. the Elder. But when does the coronation come off?

Rab. In a very few days.

W. the Elder. It will be a superb affair, I dare say.

Rab. A brilliant show of course. We Franks understand spectacle; not so grand or imposing, though, probably, as the one I saw in London, recently.

W. the Elder. What, the Duke's funeral?

Rab. The same.

W. the Elder. Why, what business had you, a Gallic ghost at an English funeral, and above all, at that of your great enemy?

Rab. Well, I was never much troubled with national prejudices, and was a good deal of a cosmopolitan, you may remember, before leaving the flesh. But, be that as it

may, I envy not that ghost or mortal, who can refuse his plaudits or his homage, to such a head and heart as were that day, with princely pomp consigned to earth.

Diog. Bravo, old fellow, I like you for that speech. I too, crab and cur, that I am called, may I perish if ever I refuse to take off my spiritual hat to qualities such as his.

W. the Elder. Why this is really pleasant, gentlemen, to hear two such shrewd and biting critics as you, speak thus cordially and enthusiastically, about the great Englishman. I wish, though, friend Rabelais, you could have witnessed the Webster obsequies.

Rab. I did.

W. the Elder. What, at Marshfield?

Rab. Even so.

Diog. You behaved yourself there, I hope.

Rab. Better than you would have done, old sour-kroot. Ah! my friend, that was indeed a sight to be remembered; far, far different from the elaborate pomp of the English pageant, but, to my mind, far more touching and beautiful, nay, sublime in its simplicity; far more in keeping with the grandeur of the character, and genius of him, whom they thus honored. I shall never forget the scene; the noble appearance of the body as it lay upon the lawn, under those pleasant poplars; the regal brow, the serene expression, the appropriate costume; the scattered groups of friends, and neighbors, and servants; the long, orderly procession of mourners from all parts, almost, of the land; the simple rites, the trembling voice of the old priest, the pleasant, weather-stained faces of the old farmers who bore him to the tomb; the feeling of true grief and affectionate veneration, written upon all countenances; the leaves falling around us, the o'ercast sky, the plaintive music of the sea; all, all combined to form a most impressive and memorable spectacle. I have not been so moved for ages. The idea that any indecent jest or look, could have escaped me on such an occasion! No, no.

W. the Elder. Why, Rabelais, I had no idea you had so much pathos and poetry in your composition.

Rab. I suppose not. That's the way we wags have always been misrepresented. We are thought a very flinty-hearted set of fellows. How absurd! As if fun and grief were not first cousins. As if tears and smiles were not eternally chasing each other round the earth. As if this, or any other world, were worth breathing in, where there was not a bountiful supply of both.

W. the Elder. Why, you are growing warm. But to change the subject; how long is it since you were in Paris before?

Rab. I don't remember precisely; some two or three centuries.

W. the Elder. You saw striking changes!

Rab. Yes; more especially in the paving and lighting departments. I found also a great many new and capital dishes on the *carte*; not to speak of the agreeable novelty of coffee, and the fascinations of the ballet. The Burgundy and claret likewise, that my little friend Nap. punishes so freely, are much choicer articles than those I used to put under my earthly jacket.

Diog. But in morals, education, preparation for the arduous duties of Republicans—

Rab. (*whistles a Polka.*)

W. the Elder. By the way, Rabelais, did you really make that rascally dying speech, generally attributed to you?

Rab. What, *drop the curtain, the farce is over*? Alas! I did, and I remember it to my sorrow. Do you know? But I forget; these are themes we spirits are forbidden to jest upon. But, I must go. I have got a little commission to execute for a friend, down at the Astor.

Diog. Take me with you?

Rab. No, by St. Denis; not unless you will condescend to shirt and shave, and get under a very different head-piece from that fright yonder.

Diog. How can you be so unreasonable? Diogenes in a clean shirt, and without his beard; I should be the most unhappy ghost afloat.

Rab. Well, then, come along as you are.

W. the Elder. Recollect, spirits, I dine at four precisely. I shan't wait for you a moment.

Rab. We shall return in good season.

W. the Elder. By the way, Diogenes, while I think of it, let me ask you one question. There's nothing like information from head-quarters, you know. (*produces a coin.*) Is that a genuine article?

Diog. (*examines it.*) I should say so. It looks genuine, and seems to ring pretty clear.

W. the Elder. You are willing to certify, are you, that it is a veritable drachma of the time of Themistocles?

Diog. I am.

W. the Elder. I am glad to hear you say so. The individual who sold it to me, gave me a paper with it, wherein it is stated that this identical drachma, was part of the change for a mina received by that very patriot himself from an Athenian omnibus driver.

Diog. I have no doubt of it. Any other inquiries?

W. the Elder. Nothing else, thank you.

Ghosts. Good morning.

W. the Elder. Take care of yourselves. (*Exeunt.*)

ELLA'S VISIT TO A PINE-WOOD.

Nature to a lover of nature is always beautiful, but there are times when she is much more than beautiful. I know not by what word to express the feeling that comes over the heart at such times, nor whether it could be expressed by many words. With hushed breath, and with palpitating heart, as one stands in some lovely place—a place made "fearful from its loveliness," the feeling comes to us. Listening to the music of the waves, with the broad expanse of heaven lighted by the sunbeams that are streaming down on the trees, and on the water, it also comes—and, when we wander on the same wave-beaten shore, at the time Night sends her messenger to banish Morning from the skies—and later, when the first star gladdens heaven, and Cynthia comes to smile on some Endymion.

Oh! nature well repays the worship of her votaries. To such as love her, what is she not? She is a loving mother, ever ready to rejoice with them; she is a true heart-friend, to whom they can pour out the breathings of their souls, and be sure to receive sympathy; she is a comforter, a consoler; if they are heart-sick or weary, no need to fear mocking from her, say what they may; nor scorn—talk they ever so much of their faults. And, if she is all this to any who woo her aright, what is she not to the poet-soul? But, here I am trespassing, for

"It has a glory, and naught else can share it."

To it belong the consecration and the poet's dream, and Imagination herself has not wings strong enough to bear us up into the Elysium that Nature presents to the soul of the poet. Her faint-heard hymning, is a clarion tone to him, and the forms that people hill and dale, of which we sometimes catch far-off glimpses, to him are ever present. No mystery to him in the birds' songs, or the flowers' talk—he interprets them in his poems; at least, interprets them, as far as human language can express their soft whisperings and joyful songs. But who can imagine the unrevealable glory shed on his spirit, by his sovereign lady, Nature? To her favorites she teaches her language, and we call it poetry. And, fitting it is, that all poets everywhere, sing of her, and celebrate her beauties; fitting it is, that their tongues never weary to speak her praise, nor their voices to tell of her love. Where are gentleness, and trust, and love, taught as Nature teaches them? The flowers trust in the sunshine, though it be many a day o'er-darkened; with what gentleness the birds feed their young ones, and with what fond care they protect them from harm. In the words of a Chinese aphorism: "Every blade

of grass has its share of the dews of heaven; and, though the birds of the forest have no garners, the wide world is all before them."

Nature, seen as "the effect of a cause, whose source is God;" and, not with the blinded eyes of the pantheistical worshipper, is worthy to be loved. It is a beautiful world, with many true and trustful persons in it; and, it is pleasant to think, that the coldness and misappreciation we meet with, are often only veils that warm hearts wear; and lifting them, we shall find beneath sympathy and greeting.

Thoughts like these passed through my mind, as on a glorious summer morning, I stood on the side of a hill, looking at the varied prospect spread around me; and thought of the kind friends who were with me, though no veil of coldness shrouded their hearts. We had started that morning on a pilgrimage to a pine-wood, but we often paused on the way; there were so many shrines erected by Nature, that we could not pass by without some token of devotion. But at length the wood was in sight, and we went towards it more quickly than we might otherwise have done, had there not been a little fairy with us who was very impatient to reach it, so we could not choose but follow our gentle guide.

Sweet child, you are present with me now, as you looked that summer morning, when, with your doll in your arms, you dancingly went on before us. You are with me, talking of the wood; and, of the possibility of procuring flowers there. I can hear you say: "Aunt Ella, won't you make the flowers into a bunch for me?" And, not only now, dear little Nellie, but very often are you with me; and, I long to see you again, and feel your arms round my neck, while you whisperingly talk to me. What a fairy dream your life would be, if I could make it so; nor sadness, nor sorrow, should ever come near you; only loving words should be spoken to you, nor should your heart be ever chilled by the world's coldness. But, we cannot weave each other's lives dear Nellie, and I can only wish for you that happen what may, your life will well redeem the promise of your childhood.

Life—what sad realities throng upon us with that word life—a time of probation, of suffering, and of doing good, and of patient waiting:

—"In the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day!"

Life—a time of probation, of high resolves unfulfilled, of thoughtlessness, and of remorse—a mystery to be unravelled in eternity—the beginning of an existence to be terminated, never—a battle with wrong, a combat with temptation; in which every action we do, and every word we say, makes

us stronger or leaves us weaker—a masque through which brave hearts walk, stifling their noble impulses, and gentle hearts hiding their sorrows, and all concealing their true selves from each others gaze. Do angels ever weep? If they do, how many a tear has flowed at the history of young hearts blighted, of noble resolves never living in action—how many a tear has flowed at the sight of the great soul stooping to learn the world's cold lessons!

—“Why so sad a moan?
Life is the rose of hope while yet unblown;
The reading of an ever-changing tale;
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil;
A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;
A laughing school-boy without grief or care,
Riding the springy branches of an elm.”

Arrived at the wood, I luxuriated in its beauty, and I felt we had entered by a vestibule fitting such a temple. We enjoyed its “leafy twilight,” and had our brows fanned by air:—

—“As fresh and sweet
As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled stream.”

Under our feet was a soft carpet form'd of the fallen leaves of the pine-trees; over our heads stretched out the lateral branches of the pines; and, around us clustered their straight and beautiful trunks. I have rarely seen such trees. What trees they would be to lie under, and dream over a book; their heads towering upwards trying to reach the sky, their beautiful branches spreading a graceful canopy over the dreamer's head, close together too, and yet not so close as to hide the sky from his view. What a wood to wander in by moonlight, to listen to the wind's voice, to catch a glimpse of some star's earnest gaze, as he searches for the flowers!

Just at the edge of the wood and sloping downwards, was a green field; in ancient times it would have been deemed a fitting place wherein to erect an altar to the “great son of Dreyope.” It would be delightful to be there by night, to watch the fairies dancing on the open greensward; and, unseen by the Dryades, who sure are there, to listen to their regrets for the olden time, to hear them tell of the noble knights, and the gentle dames of long-ago, to wonder with them at the unbelief that mocks at their existence.

I would like to see those evergreen trees in the winter; they then look so like true and tried friends, who never forsake us, however dreary our paths may be. They talk of summer to our hearts; they do something better still, they give us wherewith to decorate our homes at Christmas.

What bright visions of delight, come with the sight of evergreens! Our forefathers in dear old England decked their houses with

them, and English churches and English homes, are still decorated with them. Though the boar's head is partaken of no longer; and the mummings are all but a tradition, still as in Stowe's time, “against the feast of Christmas every man's house, as also their parish churches are decked with holme, ivy, bayes, and whatsoever the season of the year affords to be Greene.”

When a mantle of sorrow covers the earth and the icicles in all fantastic shapes depend from the windows; the wind rushes howling through the forests he once found so lovely and his voice becomes softer when he meets with the evergreen trees, and they mourn together for the fading of the summer, and the falling of the leaf. Even in summer they are beautiful. Though generally wanting in the graceful airiness, and the elegance of other trees, evergreens commend themselves by their dark and beautiful green, by their stately dignity, and by the remembrance of their being gladders of the wintry landscape.

Many a poet has sung their praises; one calls an evergreen tree:

“A friend when summer friends do flee,
A brother for adversity.”

Columella speaks of its leaves being invested with “such orient green”

“As in the Winter do they Spring arrest.”

In one of the pastorals of Theocritus, he sings of the “sweet whisper” of the pine; but at times it is more than a whisper, it is music—it is a song. The leaves of other trees rustle in the breeze, the leaves of the fir-tree vibrate. Southey asks:

“When the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly tree.”

In Wordsworth's Christmas Eve, he gives us a glimpse of the beauty of “encircling laurels, thick with leaves,” when they are “smitten by a lofty moon.”

They are beautiful those masses of enduring greenness, relieving the white landscape—those wreaths of beauty decorating our houses—those green coronals twining round the brow of the poet, types of victory and of enduring fame.

“The enthusiast Fancy was a truant ever.” So sings the poet, and in my case I found it verified, for away she went to the pine-clad hills of Hong Kong, and brought me back a vision of beauty from that alternately sun-scorched and wind-shrivelled place. The bay stretched away in its beauty, till it met the sky. On the slopes of the hills, and looking beautiful in the distance, were ridges of the sweet potato, and nearer were some of those peculiarly shaped crows of which China boasts. There were hills of granite towering up, full of nooks and corners, where herbage might grow

haded in the summer, and where shelter might be found in the winter. There were pine-forests, whose flowers so gladden the wintry landscape, and but for the shade of which the hills would be all but barren.

From gazing on the flower-crowned forests of Hong Kong, I was called by little Nellie, to admire a cone she had found in the American forest; and her request for flowers being repeated, we all went off to look for them in the green field that was at the edge of the wood.

The sun was shining brightly—it was shining on the flowers, and calling into life many a bud, and sported in its beams many bees and butterflies, those “painted blossoms of the air.” It was shining down on the bushes that were loaded with whortle-berries, and on the blackberry vines, that were making such a display of red and green berries, intended to deceive the passer-by; whilst they cunningly hid the ripe berries under their leaves. But I was no new passer-by, nor was I to be so easily deceived—too often had I found the sweet violet hidden behind some mossy stone—too often lifted the leaves of the hazel-nut tree to find the fruit; and more to the purpose still—too often had I found the sweetest blackberries under the thickest covering of leaves. We picked a goodly quantity of wild flowers, and sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree to arrange them. A thistle deprived of its thorns formed the centre of the bunch, round which we grouped many beautiful wild flowers. A happy child was little Nellie that day, and we were not a whit less happy.

There was a stream in the field, it flowed on and formed a well at the root of an old tree; the white balsam, and the graceful periscania, grew near it, and some tiny wild flowers, leaped lovingly into that well. Methinks, if those sweet flowers told us of their origin, many a tale would resemble that of the Narcissus.

I would like to be there in the spring-time, when the stream throws off his icy fetters, and the little green leaves peep up here and there, just to tell us they are alive, and the birds sing a welcoming song, though, alas, not many birds made their homes there.

I would like to take a book then, and read it, while I listened to the music of the stream—a book of sweet and gently-flowing poetry, not an epic—the ocean’s voice is its fitting accompaniment. I would not read the book aloud, for it ought to abound in that music flowing of words which is intangible to the outer ear.

In that unbroken solitude, and alone, I would like to listen to its sighing in the night-time, and try to discover why the gentle streams borrow such a mournful tune from Night.

Solitude—alone—these are not words to use when speaking of woods and fields, and streams. We may be solitary in a crowded street, where no eye glances the brighter for meeting ours; we may be alone in a room full of people, where tongues and not hearts converse; but in the glorious woods, and in the green fields, we cannot be solitary or alone. The woods are peopled, and sometimes we can see

“Shapes of light aerial flitting,

And catch soft floatings from a saint-heard hymning.”

And the fields—think you the wild-flowers bloom only for us? far otherwise it is, besides gladdening the birds with their beauty, and feeding the bees out of their honey cells, tradition tells us that they are the chosen homes of the fairies; and who is there brave enough to deny an assertion so supported?

With the music of water comes the memories of childhood, too often, alas! reminding us how our hearts are estranged from their first love. A simple daisy could gladden us then, ah! we require more now; but not always, not always—there are chords in the heart ever awakening to the voice of flowers—there are glad tones lent to the voice in the companionship of birds. There is ever a “glory in the grass,” a “splendor in the flower,” an unearthly beauty in the clouds—

“Oh! there are spirits in the air,

And gentils of the evening breeze,

And gentle ghosts, with eyes as fair

As star-beams among twilight trees.”

There are times when one would wish to be alone with Nature, there are also times when it is very pleasant to have a dear friend with us—one who will endure our moody fits, and allow us to talk when we please. It is Sterne, I think, who asks for a companion, were it best to remark to him, how the shadows lengthen as the sun goes down; there are many who would proffer the same request.

I am sure I enjoyed myself more on that bright August morning, than if I had no friends near me to enjoy its beauty with me, but the most joyous hours will come to an end, all the sooner that happiness speeds them along, and those pleasant hours formed no exception. We left the wood, but I brought remembrances with me that will never leave me, and more than one vision of beauty is added to my store—visions often recalled and undying.

THE ROMANCE OF BLOCKLEY.

PART III.—STORY OF MARY E.—

Reader! have you ever traversed the long and spacious corridor through which you pass, as by an inlet, to those capacious rooms

where the sick are congregated? Look in, then, and learn some lessons of wisdom. Do you see those ranges of beds in one unbroken succession? How dolefully they seem to speak of anguish which has there found vent, and broken hearts which have there shattered the feeble ligament which bound them to the material and the perishing. There is something inexpressibly tender and affecting in a sick chamber. The weary and anguished sufferer, as he turns upon his bed, appeals most strongly to our sympathies. Nor are those sympathies withheld, or grudgingly administered. The hand of love never soothes with such ineffable tenderness as when the object of regard is weak, and passive, and infantile, as it were, through protracted suffering. How noiseless the tread, how assiduous the attentions, how delicate the offices of friendship and humanity! The wife steals in and darkens the windows, and fans the brow, and moistens the lips, and puts the fragrant bunch of flowers in the vase, and brings the treasure of sweets to the bedside, and the sick man banquets on the odor, and his heart is in the country, amid streamlets, and blue bells, and waving branches. Soothed and guided by love like this, his shattered nerves regain by degrees their wonted equilibrium, and his frame strengthens, and his heart glows with generous sensibility, and he rises from his couch rejuvenated in heart and body. We say, then, that the chamber where relative waits upon relative, in offices of disinterested love—where the fevered lips are moistened by the hand which is prompted to acts of love by unbought affection—we say that such a chamber of sickness has its poetry. Virtues the most genial, self-denials the most philanthropic, goodness the most unalloyed, are there developed and matured, as in the richest soil which occasion can furnish or Providence supply. But cast a glance upon those long tiers of couches, where want and suffering meet and blend as though in direct and intimate commingling, and you find no poetry there. A congregated band of invalids, an army of suffering humanity, the repudiated materials of the social brotherhood, huddled together without form or comeliness, isolated from each other, though occupying contiguous receptacles, attended by those whose office results from no particular affection for suffering man, and who, if possessed of a moderate quota of the milk of human kindness, must still be regarded as influenced by motives in which may be traced a large infusion of the calculating and the mercenary impulse, their couches unilluminated by one smile of unpurchased love—oh! who can regard such a sight without emotions of sympathy? Who can pass along that aisle, on either side of which range the beds of patients in gloomy length?—who can measure

the extent of that agony which comes unbidden and at once upon so many desolate spirits?—desolate at an emergency when the soul, with giant energy, pleads for compassion, and yearns for the look, the tone, the syllable of commiseration—and not thank God that his is a warm hearth-stone, and tender ties, and outgushing sympathies from those related to him by the bond of blood, or ties of congenial fellowship?

Man of the world—come step across this threshold, and learn that pain and sickness will yet be yours. Sickly and sentimental religionist—step across this threshold, and learn that misery is a preacher more eloquent than is he who, from a velvet cushion, expounds with philosophic criticism, the outlines of the faith. Philanthropist—searching for plans to benefit your species, and solicitous to discover a channel in which may flow, in a steady, unobstructed tide, your genial sympathies—step across this threshold, shake off your utopian speculations, dismiss your gossamer theories, and come. Stand by that dying child, who, fatherless and motherless, leans upon some stranger bosom as his spirit plumes its pinion to a world where God shall be his everlasting protection, Jesus, his Redeemer, shall be his radiant joy! Here is the place for the practical development of what is enforced by pulpits, and sanctioned by ethics, and pleaded by humanity; here, where Misery, and Pain, and Death preside in triple league and covenant, and with sable wings shade fearfully each sufferer's pallid brow; here lay out your energy, and it will not be misdirected; here embark your zeal, and it will not savor of intemperance; here act the God-like character of Him, to whose sweet face the sick man looks up with sanguine expectations of relief, and whose voice, more mellow than the music of the spheres itself, was balm and medicine to the soul diseased.

But our feelings must not lead us into a discursive essay on philanthropy. We design to take you to one of these humble couches, a unit in an aggregate of woe. Suppose we direct our steps to one of the female medical wards, and turn our attention to that delicate young woman, whose bed is in a remote corner. Draw near, and let your eye take in the outline of those features, the trace of whose beauty is unimpaired by stern disease. It would seem that Sickness pays an intuitive homage to the elegant handiwork of Deity; for how often will a painful and protracted distemper fail in obliterating that impress of sweetness which the features bear when health and vigor are in full supremacy. Yes; and the smile of beauty the fell destroyer will often leave upon the icy brow, as something too sacred for him to touch.

Mary E— has been, as one glance of her

will testify, a girl of uncommon captivations. The whole contour of the face is exquisitely Grecian; and the languid and glazing eye (for Death is now upon her) will sometimes give out a transient ray of fascination, when kindness finds its way to her poor heart.

We will tell you her story, before she goes away to that undiscovered bourne, from whence no traveller returns. There, Mary, take this bunch of fragrant flowers, while we call our friend aside a few moments, and talk with him on a matter in which he feels the deepest interest. Look how she reaches out her attenuated hand for that little bunch of eloquent blossoms—eloquent, because they tell of childhood's home, and days of innocence, and brothers and sisters, who moved to a chorus of family harmony! As she looks at those sweet flowers, see what gratitude kindles in that almost closing eye. "Thank you, kind pastor," she says; but the accents are almost inaudible—and we are thanked, yes, doubly thanked. The gratitude of the dying—oh! what a legacy. It is rich and free, and odorous as the blossomings of the Spring. The gratitude of the dying, for words of tenderness and consolation—for accents of kindness and commiseration—oh! there is wealth in that bequest—there are true riches in such possessions. The warm grasp of the hand, into which it would seem the blood had coursed for the last time, to testify the warmth of the soul about to wing its flight forever; the mute, but expressive glance, which embodies a volume of chastened esteem for an humble benefactor—oh! they constitute an overpayment, compared with which gold is but a shining mockery.

Mary E—was a girl of humble, but respectable parentage. She passed the halcyon hours of childhood, and incipient womanhood, in Upper Canada. Removing thence to New York, she employed herself at her needle, to obtain a livelihood. We enquire not now why a youthful female should be induced to relinquish the paternal roof to seek her fortune in a distant section, where, remote from the festering influences of home, she incurs the risk of moral deterioration. Such removals are a constant thing. There is, in our age, a restlessness which brooks no restraint in its almost insane endeavors to heap up gold, or advance in any way mere temporal advantage. The very girl, fired with a nameless enthusiasm, catches the popular infection, and hurries off, confident in her moral principles, to occupy positions as perilous as they are responsible, where the protecting guardianship of one matured in years is something whose presence is the exception, and not the rule.

Cheerful at honest toil, and making many respectable and worthy friends, by her upright deportment, Mary passed a life of hap-

piness in the large metropolis. But beauty is a flower which will be seen, though, like the lily, it may studiously retire from observation, and secrete itself beneath the hedge of lowly sequestration. The handsome girl was the observed of more than one observer; but one there was, who saw but to idolize, and idolized only as the base-born libertine, the chartered knave, who gluts on innocence as does the epicure on his choicest viands. Who he was, we know not. His name never crossed the lips of his victim. And let him be nameless, till the trumpet-blast that wakes the dead reveals it in all its rottenness. But whether, masking his design beneath the cloak of piety, or assuming the easy nonchalance of the fashionable graduate in villainy, by soft words and fair speeches—alas! that such commodities should constitute with so many female hearts Abaddon's lure—he consummated the downfall of the humble girl.

The story of innocence betrayed, is unvarying in its character. The betrayer is at once transformed into the heartless deserter. Adoration is closely followed by contumelious treatment; and the flower is left to wither beneath the scorching sirocco-breath of public sentiment, which turns its full and scathing blast upon the female, while the author of her wrongs—such wrongs as plead, like Abel's blood, for vengeance, to the heavens—is allowed to pass with, it may be, a gentle reprimand, nay, scarcely that, to obliterate the recollection of the maltreated confidante, as he does the remembrance of his hatter's or tailor's bill. The canker in the heart is generally rapid in its work. And the more delicate the sensibilities, the more rapid.

The Canadian girl came on to Philadelphia. She was nameless now. Conscious guilt could not but employ another cognomen to shelter in, as the tempest-rocked vessel betakes itself to a fostering haven. Disease came on her with stealthy step, but sure; and, at last, friendless and forlorn, she came to Blockley to die an outcast! Home, youth, innocence, parents, brothers, sisters, all in the distance, and misery and loneliness pressing close at hand! On that couch the penitent betook herself to God, and with a spirit doubly chastened, exercised that godly sorrow which brings balm to the troubled soul. The Cross, with its magnetic attraction, won her soul, and Jesus, the sinner's friend, was a friend to Mary. Gentle, and patient, and resigned, sheltered from the finger of scorn, respected and loved by patients and attendant, she lingered on for months, beneath the grasp of relentless consumption. The physician, whose medical skill was at her service, and the clergyman, who prayed with her, felt their hearts drawn towards her; for in her they recognized refinement, and grace,

and feminine sensibility. She died calmly and composedly. She had often spoken to her faithful nurse (kind old lady, I see her now, with that benignant countenance,) of a miniature which she said was in her trunk, along with a few unimportant articles. The trunk was opened, and the miniature stood discolored. It was that of a prepossessing man. We always thought it was the shadowy semblance, the counterfeit presentment, of him who wooed her to betray, and, betraying, left her to her fate.

One morning we promised to bring her out, at the next pastoral visit, some oranges, to tempt her appetite. Keeping that promise, we next day advanced along the hall, with our little package; but were met upon the threshold of the ward by the old nurse aforesaid, who, with subdued accents, and eyes overflowing with tears, announced THAT MARY WAS DEAD! Away from home—away from childhood's haunts—away from acquaintances and relations—she fell into the tomb a withered flower! Saviour of every man Redeemer of the perishing we believe she is sheltered by thy side, in a beatific region, where the heart forgets its bitterness, or remembers but to praise Thee more!

THREE MONTHS IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

I was, and for more than a year had been, wretchedly out of health, the legacy of a severe and well nigh mortal brain fever; sadly debilitated, dreadfully nervous, affected with great irritation and frequent confusion of brain; and this is enough for you to know.

On an autumnal afternoon, it was then that I rode with two friends to the—Asylum. Night had nearly arrived when we alighted; and feeling unusually nervous, and brain disturbed, I hurried through the preliminaries, got rid of my friends, and begged for a bed to lie down upon. I was conducted through a massive door into a long hall, on each side of which numerous doors opened into small bed-rooms, each containing two single beds. Being shown into one of the two nearest the large entrance door, I at once lay down. The doctor was away in the city, and I lay several hours in great distress, which, with the disagreeable novelty of my position, and the action and reaction of body and mind on each other, brought me to a physical state that seemed worse than any I had ever before experienced. Between nine and ten o'clock the doctor returned and visited me. Finding me quite ill, though the event proved that he knew not how ill, and that he also mistook the proper method of dealing with this illness, he administered a dose, and left me for the night. I now heard the patients conducted to their cells, and ascertained that

the key was invariably turned upon them on the outside. The very thought of myself being thus locked in, even though alone, enhanced the nervous excitement under which I was laboring. I found that such was to be my fate. To make matters worse, I learned that I was to have a maniac companion, as occupant of the cell. He was not one of the violent, yelling class, but what was bad enough, he kept up an incessant muttering of wild, incoherent fancies the whole night through. Not long had we been room-mates, ere I grew so intensely disturbed, that, calling the attendant—a kind-hearted Irishman—I prevailed on him to stay in the room; nay more, to leave the door wide open.

With the former request he complied; but the latter wish it was not in his power to grant. Even under these circumstances, the various disturbing causes which had been and were still acting upon me, brought back most of the too vividly remembered symptoms of my former brain-fever. It actually seemed as if my arteries and veins ran with boiling water instead of a tempered vital fluid; and as the current circulated through the brain, I felt as though it literally seethed up against, and tossed the skull at the crown of my head, as the lid of a tea kettle is heaved and rattled by the water boiling within. My hearing, too, was affected in a thousand strange ways. There was a *simmering* noise, which went monotonously on, hour after hour, without the slightest cessation. The ocean, too, with its infinite diversities of sound, was forever in my hearing. Now I heard the billowy swell of the sea after a hard blow; then I could hear the sharp, fuming collision of waves in a storm. And then, again, for hours, I listened per force to a solemn, continuous roar, intermitted with the splashing, booming wash of the tempest-roused surge upon the beach. Almost incessantly, too, I was annoyed by whisperings, sharp and hissing, on every side, outside and inside of my room, and of the same character as those which affected your demon-haunted correspondent.

Meantime my mind was under tremendous excitement, and all its faculties, especially imaginations, were preternaturally active, vivid, and rapid-working. The stream of thought poured and hurried onward, noisy, turbid, overflowing, and bearing on its bosom fragments of all existing things.

As though it had been preordained that no single item should be omitted in testing my capacity of endurance, there was, ever and anon, a simultaneous outbreak from the lunatics on either side the entire length of the hall. My room-mate muttered and chattered and mumbled, in a most incoherent and outwearing fashion. An elderly sea-captain, occupying the room opposite mine—paralytic

in most functions save the lungs and brain—insane always, but raving fearfully during the dark hours—shouted, howled, yelled murder, blasphemed horribly, threatened death to some imagined foe, and by these alternated outcries, “made hideous” every hour of that interminable night. Awakened, probably by him, the other lunatics, far and near, joined, from time to time, in this pandemoniac chorus. One would sing, another declaim vehemently, another shout, another burst forth in a wild stentorian laugh;—in short, among them all, a din and uproar was kept incessantly going, the character of which no words can give any adequate idea.

The effect of the whole on my dreadfully-inflamed and irritated brain, was such, that only by the most energetic and unremitting effort did I escape plunging headlong into the abyss of madness myself. Then first did I gain something like a conception of what madness is;—that strange, fiercely excited, fearful state, in which the mind, instead of possessing the control of its thoughts and feelings, is itself possessed, by some mysterious power, which tosses and drives it hither and thither in directions neither to be foreseen or predetermined. Then could I understand the keen, wild, troubled rapture of the maniac in his frenzied hour, which constrains him to break forth in loud cries and violent movements, on the same principle that extreme physical pain prompts irresistibly to groans and screams. I feel sure that if I had, for one instant, relaxed my resistance to the almost uncontrollable impulse that bade me join the lunatics about me in their gibberings, their yells, and their shouts, I should, that instant, become as mad as they; it might be, too, for life. But I did not give way; and after a night of horrors, that seemed interminable, day dawned, and the inmates of the cells dispersed in various directions. I was too much exhausted to rise, and it was only after some three days or more of suffering, and after other nights of decisive horrors, that I was able to dress and creep forth, somewhat improved, but still feeble and nervous.

It was a strange sort of community into which I had thus entered. The male lunatics numbered something over one hundred, lodged in a three-storied wing of the main building, where I was, and the whole of a smaller edifice, standing a few rods distant. These two structures, together with a high wall, shut in a spacious, grassy yard, to which the patients had free access, and in which, whenever the weather was tolerable, they spent much of the time. Had I been perfectly well, I should have been rather glad, than otherwise, of my present opportunity of studying the characteristics and

habits of the insane. As it was, I used the occasion to some purpose.

The first peculiarity, I think, I noticed in the patients was, a singular expression in the eyes, a sort of *fiery glitter*, which was, at the same time, a *fixed, wild, glare*, that did not give you an impression of penetration or intelligent thought. Shakspeare expresses my meaning:

“There is no speculation in thine eye,
Which thou dost glare withal.”

It was a strangely disagreeable look, and at first used to make me shudder whenever I saw it. I could not escape the idea, that it was a sign of suffering in these poor creatures, and a suffering, too, like that by fire. In short, it called up the words of a portion of the curse inflicted by Rehama on Ladurad,

“A fire in thy heart, and a fire in thy brain.”

A second trait, which speedily struck me in my companions was, their indescribable and eternal restlessness. Save when sound asleep, they were rarely still for a moment. Some would walk, either in the yard, or from end to end of the long halls, with a rapid pace, and for hours in succession, till the very sight of them would produce in me a sense of complete fatigue. Others would get into some remote corner, and facing the wall, would step up and down, like soldiers on their post, and mutter to themselves for a length of time, that left the beholder bewildered to comprehend how they could endure it. Others would occupy themselves a half or whole day long, gathering straws, sticks, or pebbles, and disposing them in one or another figure. Others, again, who retained a certain measure of rationality and self-direction, were employed in various offices within doors or without, and persons more industrious, or less disposed to suspend their activities, I never witnessed.

And then, among the number, there were those who, though perpetually in motion, were invariably silent, save an occasional incoherent muttering to themselves. Several of this class never, to my knowledge, spoke one word to another person during the whole of my thirteen weeks' stay.

Others, again, were hardly ever silent for an instant, speaking freely and coherently enough to their companions, but still oftener occupied with interminable soliloquies, not of the mumbling, inconsequent species, but sufficiently rational, so far as concerned their matter or manner merely. Of this class there was one (whom I shall, for convenience, call Vanderlyn,) in whom I got much interested, and with whom I became quite intimate. He was, perhaps, thirty-five, of middle size, and elegantly shaped, though slender; of well-moulded features, very dark complexion, ra-

ven hair, keen, black eyes, and a most intensely vivid expression of countenance; in his whole appearance and movements indicating an extraordinarily excitable, passionate, and nervous temperament. He was a West Indian, of Dutch extraction, well educated, and of gentlemanly manners, and held, at the time he became lunatic, the office of Attorney General of one of the Caribbean Isles, under the King of Holland. After long and familiar intercourse with him, I should have been puzzled to explain how or why *he* was insane, any more or otherwise, than hundreds of passionate, irritable, morbidly nervous persons, whom the public never think of restraining by stone-walls and bolts. For times without number, I have walked or sat with him for long intervals, and talked with him, and interchanged questions and answers precisely as I would have done with a companion elsewhere; without ever, to my recollection, detecting one of what are commonly reckoned the symptoms of lunacy. Perhaps a bitter indignation, which he expressed towards his relatives for confining him in such a place, might be regarded as such a symptom. Otherwise, the main point, wherein he differed from a numerous class of the so-called sane, was in that excessive restlessness of body and mind which manifested itself in a perpetual walking to and fro, and a loud soliloquising, protracted for intervals, which, one might think, would utterly wear out any ordinary lungs or vocal organs. The substance of these self-conferences consisted chiefly of the events, the doings, and sayings of himself and others, comprised in the foregone years of his residence in St. ———, and to judge by the fluency, energy, and elegance of his declamation, one would infer that he must have been a man of quite unusual ability and eloquence.

Occasionally he was provoked to an outbreak of vituperation and profanity, by a patient of temperament akin to his, though greatly differing from him in most other respects. This was a young man named Carter, perhaps of twenty-five, from Virginia, a sailor by profession, and exhibiting few other of the recognised traces of lunacy than the restlessness before mentioned, which apparently made it well nigh impossible for him to keep either limbs or tongue quiet. Almost without cessation, he walked with hurried step, never silent, but either singing some sea-song or talking to himself in a loud voice. He and Vanderlyn seemed to excite each other more or less always, but occasionally to quite a frenzy of wrath. I have sometimes seen them walk the yard in parallel lines, at a few rods' distance apart, for an hour at once; heaping upon each other curses that would make the hearer's blood curdle, and manifesting every token of mutual rage.

There was no perceptible reason for this, unless a clash of temperaments were such, nor did this fury ever pass beyond execrations and reciprocal abuse.

Another feature of insanity I found to be a propensity to theft. I do not remember noticing a single exception to this, wherever an opportunity occurred of putting it to the proof. Apparently it made no difference what had been the previous social position, education, or life of the patients, they filched whatever they could lay hands on, whether useful or useless to them. I learnt this by repeated experience, for apples, peaches, &c., which at first I was accustomed to leave exposed in my room, invariably disappeared if I were absent five minutes. They disappeared, too, I discovered, however carefully I might hide them, unless absolutely secured by lock and key; for these people were quite as apt in finding as I was in concealing. And the nurses all testified, in reply to my inquiries, that lunatics were universally thieves.

As I have undertaken to speak "upon the square," and am sincerely desirous to impart accurate information to the public on a subject certainly not unimportant, I will mention, without enlarging upon it, another lunatic trait. It was a tendency to profane and obscene speech. I do not mean that this tendency manifested itself invariably, or, perhaps, even generally, in those quiet moods in which the majority of the patients were most of the time. But in those excesses of frenzied excitement, to which all were occasionally subject, I recall no exception to the offensive trait above specified. It was inexpressibly shocking to hear, as I often did,—not seldom, too, at dead of night—the torrents of blasphemy and filth bellowed and screeched, or chanted forth by these unfortunate beings. At times, one could scarce help believing that it must be indwelling and exclusively controlling demons who alone could have thus wrenched human nature from its innate properties. And, what struck me as still worse, if that be possible, I was told by the Asylum Physician, that this characteristic was literally universal, pertaining to one sex not less than the other.

Is profanity, then, a native, original faculty or propensity, requiring only sufficient excitement, together with the removal of restraining or repressing causes, to call it into activity and outward expression? I sometimes thought so from what I here witnessed, and especially after what was subsequently told me by a friend. He was a clergyman, to whom, not merely by his profession, but by the habits of his whole life, profanity was an unwonted and strange thing. He had never learned to swear; and yet, while recovering from a nervous fever, which left him in a

state of excessive irritation, to be endured patiently only by constant self-restraint, he told me that, during these struggles with his own sensations, oaths and execrations of every variety and intensity were incessantly occurring to his mind, and it was only with great difficulty that he could avoid shouting them forth!

Strange facts these, and calculated to induce reflections most unwelcome, about the possibilities and the original quality of this our human nature.

I may have occasion, hereafter, to touch on some other characteristics of lunacy, and will conclude, for the present, with some miscellaneous notices of the place I was in.

The patients were early risers, and mentally unbalanced though they were, they fell in easily, for the most part, with the established routine of the place. After partial ablutions, they flocked to breakfast, and rarely failed to take the seats previously assigned them. This meal, like the evening one, consisted of coffee, so-named, with baker's bread and butter. An epicure or a dyspeptic might not have been over-pleased with the fare, but the patients dispatched it with great gusto and marvellous celerity. Generally they have voracious appetites, and most of them are, of necessity, put upon allowances. At the dinner, between twelve and one, there was a fresh roast, two or three days in the week; and on the other four or five, corned beef boiled,—a food not very digestible or quieting, as it struck me.

Two or three mornings in the week, the patients are all shaved by the nurses; all razors, pen knives, and edged implements being taken from them on entering, and kept rigorously out of their reach. To many of them forks are not allowed at dinner. At shaving time, some hair-combing and clothes-brushing is performed for them, though, at other times, the hair and dress make but an indifferent show.

Once a week—on Saturday night—the patients all went into a warm bath. Of how much benefit this was likely to be to them, may be judged from the atrocious fact, that the same single bath-full of water served for all the occupants in succession of one hall, perhaps twenty in number! Was such a thing ever heard of elsewhere? I may hereafter comment briefly on this and certain other items of management. Meanwhile, in self-justification, let me say, that I went first into the water, and therefore was not personally involved in this physical iniquity.

On Sunday evening, there was an ordinary religious service in the chapel, conducted by an Episcopal clergyman, and attended by both male and female lunatics, as well as the employees of the establishment. In the

Liturgy and the Singing, many of the patients took a part, and most commonly went through these services tolerably well. So, too, they listened to the sermon quietly, and with an appearance of intelligence. Occasionally, however, an excitable chord in some brain would be touched, and such dissonance would follow, that the individual would need to be removed. But, on the average, the audience, thus strangely composed, was as orderly in aspect and behaviour, as though made up of the *soi disant* sane.

Some further remarks, suggested by this residence, as also several singular adventures occurring there, I will defer to another paper.

FUN AND EARNEST.

This is the expressive title of a beautifully printed volume which comes to us from John H. Taylor, New York. It emanates from the pen of the author of "Musings of an Invalid," and "Fancies of a Whimsical Man," and possesses the strongest claims to the favor of those who seek after lively and original thoughts, pungent wit, as well as keen, and smooth satire. The author is well known to us, and our readers should by this time entertain some idea of his fine talents; for it is he who has favored them with the "Spiritual Dialogues," now in the course of publication. "Fun and Earnest" must be popular, because the generality of readers like to laugh, and because it contains the rarest food for mirth. The world and its follies furnish the theme on which the book is mainly erected, and if the author, publisher and readers, are not benefitted thereby, we shall be greatly disappointed. Getz, Buck & Co., our publishers, have the work for sale in Philadelphia. We subjoin a brief extract, to give our readers a taste of its qualities, simply adding that if they would enjoy an entire banquet of the same, they must buy the volume. The following letter is a part of the supposititious contents of the *New York Evening Star* of July 5th, 2076, some three centuries hence!

(Editorial Correspondence.)

Boston, July 3, 2076.

I cannot resist sending you a few lines this morning from this charming old metropolis. It is more than ten years since my last visit, and so I was determined, when I fairly got here, to make a good week of it, enjoying its delightful hospitalities, and renewing my acquaintance with the glorious past. Boston! *clarum et venerabile nomen!* What American's heart does not beat more proudly within him, as he paces its historic streets, and gazes upon their time-stained edifices, crowded as they are with august

memories and spectres, everlastingly associated as they are with the great men and the great deeds that inaugurated this magnificent Republic! Whose love of liberty and of union does not become more fervent, whose zeal for the welfare and the purity of the nation, and for the perpetuation of its power and renown, does not become a hundred fold more intense, as he wanders amongst and fondly lingers over these classic spots, these sacred scenes, that tell us of the toils, and struggles, and triumphs of our fathers. How beautifully, too, are they intermingled with the stately dwellings and sumptuous structures of their descendants! A Roman, in the palmy days of Augustus, looking down from the princely porticos of the Palatine, upon the superb spectacle beneath and around him, might well have had a proud, joyous feeling at his heart; might well have been pardoned for using strong and glowing language; but, my friend, what, what could his emotions have been, compared with those of the American, who, from the cupola of the venerable State House, or the holy summit of Bunker's Hill, surveys the matchless panorama at his feet, crowded as it is with the trophies of the past, and the splendid realities of the present! And the effect of such scenes and influences upon the deportment and character of the people here, is most marked and striking. There certainly is a gravity and dignity about this town, and about one's feelings while in it, that we sadly lack in our own gay, fascinating, brilliant metropolis.

I am stopping at the Tremont, preferring it, true antiquarian that I am, to its grander and more showy neighbors. Its plain old granite face, and simple Doric porch, to be sure, contrast strikingly with the elaborate marble magnificence of its *vis-a-vis*, the *Bancroft*. But then, my dear friend, remember that Daniel Webster used to put up here, two centuries ago; that Choate used to make his famous dinner speeches here; that Holmes, that world-renowned wag and bard, here used to set the table in a roar, with his brilliant sallies: remember how many generations of guests, the wise, the brave, the beautiful, from all corners of the earth, have exchanged salutations in its quaint, pleasant old drawing-room; and can you then wonder that an old-fashioned, fanciful fellow like me, should prefer its snug chambers, and antique fire-places, and scantily supplied reading-room, (they only take fifty papers a day, the land-lord told me,) to all the colossal splendors of your modern hotels?

I spent yesterday afternoon at Mount Auburn. A sweet summer afternoon it was, too. I could have passed a fortnight there, with pleasure and profit. Were there no precious relics in it, or fond memories clus-

tering about it, it would still be a most charming spot, with its pleasant walks and hills, and the music of its birds, and brooks, and fountains. But as the repository of the bones of the illustrious dead, and, above all, of the illustriissimi of the 19th century, how full of tender interest is it to all Americans! What a place for the student, the artist, the moralist! What an assembly! What a population of statues, too, in bronze and in marble! What a throng of columns, and obelisks, and urns, and miniature domes, and temples! What a gallery of exquisite bas-reliefs, and dainty epitaphs, and plaintive verses! Among the older tombs, none struck me so much as that of Everett, wonderfully preserved, as it is, from the ravages of time. Its elaborate beauty and stately inscriptions, how admirably do they accord with the classic elegance of the illustrious sleeper, beneath it; and that statue of Choate hard by—what a spirited thing it is! Choate, the mighty orator of old, invincible alike on the stump and in the forum; he who united the close logic of a Wood or an Ogden, to the wild fervor of a Rousseau, and the poetic fire of a Byron. How finely does his figure contrast with that of the neighboring Bowditch; the latter so simple and serene, looking with calm, patient eye into the deep heavens, that he so loved to explore when in life, and from which he brought down so many precious truths for the benefit of his brethren. But why do I speak to you of these monuments, who are so familiar with them; or of the tombs of the other notables of those days—of the Storrs, and Prescotts, and Perkinses, and Lawrences, and Appletons, and Alstons, and Channings, and Wares, and a whole host of brilliant luminaries besides; merchant princes, philanthropists, divines, poets, orators, statesmen, philosophers, who have shed so much lustre on that most illustrious of the centuries of the earth!

But, my friend, I have been to a spot even more dear and sacred than this. Immediately on my arrival here, I left for Marshfield; an humble pilgrim, eager to pay my tribute of veneration and gratitude, and to renew my patriotic vows, at the tomb of our great statesman. Haunted, holy ground! There he sleeps, the man of the imperial intellect, and of the tender heart; sleeps in peace, surrounded by his kindred, with the elms of his own planting still waving over him, and the sea that he so loved to gaze upon, evermore chanting his requiem. Fit resting place! monument worthy of the man! Here are no misplaced ornaments, no flaunting flowers, no needless words; simply his own majestic name. There is but one other spot on earth, my friend, where my heart has been so stirred within me, and that, I need

not say, was the chancel of dear old Stratford church. It is delightful to see the affectionate veneration with which, at the distance of more than two centuries, the people hereabouts dwell on the name and the memorials of Webster. They seem never weary of talking of him, and they delight to show to the stranger his favorite haunts, his walks, and drives, and fishing grounds; and to tell how he used to stop and chat and joke with his brother-farmers and fishermen; and they *will* have it, and insist upon it with almost ludicrous earnestness, that he was not only the greatest orator and statesman, but the most successful angler and keenest sportsman of his day.

As soon as I got back to my hotel, I renewed my acquaintance with the great man, as he lives and breathes in the pages of that most charming of all biographies, his life by Everett. How especially admirable is that part which tells us of his last hours, his sublime death, and the simple, but most touching, funeral rites with which they consigned him to the earth! Of all the closing scenes of the illustrious men of modern times, is there one to compare with this, either in beauty or grandeur? But I forget that I am trespassing most unwarrantably upon your columns.

I shall, of course, spend to-morrow here. I am anxious to see how these Athenians of America will inaugurate the fourth century of the Republic. If they keep the promise of their programme, it will be a most superb and brilliant affair. The oration by Winthrop, we may be sure, will be a gem of the first water. Old Harvard, they say, means to be out in great state, on the occasion. Our accomplished friend, Sprague, has just been reading to me the words of a hymn, written by himself, and to be sung by some ten thousand children, to-morrow, on the Common, after the procession returns from Bunker's Hill. It is a spirit-stirring thing, worthy of his illustrious ancestor. By the way, the mosaic copy of the "Reply to Hayne," which you are so much interested in, is nearly finished, and has a most brilliant effect. It was high time for it to be executed, for the original is sadly faded.

Most faithfully yours."

A SHOT IN THE ALLEGHANIES.

You ask me, my dear sir, wherefore my habiliments, usually the reflex of Chestnut street fashion are so worn and mangled;—wherefore my hat, originally an unexceptionable French cylinder, is so indented;—wherefore my shoes, known amidst connoisseurs of St. Crispin, for their light elegance and lustrous hue, are so shapeless and sightless—

the uppers so rough, the soles so jagged; you hesitate, do not deny it, to invite me to a luncheon in your handsome hotel; you would have cut my acquaintance, confess it, as I walked up Arch street the other afternoon, but that I intercepted further progress, and claimed recognition. My dear sir, there are many effects which defy investigation of their causes; but, with myself, the case is opposite. I have been off to the Alleghanies, away to a solitude only invaded by wild beasts, to a silence only broken by the fall of some giant tree, or crumbling rock, or, louder than tree and rock, the precipitate descent of mountain torrents. With a gun, but no dog, a heavy pouch, but no care, and a mustached companion, whom I took along for very much the same reason a court fool finds patronage, I found myself, in no time, journeying in a continuous forty-mile trough, the mountains in all kinds of shapes, with all sorts of visages chained together on either side. My distinguished coadjutor, unloaded, and yet seeking sport, and whom I had solemnly appointed the historian of our perilous enterprise, kept a good look-out as he followed stealthily behind me. Item: for wolves, panthers, and bears. I must tell you I enjoy playing on one's nerves, even more than on a piano-forte, an instrument, by the way, which, I believe, was only invented for ladies. Number 2, was one of the literati of New York, a man of eminent accomplishments, and gifted with great ideas (of himself;) a light cork, was he, on the surface of general society, who by his very valuelessness, could never sink. And yet, in this man of empty brains, I foresaw an endless source of amusement. What if we could not cry up game, it was possible (I had trod the ground before,) to steal a march on him and lie like a terrible Bruin in ambush; and, in one instance, to saw through the unsubstantial support of a light bridge-plank, by which manœuvre, Newspaper Wisdom was precipitated into a clear running stream, making there, alas! a very dark solution. But the crowning trick was, the negotiation with mine host of a dilapidated inn, in the last stage of our journey, to let out his dog as No. 2 went by. Horror upon horrors! out it came. We had nothing to do but to run for it. All that my coadjutor had ever dreamed of wolves was realised. A dejeuner, with covers for twelve, and nothing left of the human form divine, but bones, and (Jezabel like,) palms of the hand and soles of the feet! We had dodgings and counter-dodgings. The man of letters tripping at my heels, gave me all the execrations found in Gil Blas, for, refusing to spend my powder. Life was waning! A troop of wolves would soon be on the track of this master leader! Already, seeming echoes their hollow bark, were heard upon the hills above. Bushes

were moving in all directions. My gun was seized. The trigger was pulled, with loud report and smoke. Undeterred by this demonstration, the enemy leaped towards us, and my companion fell. The agony of that moment! One paw of the creature was on his left shoulder; the breath from its savage lungs played about his hatless head. He moved not a limb. This was life in death. The joke might be carried too far. I went off for mine host, that he might call away his dog—a dog mightily tame, but mightily courageous—and soon a whistle was heard from the heights to the left. Then, like some horrible demon, the phantom wolf disappeared. Shall I tell you how I laughed? The ring thereof, is it not still tossed about amidst the echoes of the hills? The memory thereof, has it ceased to excite the vengeful ire of the man of Manhattan? You have heard all; was it not worth the writing? Would that the “incense breathing call” of to-morrow’s morn would find me where I have so late been straying. As Don Quixote studied with doughty obstinacy all books of Knight Errantry and bold Romance, so with a view to yet more extensive operations, in the jungles, morasses, and plains of British India, behold me, on the strength of my Alleghany achievements, studying the history, labors, and stratagems of the mighty Akbar! Here are some notes, which please return, respecting this oriental grandee, emulous alike of Nimrod, old and modern, and of Monsieur Dumas, in particular. I am collating with the view of keeping alive my enthusiasm and supporting my courage, the recorded instances of Akbar’s prowess. The Prime Minister of this “Fountain of Light,” Abul Fasil, is the narrator.

“Once on a hunting party, advice being brought that a lion had made its appearance in a thicket near the town, his Majesty went in quest of it. The lion struck its claws into the forehead of his Majesty’s elephant, and pinned him to the ground, till the King put the lion to death, to the astonishment of every spectator. Another time, being hunting near Toodah, a lion seized one of his train, when he smote the beast with an arrow, and delivered the man from its clutches. Another time a large lion sprang up near his Majesty, who smote it with an arrow in the forehead. Another time, a lion had seized a foot soldier, and every one despaired of his life; but the Emperor set him free by killing the lion with a matchlock. On another occasion, in the wilds, a lion moved towards him in such a terrible rage, that Shujahut Khan, who had advanced before his Majesty, lost his resolution; but the King stood firm, holding the lion at defiance, when the animal, through instinct, becoming frightened at Heaven’s favorite, turned about to escape, but

was speedily killed with an arrow. But it is impossible for me, in my barbarous Hindoo dialect, to describe in fit terms the actions of this inimitable monarch.”

Again hear Abul Fasil:

“Sometimes his Majesty pursues a leopard on horseback, till the animal is quite fatigued, and then lays hold of it, to the astonishment of the spectators. The following is also a method of taking them. They hang a number of iron rings, with snares, upon the trees under which the animals commonly resort, and when they rub and scratch themselves against the tree, they are entangled in the rings. The leopard is caught within forty coss (eighty miles) of Agra. In this district, whenever a leopard gets into a trap, his Majesty goes into the pit and takes it out himself. He frequently, when fatigued after a long journey, upon receiving intelligence of a leopard being entrapped, mounts his horse again, and gallops to the spot. Formerly it required two or three months to tame the leopard sufficiently to set him loose after game, but now, by the attention of his Majesty, it is effected in eighteen days. Sometimes the Emperor trains them himself. What is very astonishing, it once happened that a new-caught leopard hunted immediately upon his Majesty signifying his pleasure to it, and seized the game like one which had been trained. On this occasion the eyes of many were opened, and they believed in his Majesty’s supernatural endowments. He had also a leopard who used to follow him without a collar or chain, and was as sensible and obedient as a human being.”

Mine eyes, too, are opened, and I conclude.

LAZY JOE HARVEY.

In the pleasant and romantic village of C——, in which the lot of the writer of the following veracious anecdote was cast for some months, there resides, or did reside, a person who delighted in the name of Joe Harvey. If Joe had any faults, they were drunkenness and laziness, but more particularly the latter; as his total disinclination to any exertion frequently restrained him from procuring those beverages which delighted his soul.

During fine weather, Joe was always to be seen either hanging about the village tavern, or sleeping under some tree, around which he would diurnally revolve to protect himself from the rays of the sun as it travelled across the heavens. In winter, he would take refuge in the poor-house, and cause the county to support its most reckless inhabitant, until the return of spring made his leafy couches again available.

Upon one occasion, Joe having partaken freely of mine host's good whiskey, had betaken himself to his customary tree, and was in a few minutes in a heavy sleep. Now it happened that the spirit of mischief, after hovering awhile over C——, had lighted in the bar-room before alluded to, and had taken particular lodging in the brain of Major B——, one of the liveliest of the lively. The Major seeing Joe snoring "*sub tegmine fagi*," proposed to his friends that they should take and bury him, as he was of no further use to himself, his family, or any one else—but, on the contrary, a tax to every one.

The suggestion was immediately adopted, and as immediately acted on. To go to the undertaker's, procure a coffin, and put in it the unconscious body of their victim, was but the work of an instant; and then, as newspapers say, the mournful cortège proceeded.

On the way, they were met by a neighboring wealthy farmer, who asked whom they were about burying.

"Joe Harvey," said the Major.

"Why, is old Joe dead at last?"

"No, he's not dead; but we are going to bury him, to put him out of the way before winter sets in."

"Oh," said the farmer, "don't do that, let him go a little longer, and I will give him enough corn to keep him until spring."

"At these words the sleeping form was seen to move, and the languid, maudlin features of old Joe emerged slowly from the level of the coffin. His half-peeled eyes revealed two bloodshot balls which seemed to fall loosely in the direction of his noble interceder; then mustering all his energy, in a tone scarcely above a whisper, he enquired:

"Is your corn shelled?"

"No," was the dead response.

"Then," said Joe, unhesitatingly, as he relapsed into his coffin, "*tote along the corpse*."

BIZARRE AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

POLITICS FOR AMERICAN CHRISTIANS, &c.

Our friends LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., have sent us what, of its own kind, must be pronounced by the judicious, we doubt not, "the book of the season." To begin with, the origin of the volume is especially to our liking. That is, it comes from one, not a writer by training or profession, but from a man engaged in the practical spheres of life, and therefore, bringing to whatever themes he handles, that method of examination, coupled with that out-speaking, "un-bookish" mode of talk, which makes a true business man's opinion on any subject so extensive and valuable. We do trust, that this publi-

cation is the first of a series of the same description, both from the author and the class to which he belongs, and of which he shows himself so shining an ornament.

The volume as intimated by its title is, a consideration of the part, which it becomes the professedly religious portion of our community to take in political affairs. The author thinks, and justly in our view, that religious men have kept themselves far too much out of the press of politics; that a body so large and influential, and so well deserving of having their voice heard in governmental concerns, have been derelict to the demands of duty in surrendering the helm of the "ship of state" to pilots, who have cared rather for their own personal interests, than for the safety of the passengers and freight.

It were vain attempting, within the limits we have at command, to give any intelligible analysis of this volume. It is full to overflowing of weighty, serious, richly suggestive thoughts on topics, that vitally concern every man, woman and child of us, equally as mortal and immortal beings. And one point to which we would especially solicit the readers' attention, is our author's insisting on the duty of Christians to care for the temporal as well as the spiritual weal of the race at large. Herein he thinks, there have been singularly grave faults and omissions. The "chief of the Apostles" said emphatically, that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." For eighteen and a half centuries this inspired declaration has looked Christian believers in the face, and yet, according to our author, they would seem to have thought, that men's temporal condition was totally undeserving either effort or consideration, but that both these should be devoted altogether to the "world to come." The author's remarks on this point will be found exceedingly valuable.

But this may be said, without qualification of the entire volume. It is rarely we open one, which, within the same compass, comprises so much wisdom so admirably presented. In literal verity, our author has given us "apples of gold in pictures of silver." We shall hold him without excuse, if he permits such a mind and such a pen to be idle for any length of time.

HOME SCENES AND HEART STUDIES, BY GRACE AGUILAR.

This collection of nineteen tales, comes from D. APPLETON & Co., and, as we are informed in a touching preface by the mother of the gifted and lamented authoress, makes the concluding volume of Grace Aguilar's writings. It is enough to say in its praise, that it is quite worthy of her. The same

radiant genius which had previously shone on so many scenes of domestic life; the same admirable sense, wedded to a warm, genial, cheerful piety, which had invariably instructed, while it charmed and entranced the reader; will be found illuminating the present pages in fullest measure. It was indeed, a spirit of extraordinary power and beauty, which was taken from us, when this "daughter of Israel" ascended to the God of her Fathers. And, yet not altogether taken from us, while we still possess so ample a transcript of the thoughts and feelings of that noble mind and heart. It is an exquisite tribute, which Mrs. S. C. Hall has paid to the departed one in her biographical sketch, published some time since in the London Art Journal; and, if the reader's respect and admiration for the deceased could be augmented, it would be so by those brief, but delicate notices given by the bereaved mother, of her beloved child, in two or three prefaces.

BASIL, A STORY OF MODERN LIFE. BY W. WILKIE COLLINS.

Those who were so fortunate as to fall in with "Antonina," a previous volume by the author of the present, doubtless agree with us in esteeming it a work of extraordinary power. Its writer succeeded on the whole, where failure has been almost without exception, and that is in producing a classical romance of absorbing interest. The portrait of that Gothic woman was a veritable Shakespearean creation.

"Basil" exhibits a kindred genius, and though portions of it are so harrowing in their intensity, as in our view, somewhat to violate the artistic statute against excess of painful emotion, yet power of conception and skill of execution, must undeniably be accredited our author even here. The reader, if we mistake not, will be unspeakably delighted with "Clara," and will wish, that he like Basil, had been blessed with a "sister" so wise and faithful-hearted. Other characters, both of the good and bad class, are depicted with force and skill, and the Messrs. APPLETON & Co., to whom we are indebted for the volume, will please accept our cordial thanks.

KATHAY; A CRUIZE IN THE CHINESE SEAS.

We here have a neatly executed volume from the press of PUTNAM, New York. The author is W. Hastings Macauley, a naval officer, who made the cruise which furnishes the materials for his book, in a government vessel. His story is well told, and gathers much interest from its personal character. This feature, by the way, was a prominent characteristic of Stephens' works. If well sustained, it renders the record of tra-

vel, go where you may, not uninteresting. We have often thought, when making a little excursion on our river, that a readable story could be made, of all we saw and heard, was it related in a pleasing style. The scenes described in this book are daily being made more and more familiar to us. They gather new interest too, from the celestial direction which things are taking among the powers that be, at Washington. The author, though evidently a novice in the field of literature, has a very pleasant way of telling what he saw, and what as we have treated above, in a book of travels, is just what the reader wants to know.

MEAGHER'S SPEECHES.

REDFIELD, of New York, has just published, in a very neat duodecimo form, "Speeches on the Legislative Independence of Ireland, with introductory notes by Thomas Francis Meagher." The eloquent Irish patriot, himself directed the getting out of the publication, and furnishes a sensible preface thereto. The name of Meagher is closely interwoven with late struggles in Ireland for nationality; while the sufferings which he has endured on account thereof, are also familiar to sympathizing Americans. These speeches will be read with the more interest, because of the important events which they helped to develop; and, while there may be regret that their brilliant author failed in his efforts to secure legislative independence to Ireland, satisfaction will be felt that he has escaped from the toils of the oppressors of his native land, and now enjoys unrestricted liberty in the United States. We earnestly hope that his companions in exile, as they have been his co-laborers at home for freedom, may like him, soon burst their bonds, and seek an asylum on our shores.

THE SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT. BY WILLIAM ARTHUR, A. M.

"Honesty is the best policy," is a maxim very often on men's lips, and often written down in copy books, but not quite so often reduced to practice. We are glad therefore, to behold for once a fair and full demonstration of the truth of this adage, in the career of a man entitled "self-made," and thus called to encounter those difficulties, which press hardest on the integrity. It was a capital thought in our author to employ a period of constrained leisure in recording the business life of a "successful merchant." He has accomplished his undertaking admirably well, and has given us over 300 pages of matter, alike entertaining and instructive. Energy, perseverance, order and piety, are beheld making their way steadily onward, and raising their possessor from obscure poverty to ample wealth, large usefulness,

and universal respect and love. An excellent book for those of every age, and especially the young. It comes from APPLETON & Co.

THE FISCAL HISTORY OF TEXAS.

This book is by WILLIAM M. GOUGE. It may be, as a wag at our elbow whispers, that there is a striking propriety in the "*Fiscal History of Texas*" being written by a "Gouge." But we don't feel in the mood of his attempt at drollery. If we have inherited from our forefathers, as a burden to sustain through life, the name of "Tobias Jonas Cruikshanks," our impression is, that we should "draw it mild" in commenting on the names of our "brother men." We shall, therefore, let "Gouge" and "Texas" pass on together without endeavoring to trace out "analogies" or "fitnesses of things" between them; and we can also say, from having made a desperate onslaught on the book, that it appears to us to be as well executed, as it need to be. The author seems exceedingly well versed in the mysteries and rogueries of "Paper Money," and he has done the Public good service in laying these, to a considerable degree, bare to the sunshine. In short, there is a sound, healthy integrity in the views he advances on the topics handled by him, and writing as he does in a lucid, vigorous style, we could wish, for the general welfare, that his readers might be more numerous, than, from the nature of his theme, they are likely to be. The volume comes to us from Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of this city.

LORD SAXONDALE; OR LIFE AMONG THE LONDON ARISTOCRACY.

MESSRS. LONG & BROTHER, of New York, are the publishers of this story, which is from the pen of Reynolds, an English writer, and a man of ability; but one, for whose productions we confess we have no fancy. If the world was made up of such as ourselves, Mr. R. could hardly find a reader; as however, the contrary is very generally the fact, he writes with a rapidity, but little less than that of lightning itself, and must be gathering in a rich harvest of money. We consider his books of the most pernicious cast, and that popular taste is corrupted by them; indeed, whenever we see one of them, it causes us to exclaim, what a pity that there is a Reynolds, and such a Reynolds to be fed and to clothed by the pen!

WALDE-WARREN; A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

This book which comes to us from T. B. PETERSON, of Philadelphia, was written by Emerson Bennett. It is of the wild, exciting school, which has many admirers in the

country, and we presume therefore, will sell. It is moreover, a "prize novel," at least so says the title page. Whether this fact, should entitle a work to distinction as a literary production however, depends a good deal upon the source from whence the prize emanates. We believe the moral of this story is good; certainly from the hasty glance which we have given its contents, we think they can do no body any harm.

PICTORIAL LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF DAVY CROCKETT.

PETERSON also sends us this book. It is the story of a person who figured very largely, in the south-west some twenty or thirty years ago, and is told mainly by himself.—His life was one of the wildest character. The greater part of it is mainly occupied with border adventure, with sprinklings towards its close of about as wild and uncivilized Congressional life. Crockett fell fighting for the liberties of Texas, a victim of Santa Anna's inhuman Alamo butchery. If men must be as profane and uncouth as he is represented to have been, they should also, at least, be as brave and generous-hearted.

THE PRETTY PLATE.

An exquisite little volume this, from REDFIELD, New York. It embraces a simple but effective story, from the pen of John Vincent, and is beautifully illustrated from designs by Darley. Children cannot fail to inculcate a fine moral from its perusal, and adults may read it with both pleasure and profit. As a holiday gift, nothing could be more appropriate, especially for those of tender years. We love to praise such books, for they ameliorate the heart, while they improve the mind.

NEW THEMES FOR THE PROTESTANT CLERGY.

A second and revised edition of this able work has been published by Messrs. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., of Philadelphia. The author has lately published another book, particular notice of which we give in our present issue. He thinks and writes well for his fellow-man, and will accomplish much good by his pen.

CAP SHEAF, A FRESH BUNDLE.

The author of this work, who goes by the *nom de plume* of Lewis Myrtle, certainly presents to us a very tolerable offering of light reading. It is a "fresh bundle;" and one may enjoy it, either all at once or by instalments. REDFIELD, of New York, is the publisher; hence as may be guessed, the book is elegantly appointed in all respects.

CAVALIERS OF FRANCE.

Herbert, the author of these stories,

writes much, but he writes well. We consider him one of the most successful novelists of his class. The demand for his books would unquestionably be much greater than it is, if bread-and-butter calls upon him, were less imperative, or if he wrote less frequently. REDFIELD, publisher.

THE IRIS FOR 1853.

This magnificent gift book, edited by Prof. Hart, and published by LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., never appeared in a more attractive guise, than at present. The pictorial embellishments, twelve in number, are unusually rich, while the literary contributions, are of the most approved and approvable quality.

THE DEW-DROP FOR 1853.

Another gift book is this, from Messrs. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., of our city, which gathers new attractions every succeeding year. The embellishments in mezzotint, executed by the eminent Sartain, number eight, including vignette title page. The contributions are good.

MY NOVEL; OR VARIETIES OF ENGLISH LIFE.

The brothers HARPER, have issued the first part of this last and most able fiction of Bulwer Lytton. It forms No. 176 of their "Library of Select Novels."

WORLD-DOINGS AND WORLD-SAYINGS.

The London *Athenæum* thus justly notices Herman Melville's last book "Pierre; or, The Ambiguities."

"This volume is a would-be utterance of 'Young Yankee' sentimentalism:—but beyond that its writer may be a subject of the States, we can discern nothing either American or original in its pages. It reads like an "upsetting" into English of the first novel of a very whimsical and lackadaisical young student at the

U—

niversity of Göttingen.

It is one of the most diffuse doses of transcendentalism offered for a long time to the public. When he sat down to compose it, the author evidently had not determined what he was going to write about. Its plot is amongst the inexplicable "ambiguities" of the book,—the style is a long succession of spasms,—and the characters are a marrowless tribe of phantoms, flitting through dense clouds of transcendental mysticism. "Be sure," said Pope to a young author, "when you have written any passage that you think perfectly fine—to erase it." If this precept were applied to 'Pierre; or, the Ambiguities,'

—its present form would shrink into almost as many pages as there are now chapters. German literature with its depths and shallows is too keenly appreciated in this country for readers to endure Germanism at second hand. We take up novels to be amused—not bewildered,—in search of pleasure for the mind—not in pursuit of cloudy metaphysics; and it is no refreshment after the daily toils and troubles of life, for a reader to be soured into a torrent-rhapsody uttered in defiance of taste and sense."—A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from London, and speaking of the Duke of Wellington's funeral, says, as he was viewing the pageant he met Louis Blanc, and the first words he said were, "Mais comme le peuple anglais est froid! pas le moindre démonstration d'un sentiment quelconque, ni de tristesse ni d'aucun sentiment profond. Quelle différence en France! Si vous aviez vu le peuple de Paris, quand les cendres de Napoleon furent transportées aux Invalides." The correspondent adds: "This is quite true. The English are not a very demonstrative people, unless very much excited; but there are also times and seasons for excitement as well as for everything else, and just now people are somewhat tired of excitement in every part of Europe. Even in France, the correspondent of *The Times* observes that 'The truth of the matter is that the public appear for the moment to be indifferent to politics or parties. The working classes have as much employment as they can desire, and commercial speculation or amusement chiefly absorb the majority of the others.' This is also pretty much the case in England, as well as in France, and partly accounts for that state of apparent indifference on the part of the public, observed by Louis Blanc, among the immense crowds of spectators attracted by the funeral procession." All this may do very well for theory. We explain the now wild and now calm demonstrations of the French, by giving to them a character as a people altogether *sui generis*. William Cox, it was, we think, who divided the human family into three classes, viz., Men, Women and Frenchmen, and he was about half right.—A London journal thus notices the D'Israeli plagiarism: "On the part of so able and sneering an orator as our literary Chancellor of the Exchequer, this is surely a most unaccountable *escapade*,—not less curious than those deeds and misdeeds of Benjamin of Tudela, George Psalmanazer, and Gimelli Carreri, on which the elder D'Israeli dwells with so much emphasis. To the very last the name of Wellington must, as it seems, be connected with extraordinary circumstances. The *Globe* remarks:—'He braved the dagger of Cantillon. The wretched

Capefigue even accused him of peculation. But surely it was the last refinement of insult that his funeral oration, pronounced by the official chief of the English Parliament, should be stolen word for word from a panegyric on a second-rate French Marshal."—A book has appeared in London, entitled "Arabia in forty-eight hours; India and back again in a fortnight; being suggestions for improvement in the construction of Steam Vessels." A man named Brown—one of the extensive family—is the author. He says, when flying a kite or playing at "duck and drake" in the water, he has observed that a body striking another at an angle will not fall so long as the pulling or the projectile power is unspent, and he concludes that this principle may be applied to the general purposes of locomotion. The railway train passes over its fulcrum,—while, on the contrary, the steam ship has at present to go through its fulcrum, causing an immense resistance and expenditure of time and power. Mr. Brown proposes that, instead of sailing through the water, we shall glide along its surface. So much for Brown.—A late number of the *Hebrew Christian Magazine* mentions the discovery of some interesting MSS. in that language, which, it is said, are not unlikely to come into the market. The titles and contents of five works are enumerated:—1. 'The Mantle of Elijah,'—a commentary on the Pentateuch, by Rabbi Jacob Elijah, circa Charles II.; 2. 'The Gleanings of Paradise,'—a collection of Cabalistic pieces, explanations of difficult Passages in the Hebrew Scriptures, moral aphorisms illustrated by allegories, and a treatise on Hebrew grammar. A MS. of this work—but thought to be a copy—is now in the Bodleian Library; 3. Eight MS. works by the late Rabbi Natta Elingen, of Hamburgh; 4. Three volumes of a work called 'Great Understanding,'—being a commentary on the obscure passages of the *Medrash Rabba*, with an explanation of all foreign words not in the rabbinical lexicon 'Aaruch'; 5. A Book of names,—written by R. Solomon Ben Aaron in 1676, being an analysis of the Cabala, with an illustration of the Cabalistic alphabet.—The *Boston Evening Gazette*—a good paper—says:—"Imagine a railway hence to the sun. How many hours is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send a baby in a railway train, going incessantly one hundred miles an hour without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a boy, the boy would grow to be a man, the man would grow old and die—without seeing the sun, for it is distant more than a hundred years from us. But what is this compared with Neptune's distance? Had Adam and Eve started by a railway to go from Neptune to the Sun, at the rate of fifty

miles an hour, they would not have got there yet, for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the centre of our system."—Louis Napoleon gave a grand ball recently at St. Cloud. At the supper a *table d'honneur* was placed at the head of the room for the Chief of the State, and no one approached it without a special invitation conveyed by the master of the ceremonies. Louis Napoleon himself invited his cousin, Napoleon Bonaparte, and the Princess Mathilde (the latter's sister,) to take seats at his table. The twain were not a little embarrassed by finding themselves brought by this honor into juxtaposition, as it appears that for some years past they have not been on speaking terms.—A writer in the *New York Courier* proposes that at the next concert given in that city, the manager shall come forward prior to the commencement of the last piece, and announce that those who wish to leave before the conclusion of the concert, will be allowed five minutes to do so, and thus save a great deal of annoyance to those who wish to remain. A very good suggestion. We hope it will be followed up in Philadelphia.

—A French paper says, Jenny Lind is about to appear in a series of concerts at Berlin, to be given by the Society of Gustavus Adolphus, for the relief of the poor Protestant communities in Sweden, and in the north of Germany.—A gentleman writes from the city of Mexico:—"The opera company will cease to perform here in about two weeks. Steffanoni had a nice benefit three nights ago; the proceeds were \$2,490. That of Bertucca will come off this evening.—The publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in Paris has produced a prodigious excitement. To illustrate the *furor* for the work, Charivari relates that a Quaker going home with the volume under his arm, was stopped by two respectably dressed men, who, each clapping a pistol to his head, shouted "Your 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' or your life."—There is a report current in Paris, to the effect that the expectant Emperor, anxious to grace his court with the living illustrations of French intellect and to rally a number of vigorous, even though venal, pens to the support of his throne, proposes to confer a series of pensions, varying from £150 to £400 a year, on such literary men as may be induced thus to sell their allegiance to the new regime.—A Boston paper informs us that the Dane Law School of Cambridge, have commissioned Mr. Joseph Ames to paint the full length portrait of Mr. Webster—to be placed in the hall of that institution, from his great study head—the acknowledged best likeness of Mr. Webster, and also as a work of art, the most manly and masterly painted head ever done in this country.—The German papers announce a new opera by M. Von

Flotow, entitled 'Indra,' the text of which is by Herr Puttlitz. They mention, too, that Herr Gade has completed an opera founded on 'Die Braut von Louisiana,' a novel by Herr Schrader.—The Paris papers mention the premature loss which legal medicine has sustained by the death of Dr. Bayard;—one of the editors of the *Annales d'Hygiène Publique*, and author of a Manual of legal medicine.—Greenough, the sculptor, died in Boston last week. He was not insane as had been reported.—The Countess of Lovelace, Byron's sole daughter, the Ida of his home and heart, is dead. She expired after a lingering illness of more than twelve months' duration, at the town residence of her noble husband in Great Cumberland Place. She was born in 1816, and, like her illustrious parent, has died before completing her 37th year. "On the 8th July, 1835, she was united to Lord King, subsequently (in 1838) created Earl of Lovelace, a connection by which the lineage—a writer says—of John Locke was blended with that of Byron. Much of the interest which attaches to the daughters of Milton and Shakspeare was felt in the deceased lady, wherever the English language is spoken, and to a large circle of private friends her death will be a source of sincere sorrow. Highly gifted, and endowed with a large share of her father's vivid temperament, she delighted in intellectual as well as benevolent and kindly pursuits, one of her most intimate and prized confidants having been for many years that intelligent judge of female excellence, Mrs. Jameson." To that lady's pen we should refer the public for a true appreciation of her character.

—At a late meeting of the Syro-Egyptian Society in London, portions of a letter were read from Mr. Harris, of Alexandria, describing the progress of the excavations at Mitrahinny. A great many small broken statues have been turned up; among them those of a lady of the time of Thothmes IV., as also a mutilated kneeling statue of the fourth son of Rameses II. Nothing could be verified anterior to that age. Mr. Ainsworth read a paper 'On the meaning of the Cones in the Assyrian Sculptures.—Mr. Bonomi read a short description of an Egyptian cylinder, which bore on a cartouche, according to Mr. Sharpe, the name of Amunmai Thor, or the conqueror beloved by Thor, the ninth king after Menes, and the last of his dynasty, though the first Theban king that is known to us.—The "air line" from New Haven to Rhode Island boundary, a Boston paper states, has been contracted for, deliverable in one year, the contractors receiving one-third cash, one-third stock, and one-third bonds for their bills. If Rhode Island will construct a straight line to Blackstone, there connecting with the Norfolk county, it will be con-

structed. The editor thinks the influence of Providence city will prevent this new work, as the Plainfield and Hartford line would thereby be injured, and to connect with the Norfolk county, a circuit of several miles must be made. Providence, then, interposes its objection; powerful opponent, surely.—The London *Athenæum* states that M. de Lamartine has published the seventh volume of his work on the restoration of monarchy in France;—but, as it has had—and still has reason to suppose that this French edition in passing through the censor's hands may have been shorn of some of those bold thoughts and striking passages which make the book most interesting to us and our readers, it awaits the appearance of the English edition. The same authority says there is a report current in Paris and in London that Louis Napoleon has made advances to the republican historian—offering him, as the price of his adhesion, the rank and emoluments of a senator,—and that these offers have been accepted. This, M. de Lamartine denies, however, through the journals in most explicit terms.—The journals of Vienna announce that M. Jean Echter, the chief lithographer to the Imperial Press of Vienna, has invented a process by means of which drawings on stone can be printed in black or in colors on hard substances such as wood or marble. Proofs obtained by this method have been presented to the Imperial Academy of Sciences in that capital.—The *Messaggiere di Modena* states that the Pope has charged M. Jacometti, the sculptor, with the execution of his fine group of "The Kiss of Judas" in marble. It is to adorn the vestibule of the Christian Museum now organizing in the Palace of Lateran.

EDITOR'S CHATTER-BOX.

—A QUEER AFFAIR happened, not long since, at Ole Bull's settlement, in Potter county. His Norwegian brethren, to the number of 500 and upwards, are there, as we have before said, and have succeeded in building for themselves very comfortable cabins. Not long since, after a hard day's work, in felling trees, opening roads, and building fences, these hardy settlers were aroused from sound sleep—the natural consequent of severe labor—by a most unearthly "quawk! quawk! quawk!" which seemed to come from millions of feathered throats. The whole settlement was out of bed in a trice—men, women and children, literally scared into the cold bleak mountain night-air, by what seemed to be a chorus of demon birds. For a time, nobody knew what to do. The noise came from a clearing which, by the dim moonlight, was black with a moving,

living mass. At last, a tall Norwegian woman, seeming to be gifted with a sudden flash of light as to the whos and whats of the disturbance, seized a club, and dashed into the clearing, followed by all the men, and woman, and children, each one picking up a stick, as he or she rushed on, and determined to do or die, come what might. The secret of the sudden alarm was then discovered, and proved to be an immense flock of wild geese, that having alighted on the spot, were, during their one-eye-open and one-eye-shut slumbers, suddenly alarmed by some cause, the character of which is not known. The Norwegians dashed in among them, as Gen. Houston and his men did among the Mexicans, at San Jacinto. "Remember your stomachs!" was the watchword. A number of the birds were taken alive, and are to be domesticated at the new settlement. A friend of ours at Williamsport (Gen. C.) had a couple of them sent to him, as a present, and he insists upon it they made a glorious dinner.

—**STEAM** will soon hang its head; for the Caloric Ship of Ericsson is likely to prove a successful experiment. The New York papers, at any rate, tell us that the engine has been put in motion, and that it works to a charm. So, good bye, old "buster;" you will, after a little time, have an opportunity to scald people, and toss them into the air, no more. Much mischief have you done during your short hissing life. Dreadful, dreadful, is it old sinner, to think of the heads you have torn from trunks, of the legs and arms you have ripped off and scattered abroad, of the cruel, torturing deaths you have caused! The utility of your career must be conceded. We should have been at least one century behind the time, but for your reckless, wicked self. So, take your change, and begone! Few that come into the world but do some good. The benefits you have bestowed, have been really immense; but then, those horrid concussions, those scatterings of blood and brains! Oh, begone! Hurra for caloric!

—**WE VISITED** the Spirit Rappers the other evening. Several gentlemen were present, as spectators, and one lady. Mrs. Fox and a daughter were the exhibitors; and they performed their parts in a manner to rival Blitz, Anderson, and all the great necromancers of the day. The knocks came from the floor, the table, the panels of a wardrobe, as well as from a sofa. They were, indeed, anywhere, and everywhere. That these raps are spiritual manifestations, we do not believe. That they are the mysterious productions of real flesh and blood, we never have doubted, and never shall doubt. The questions we asked, with two exceptions, were incorrectly answered; and these exceptions, sprang, we are satisfied, from mere

guess-work. Nearly every one present was a believer. Two or three of the gentlemen said they were in the awful presence of the spirits, from the first; but the interest they showed in having every question we asked answered correctly, plainly belied them. One gentleman held a long interview with his mother's spirit, a part of which we transfer: "Mother," said he, "has the Messiah come?"

There were no raps. The spirit was, courteously, we suppose, to the Christians present, non-committal on this important point.

"Mother, is our family descended in a direct line from King David?" again asked he.

Three raps said "Yes."

The gentleman received the assurance with evident satisfaction, saying:—"Gentlemen, there is a tradition of this kind connected with our family. I have the documents, indeed, which clearly prove what mother asserts.

Here there was a pause, which the descendant of Israel's King, broke by another question.

"Mother, I am now going to ask you a question, which I hope you will answer. I should be happy to know when I am to follow you to the spirit-world?"

The spirit was non-committal again; it would not answer, and we cannot but think, in reality, very much to the inquirer's satisfaction.

—**THE FOLLOWING** exquisite bit of poetry has been for a long time floating about among the loose gatherings of our portfolio. Who wrote it?

LA FEUILLE MORTE.

Poor wither'd leaf, where dost thou go?
Alas! I do not know.
The stately oak on which I grew,
The tempest overthrew:
And now before the varying gale,
A wanderer pale.
Whether the north wind rudely blow,
Or zephyrs gentle flow
From hill to dale, from wood to plain,
I drive a-main;
And only know my course I bend
Where all things end.
Where lies the rose that sweetest blew,
And where the laurel too.

—**A SPACIOUS** and elegant building has been erected between Washington, Broomfield and Winter streets, Boston, which reflects great credit upon the taste and enterprise of that city. An intelligent correspondent, who has visited it, speaks of it as follows:—"I was truly astounded at the magnitude, beauty and simplicity of the edifice. It certainly does much credit to those concerned in its erection; and although I have seen many more gorgeous halls in Europe, I have never seen one that, in all its bearings, could compare with it. I think it will tend

to the improvement of public taste, inasmuch as it goes to show that simplicity is beauty—a truth nearly unintelligible to an American."

—THE SONTAG CONCERT, on Saturday, the 11th instant, for the benefit of the Musical Fund Society, was delightful, barring some imperfections of the orchestra. Madam S., herself, was never in better voice, while Pozzolini and Rocco exhibited new claims to favor. The former sang a romance from "Giuramento," in truly exquisite style. Little Julien was as wonderful as usual, particularly in the running accompaniment which he played to Madam S. in one of her encore pieces. That child is certainly a marvel. The audience was large, and we may say a more refreshing feast of music we have not had for many a day.

—WRITERS used to differ as to what was really the forbidden fruit. Some said it was the apple, others the fig, while others who had an acid tooth, concluded that it was the lemon. Rabbi Solomon contended warmly, that Moses concealed the real name of the fruit, fearing that it would be so detested by all the world, that no one would ever taste it. His Rabbiship showed by this position a very flimsy knowledge of human nature; in our day, certainly—as we suspect it has been, since the world began—only Satanic fruits, are generally speaking, most in demand.

—A GREAT friend in words, but not deeds, not long since advised a poor woman to carry round a subscription paper among the members of her church, for the relief of a suffering family during the cold days of winter. She did so, and with no little success. A few days after she showed the paper to her adviser, asking him if he did not mean to give something. "Certainly not," was the reply! "Did not I give you the hint. What more can you ask?"

—THE FOLLOWING pithy story is told about a literary gentleman, who had the misfortune to marry a Tartar for his second wife. It seems she was scolding him fiercely one evening, when taking his hat and very coolly bidding her good night, he added as he left the house. "Mrs. —, I will once in my life have it to say, that I have passed the night with a quiet wife." And he kept his word, for he slept in the burying ground, and by the side of the first Mrs. — grave.

—THE NEW YORK *Mirror* states that the rumors of Alboni's engagement to appear in opera with Madame Sontag, are unfounded. She is now hesitating over a large offer to visit Havana in the month of January. In the meantime, adds the *Mirror*, Maretzek is on the way home from Mexico with his troupe, and we shall soon see what we shall see. There is a likelihood of there being two

opera troupes. One of Sontag, Badiali & Co., and the other of Alboni, Maretzek & Co. Since writing the above we learn Alboni appears at the Broadway, New York.

—IT IS SAID Mr. Murray was to have ready, "before Christmas," "Fresh Discoveries at Nineveh, and Researches at Babylon, being the results of the Second Expedition to Assyria," by A. H. Layard, M. P. We learn, also, Mr. Layard's minor book on Nineveh has been translated into Swedish.

—ARTHUR HALL AND VIRTUE promise a work by Mr. Bartlett, (author of "Walks about Jerusalem") entitled, "Sicily; its Scenery and Antiquities." "Homes in the New World," and "Impressions of America," by Frederika Bremer, are also announced in England.

—WE HAVE several excellent books on our table, which remain unnoticed. They shall be attended to in our next.

—WE ARE MUCH obliged to the editor of the *Lady's Book* for its notice of BIZARRE, which we would correct simply in one part, viz:—BIZARRE is not a "business journal."

—IN SOME parts of Russia, a superstition exists, that to extinguish fires caused by lightning, milk is most effectual; indeed, the flames having been permitted to spread frequently to the destruction of whole villages, because it was not to be had in sufficient abundance to quench them. In some parts of Germany also, this superstition prevails. Speaking of fires, they have in Moscow, a regular establishment for extinguishing fires. It is a large building of three stories, surmounted by an elevated watch tower, with wing of the same height, forming a square within, surrounded by excellent stables, smith's shops, houses for engines, wagons, &c. As everything is kept in good order, and when there is an alarm the whole force starts out and quenches it. This establishment also serves for street-sprinkling. We wish some affair of the kind might be introduced here.

—THE ANCIENT Greek artists formed sacred figures on glass. Some allege that the Greeks cut upon plates of glass, and hollow glass vessels of all kinds, such as we now find on our tables.

The following new books have been received at BIZARRE office, and will be noticed hereafter.

From D. Appleton & Co., of New York, through Messrs. C. G. Henderson & Co., of Philadelphia:

"Life Memorials of Daniel Webster," 2 vols.

"Confessions of Fitts Boodle," by Thackeray, 1 vol.

"Essays from the London Times," 1 vol.

"Patient Waiting No Loss," by Cousin Alice, 1 vol.

From George S. Putnam, New York:

"A Story of Life on the Isthmus," by Joseph W. Fehrens, 1 vol.

"Letters from St. Petersburg," by Jermann, 1 vol.

From John S. Taylor, through Publishers of BIZARRE:

"Flights of Fancy," by Ella—Rodman, 2 vol.

Bizarre.

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

VOLUME II. }
PART 20. }

FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1853.

{ SINGLE COPIES
FIVE CTS.

THREE MONTHS IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

SECOND PART.

Some three weeks after my entering the Asylum, the word got abroad that our winter balls were about commencing, and that the first of the series was close at hand. It was curious to witness how much of pleasant excitement this prospect created even among these shattered intellects. For two or three days the coming event was sufficient to concentrate their attention and constitute a subject of conversation. The regular musician for the occasion was seen cleansing and getting in order his flute. He was a man of some fifty-five years old, fine-looking, tall, of massive proportions, and of perfect health; a seaman by profession, and for several years the commander of a merchant ship; but, having got deeply "bitten by the serpent of the still," he had been for twenty years an inmate of this Asylum, though in as complete possession of his reason as ever. Occasionally he obtained leave to go to the city on the plea of visiting relatives of the highest standing, resident there; but invariably he fell among associates of a different cast, and after a week, perhaps, of continued inebriety, he would return raving with mania-a-potu.

Well, the festive evening arrived, and at an early hour some two hundred male and female lunatics, together with their supervisors, assembled in a large hall. On a first glance, and indeed for a considerable time, no one would imagine he was in the company of maniacs. In dress and demeanor, the ladies more especially, bore the same appearance with a like number in any ordinary ball room. It was only after a considerable interval, when sound and motion, and the general aspect of things had excited the nervous system above its customary tone, that an irregular outbreak of word or act might occasionally be witnessed. And then some flourishes and "double shuffles," were executed, which are not seen every day in the week.

It was not long before I noticed, among

the ladies, two who appeared to be regarded by the rest, and certainly to regard themselves, as entitled to hold the first place. One passed I found, universally, by the name of the "Queen," and had done so I believe, during most of her entire residence of ten years or more. She was even now, a rather fine-looking woman, of well moulded features, of tall stature and dignified carriage, and in dress and manners, had a decidedly lady-like appearance. From casual inquiry I learned, that her original position was what is called "high." In fact, I think in this connexion, I ought to relate a noble deed of this lady's husband. He commanded a steamer on one of our big inland lakes. A storm outside, and a devouring fire inside, broke at once on Captain S., and the lives of three hundred men and women were consigned at once to the manhood lodged in the mind and heart of this single captain. And, the good God be thanked, there was enough of this rare quality there stored up. Knowing that the seeming of force and constriction was here absolutely unavoidable, this hero, (more truly such than Alexander or Cæsar,) faced three hundred wild men and women, with two unloaded pistols, thus kept down their instinctive excitement, and after having put every individual ashore, got ashore himself with extremest difficulty on a cane sofa. Alas! a sadder sight was mine afterwards to witness, when the noble-hearted captain of the "Atlantic," after having helped ashore every man, woman and child he could, got his own brains knocked out, in his too late attempt to follow in their track. More than one tear has been shed to the memory of that tall, noble-looking commander, who in the very "jaws of death," never seemed to think of himself till he had done all he could for the salvation of his passengers. #

But not to wander too far from my subject, the supremely admirable conduct of Captain S. gave me a feeling towards the "Queen," who, I found was his wife, which I have no other phrase to describe, than as "most respectful tenderness." For some reason or

other (I wish my lady readers would describe it,) this lady "Queen" not only paid me special attention at the "ball," but did me the grace of writing me the two following letters, which I trust, I perpetrate no impropriety in submitting to the reader.

"Mr. —. Permit me to inquire daily after your health, for I feel an indescribable interest in your welfare. Please keep a diary, and send it to me every evening for inspection. The employment will divert your mind from your nervous illnesses, and you will find us a real Queen. If you have any hallucinations, I should delight in being made a confidant of them. Do not fear me, that I would ridicule or betray anything you chose to write or say to me. You are a lawyer, and I should be grateful for your advice in some points of law. Indeed, I thing a good Providence sent you here to protect and right us all. We trust you have recovered from the fatigues of the evening, and have regained your wonted elasticity of spirits, so that you are now enjoying all the happiness, peace of mind and amusements, which the place can afford you, and that you do not find it as we do "Castle Hopeless." Mon Dieu! that the world had seen fit to make a doctor of us, that we might attend upon you, and thus, that in a few weeks, you might be restored to health, society and friends, of whom we are confident, you must be the darling.

We are yours, en amitie,

VICTORIA THE QUEEN.

Castle Despondency, Oct. 22d, 18—.

To his Grace le Duc de Montalbert.

This letter was handed me by "our doctor," with a mild grin on his handsome face, the day succeeding our festivity. I trust from the spirit of my narrative and comments hitherto, that none of my readers can imagine me, as expressing or feeling one particle of ridicule, as touching this letter. No, my feelings were those of measureless sorrow, and regretful tenderness. Nor did it need, that I should remember that my mother and sisters were women. My own native respect for womanhood, was enough; I therefore took my pen, and wrote the very best letter my poor faculties could compass, and sent it through our friend the "doctor." A reply came the day after, which I subjoin "verbatim et literatim."

"Mr. —. I know not how to vindicate my temerity in addressing you in the foolish manner I did upon the trifling acquaintance I had formed with you. The interest I felt and expressed in you, was altogether on the supposition of your being an insane man, and an invalid; and, you will pardon any unkind or improper language, in my very silly and ill-timed note, and all my derelictions

from the approved etiquette of the day, by taking into consideration my long seclusion from the polite and literary world, in this Bedlam, among mad women, etc.

"I did term this regal palace of ours, "Castle Hopeless," without however, intending to obtrude my own idea of it upon you; and, if I complained to you of any evils, I did so inadvertently. Still, I think we might appropriately name it "Castle Demoniac." We regret having obtruded upon you what we doubt not you regard as our insolence, lest we may have excited or offended you. We may as well be perfectly ingenuous, and by repentance and confession of our fault, hope for your pardon. The truth is, we supposed you a little out of order in the "attic," simply from meeting you in this same abode of lunacy, and we were practising upon you, as we had upon others, for the frolic of the moment, to draw you out; but, we assure you, with no design to mortify or injure you, had we succeeded. Idleness is said to be the parent of vice; and, undeniably it is the mother of mischief. As we were totally unemployed, we did hope to extract amusement from some of your vagaries; but your beautiful answer to our wild epistle has not only undeceived us, but has put us to the torture of being exposed ourselves to the shafts of your ridicule. Your excessive fatigue and unearthly paleness, after dancing with us on Wednesday evening, alarmed us for your health, and called forth the womanly tenderness of our queenly heart; and, we had nearly offered you our services as a nurse, with real maternal dignity, however; but, the chilling reserve and fastidiousness, of you American gentlemen congeal, ere they can flow into any right channel, all our fervor and warm affections, and often cause a revulsion of feeling, that gives us an appearance of coldness and *hauteur*, which is quite foreign to the nature of the Stuarts. And this may, perhaps, occur at the very moment, when we would almost sacrifice our existence to preserve the life or dignity of those, who have acquired an influence with us. We are most happy to learn, that you are scourged by no hallucinations, and that your heart and imagination are under the control of reason. As such is the case, we shall, doubtless, be very soon deprived of your society. But we are too entirely disinterested ourselves, to suffer one murmur of discontent, or a single sigh of regret at being detained here without an object to interest us; with none to whom we can whisper "solitude is sweet," while you are pronounced "clothed and in your right mind," and restored to your "ain fireside," and to the kind watchfulness and care of an affectionate wife. Yet, when we take a retrospect of the last ten years, so fraught

with wo to us and ours, and then suffer our thoughts and fears to go forward into the future, alas! we recoil from the prospect, and so far lose the queen in the woman, as to shiver on the brink of insanity! My God! why were we created to endure such agonies of torture? Although we have the promise, that "as our day is, so shall our strength be," yet our faith in it is nearly extinguished. Oh! we think the sufferings of heart inflicted on us in this terrible place, are too much for humanity. "Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!"

"Thanks for your kind regards and wishes for my health and happiness, dearest Albert. Our life is hardly worth a thought of your Highness. We entreat your Highness's extreme care of your own precious life, and that you will employ every means and circumstance for the renovation of your health. Remember how dear our Albert is to the nation which has adopted him as its Prince Consort. And, above all, forget not that he is more than life itself to his Highness's truly attached and devoted

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Buckingham House, Oct. 24, 18—.

To the Duc de Nemours, Versailles.

I have copied these letters because they seem to me, especially the second of them, to illustrate with the unusual force the peculiarities of modern lunacy; peculiarities which, during my whole stay, I perplexed myself in vain to comprehend. The main faculties and affections appear little disturbed, and the patient will converse and even reason for long together, on most topics very much like any ordinary person. Yet in a few points—perhaps only one—they hopelessly mistake, and with rare deviations adapt themselves to such mistakes, in speech and act. This lady's leading error was that of her own personal identity. She was Queen Victoria, and no other. She misconceived my personality, though here she was not consistent, since in one letter she began by calling me by my rightful name, proceeded to regard me as Prince Albert, and ended by addressing me as the Duc de Nemours.

She habitually conducted herself with no small dignity, and a leading position was freely accorded her by her sister patients. She maintained a friendly interest in myself without change during my stay; inquired daily after my health, and often transmitted me her compliments. During the many years that have since elapsed, I have never ceased to retain a vivid recollection of that strange interlude in my experiences; tinged with sadness at the fate of a lady, endowed with such considerable gifts, who, for imperative reasons, was but too probably doomed to wear out life, in what to her and many

others was veritably "Castle Despondency," and "Castle Hopeless."

I mentioned that there was another lady at the ball, who appeared the rival of the "Queen" in general consideration. A very different sort of person this, and here on quite other grounds. She could hardly have been twenty-six; superbly handsome in face and form; who, in any place whatever, by her dress, manners, bloom, and a kind of dashing vivacity, would instantly have charmed your gaze. I was utterly astounded at beholding such a radiant creature here, and it was only with some difficulty, that I learned the explanation. She was by birth a Southern lady of the most fashionable class; the wife of a city gentleman of wealth and brilliant position; and, having become an irrestainable opium-eater, she was confined here with the hope, that the impossibility of procuring the drug, coupled with medical care, might work her redemption. It was, however, pretty clear that she was not yet deprived of her "bliss and bane," for on a close scrutiny, I noticed in her exuberant spirits, frolicsome conversation, vivacious laughter, and bounding movements, a something extravagant and fitful, which, with the flashing brightness of the eye, showed that recent stage of the opium-stimulation, when enhanced activity has not given place to calm reverie. However, she was a most charming companion, both in conversation and the dance, and would have been a veritable belle of the evening in any rational assemblage. For myself, I had a positively delightful evening, and danced almost incessantly for several hours; finding in the exhilaration of the occasion, the nervous vigor of which I thought myself almost entirely destitute when I entered the hall. This lady was accustomed to pass much of her day at the piano, on which she was a brilliant performer, and was always dressed as richly, as if just arrayed for a round of "calls." I used to marvel much what must be that lady's customary thoughts, with such a past in the back-ground, with such a present around, and she, being what she was. I left her there on quitting the Institution, and never learned her subsequent fate.

There was another lady present, whom I was not greatly surprised, though pained to find, an inmate of the Asylum. I had been considerably acquainted with her several years before, and knew her to be of most kindly and gracious dispositions; something past middle age, the wife of an opulent merchant, the mother of an interesting family, and bountifully favored with life's material goods. During my acquaintance with her, I heard that she was subject to attacks of lunacy at intervals of a few weeks; and, just before quitting the place, I learned that these

so-named lunatic accesses, were simply fits of intoxication. And, now I found her here, and was simply told, that this was the fourth or fifth time she had been thus confined.

My informant then pointed out a lady sitting near, as a victim from a different cause. She was *petite* of size, with an amiable face, but one stamped with the most hopelessly sad expression I ever witnessed, even when it wore a smile as it sometimes did. She was a Southern lady, who, in the very hey-day of health, prosperity and hope, had her whole family of seven children stricken down into the grave by scarlet fever, within a few successive days. The fine mechanism of the reason was shattered by the suddenness and immensity of this bereavement, and for some years she had been here, a melancholy looking patient, of the class pronounced incurable. It was so far a virtual alleviation of her case, that probably she retained no distinct remembrance of her loss, and that this mournful expression, was rather the shadow left by the passing wing of Death, than the manifestation of a pain consciously present. I cannot help thinking it possible, that these lunatic incurables may have solaces vouchsafed them, which we dream not of. Who knows, but that through the rents of the mind's mortal tenement, that immortal being within, itself impervious to harm, may be visited by bright gleams and entrancing visions, from that supernal sphere, where the reason is never obscured, and sorrow, pain and death, are names unknown? Who shall say that this hapless mother had not been often gladdened by the visible presence of those young creatures, whose graves swallowed up the light of her earthly existence, now wearing the glory of their divine transfiguration; child-angels, who "do always behold the face of their Father in Heaven?" In such a supposition there is nothing inconsistent with the ways of Him whose love measureless alike in great things and small, spans a hemisphere with His prismatic arch, or curtains the couch of dying day with ineffable splendors, and again lavishes all the resources of light in painting the butterfly's wing, or in decking the lily with a garb, that shames the "glory of Solomon."

I have thus furnished a few samples of what I saw, and experienced in this Asylum. Whether I shall continue a subject, on which as yet I have scarcely entered, is uncertain. At all events, my present space is so far exhausted, that I can but touch on two practical suggestions, respecting the proper regimen of the insane. Excellent as the system of this Asylum was in many particulars, I thought then and still more decidedly now, that as regards diet and cold bathing, it was gravely defective. Boiled corned-

beef, hard generally, and tough often, made the dinner several days of the week, one of the most indigestible of all aliments. Thus taxing and disturbing the stomach, it irritated and excited the nervous system, from the close connexion and reciprocal action of the two; and the mustard, vinegar, &c., commonly added as condiments, tended to augment this irritation. Now, insanity is believed to have much to do with nervous perturbation. How obvious, then, and urgent the importance of restricting the diet to articles which least operate to produce this effect.

Again, cold bathing was a remedy, very rarely, if ever administered. Except for the slight morning ablutions of the face and hands, and for the occasional subjection to control of a raving patient through the shower-bath, I do not remember ever seeing cold water used, otherwise than as a drink. Strange, that the known effect of one mode of its application in subduing frenzy should not have suggested other modes of application. Certainly every one, who has ever tried the many various ways in which hydro-pathy applies cold water to the system, knows that each and all exert an almost magical power to quiet and refresh the nerves, over and above whatever other remedial agencies they may exert, if any such they do. Consider, also, the inestimable value of water in keeping the skin free of the sediment deposited thereon by the evaporation of the insensible perspiration; a sediment, which choking the pores, and thus preventing the escape of the waste matters, which should issue thence, throws these matters back upon interior organs, thus again, creating nervous disturbance, as well as other maladies. Now, here are many various modes in which cold water serves to tranquilize nervous irritation, and thus to strike at the very root of lunacy, and yet, for some inexplicable reason, these immense advantages are neglected.

What I most earnestly desire seeing fairly tried, is briefly this:—As a general rule, let animal food of every kind be superseded, as too stimulative, and let all the various grains, garden vegetables and fruits, be used instead. At the same time let cold water be applied daily, and oftener if indicated, to the whole surface, in the several methods employed by educated and judicious hydro-pathists. If these two measures did not, and that speedily too, produce curative results of the most marvellous quality, I would cordially consent to be, like Dogberry, "written down an ass."

Another chapter gathered from my experience at a Lunatic Asylum may be given hereafter.

SPIRITUAL DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE VI.

ARISTIDES. JAY.

W. the Elder. My dear Aristides—this prompt and courteous acceptance of my invitation, is indeed most gratifying. Allow me to make you acquainted with my venerated countryman, John Jay.

Aris. Ah, I am charmed to see him. His name and fame have long been familiar to me. I wonder we have never met before.

Jay. It is strange, considering the liberties we ghosts are allowed, now-a-days. How different from the old regime! Then, we never used to think of showing ourselves till long after sun-down, you know; never got an invitation from any quarter, or a very cordial welcome, when we *did* venture to make a call—now, we knock around, in broad daylight, in the most free and friendly style, and without the slightest regard to the unities.

Aris. Even so. This is the era of innovations of all sorts, all over the universe. None of the old-fashioned doctrines, either in manners or in morals, in science or in art, seem to be listened to any longer. I am sorry to see it. The *unities*, indeed! Why, Judge, the idea of presenting a play to an Athenian audience, in my day, wherein there was the slightest violation of any one of them, would not have been tolerated for a moment. Such a performance would have been hissed at once from the stage, with indignation. You see how it is now; and, indeed, ever since that popular transgressor of all laws, Shakspeare, has come into being. Confound the fellow! he flirts with all the nine Muses at once; is eternally laughing out of one eye, and crying out of the other; and yet, some how or other, the dog is so fascinating, so grand, so irresistible, that criticism is completely disarmed, nay, swallowed up in admiration. Sophocles himself, by the way, made the same remark to me, but an evening or two ago, in an adjoining luminary, while we were listening to that delicious play—The Merchant of Venice.

Jay. Why, Aristides, you talk like a regular old theatre-goer. And are all you Greeks such enthusiastic Shakspearians?

Aris. Indeed we are. And is there any ghost, anywhere, of the slightest pretensions to culture, who is not acquainted with him, is not an eager student, alike of his terrestrial and celestial productions? Is there a single theatre in any star in heaven, the manager of which would not be perfectly crazy to bring out his last play?

W. the Elder. Ah, what is it? What does he call it?

Aris. I don't know, indeed. I was mere-

ly speaking, my friend, at a venture; taking it for granted that he has got something magnificent ready for us. It is some time, now, since his *Napoleon* was produced.

W. the Elder. What, has he written a play on that theme?

Aris. Yes, truly, a most sublime tragedy. Many critics consider it, especially the last act, his master-work. It certainly is in his happiest vein. I remember nothing in *Othello* or *Lear*, more affecting than the dying speech of the imperial exile. But my friend, the Judge, here, may not be such a votary of the drama, as we Athenians are, and always have been. So, let's change the subject. Do tell us, Judge, where have you been keeping yourself all this time? How is it, that two such kindred spirits, and lovers of justice, as ourselves, have not been brought together long ago?

Jay. As I said before, I don't understand it. To be sure, I've been a good deal of a recluse of late; locked in my chambers, up to my very eyes in books and papers. Indeed, the whole bench have been sadly bothered and overworked, for some time past.

Aris. What subjects have you been particularly investigating?

Jay. Well, a great variety. The main items of annoyance, however, have grown out of certain new-fangled opinions, and absurd attempts at legislation in our planet, on the subject of Female Ghosts' Rights.

W. the Elder. Ah, there's been a good deal of stir on that topic, in these regions, of late.

Jay. Indeed! There's certainly been a great deal of nonsense talked about it in Jupiter. Why, do you know, Aristides, they have actually been trying, not merely to bribe, but to over-awe us Judges into finding authorities in the books, recognizing the competence of married ghostesses to enter into all sorts of contracts as unreservedly as their husbands. One vixen actually had the impudence, the other day, to try to recover damages on a time-transaction, in a notorious fancy-stock; and when we most promptly and properly turned her out of court, her counsel, with audacity unparalleled, called me, the Chief Justice, in open court, a miserable old fogey. Of course, I committed him instant.

Aris. The impertinent whelp! Why, these *are* new doctrines.

Jay. But, my friend, we mean to be firm. We shall not yield an inch to any such insolence or absurdity. The law is as clear as it is sound, on this subject; and we intend to expound and apply it, like honest ghosts. Yes, the good old-fashioned doctrine of the common law, founded on good sense and experience, and the best instincts of the heart. And we mean to do all we can, as spiritual

citizens, to prevent the passage of any such unreasonable laws as have been suggested. I think and talk, now, on this point, precisely as I did in the flesh. Legislation for women, forsooth! As if the law of love were not the great law under which they ought alike to govern and be governed! A pure, loving, gentle, patient woman, be she mother, wife, or daughter, why what does she want at the hands of the lawyer? Is she not already enthroned, by virtue of those very attributes, in our hearts? The idea, too, of turning one's wife into a mere partner in trade, or an independent property-holder, and of invading the sacred circle of home with the associations and the bye-laws that belong to banks and counting-houses! I have no patience with such doctrines. I have moreover noticed, my friend, throughout this whole movement, that the true spirits, the model wives and mothers, that we all swear by, have not expressed the slightest sympathy with it; and I believe it can pretty much all be traced to a certain clique of shrill-voiced, turbulent, spectral, blue-stockings; creatures, alas, from whom no planet or system is free. But you must forgive my warmth, Aristides. Am I, or am I not right on this matter?

Aris. Certainly, certainly you are. At the same time, Judge, I must confess, as an honest ghost, that the women of Athens hardly had justice done them, in my day. I think they were unreasonably excluded from many appropriate employments and amusements, and that our Athenian society suffered accordingly. I think there would have been less turbulence and misrule, far more refinement, and certainly far more benevolent enterprises of all sorts, if they had had more of a voice in our social arrangements.

Jay. I've no doubt of it, my friend, nor do I wish to be unreasonable on the subject. I am no ultraist.

Aris. We all know that, Judge; your reputation for calm wisdom, and moral courage, is pretty well established throughout the universe.

W. the Elder. From what you said just now, Aristides, I infer that you had no Bloomers in Athens.

Aris. Bloomers—Bloomers? I have not the satisfaction of comprehending you. What sort of articles may they be?

W. the Elder. Females who go about, tasting the air in trowers, and under broad-brims; and who occasionally mount a stray ash-barrel or tree-stump, to enlighten the passers-by, on social and philosophical topics.

Aris. Minerva be thanked, we knew no such creatures. And yet, on reflection, I can recall one or two such she-peripatetics; one, more particularly; a most clever woman, too, in her line; a capital chiropodist; in fact,

the only bona fide corn-eradicator, that I ever knew; all the rest have been sheer pretenders. But not satisfied with her laurels in this department, she set up for a metaphysician and cosmogonist, and would go about, every now and then, delivering a street-lecture, such as you speak of. Poor thing, they had to lock her up at last.

W. the Elder. May it please your Honor—*Jay.* Well, what is it, my eccentric friend?

W. the Elder. Pshaw! What an old fool I am, to be sure! I ask ten thousand pardons; but I really thought, for a moment, (so strong was the illusion,) that you were actually in the flesh again, and presiding over the Supreme Court of the United States. Ah, would it were so, indeed! We should all feel safer, and the country would be in a much more comfortable condition.

Jay. Don't talk so. From all I hear, I should say you had a capital bench of Judges. If the country is always as well served in that Department, there will be no ground for grumbling or anxiety.

W. the Elder. Well, I dare say it is so; but I was about, under the influence of said delusion, to ask your Honor's opinion as to the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law, passed a year or two since. But of course you have not heard of it.

Jay. Haven't I? Didn't I hear all about it, lately, from Henry Clay?

W. the Elder. (gives three cheers.)

Aris. Why, what is the matter with the mortal?

Jay. (aside to Aristides.) We must humor the old gentleman. He is, evidently, a very flighty, fanciful sort of genius.

W. the Elder. You must forgive me, gentlemen: but such is my enthusiastic admiration of the patriot of whom the Judge spoke, that I have uniformly made it a rule, as well since as before his departure from earth, to pay the usual honors, whenever and wherever I hear his name mentioned; the sanctuary, of course, always excepted. But as to the law in question; you think it constitutional, do you, Judge?

Jay. Well, so far as I could gather from Mr. Clay's statements and explanations, I should consider it not merely constitutional, but essential, nay, obligatory upon the nation.

W. the Elder. Ah, how gratified I am at such an endorsement of my own humble opinions. There are those about us who sing a very different tune; who speak of the law in the most discourteous, disrespectful manner; nay, who do not scruple to say that they would glory in disobeying it.

Jay. So I was told. I am very sorry to hear it. What, glory in disobeying a law passed expressly to give effect to a solemn clause of the Constitution; passed after a

me he would rather take ten thousand copies most thorough investigation and searching debate, and duly promulgated to the nation as the will of the people? How does such a doctrine strike you, Aristides?

Aris. Sheer heresy and treason, according to my old Athenian notions. Why, where would it land us? Was there ever a law passed, so wise or good, but what it trod on somebody's toes, interfered with the whims of some enthusiast, or thwarted the plans of some self-seeker? Such a doctrine, of course, turns all government into a farce.

W. the Elder. And yet it is broached very freely and frequently, all around us.

Jay. And I say again, I am sorry to hear it. I regret, too, to hear that there is so much ultraism and ill-feeling, in the country, on this slavery question; such an aggressive, Pharisaical spirit, in the North—such an unreasonable, vindictive temper in the South. It ought not to be, and, thank Heaven, it was not so in my day. What would have become of us, indeed, had we given way thus to our passions? We all felt and talked alike, on the subject, then; all admitted the evil of the institution; at the same time, we saw the necessity of acting like true brothers, gentlemen and Christians, in the matter; saw that a spirit of conciliation and forbearance was the indispensable preliminary to any hopeful attempt at mitigating or removing the mischief. Would that the same calm counsels could prevail now! Do, my dear host, for the few short years that remain to you as a mortal, do exert all your influence towards bringing about a spirit of brotherly love, upon this and all great national questions. It makes me shudder to see my country, already so great and glorious—that has already a thousand-fold rewarded all our toils and sufferings—(I would speak modestly of my own humble part in them)—thus becoming an arena for angry controversy; to see her thus trifling with her destinies, thus inviting the sneers and assaults of foreign despots. But, Aristides, this subject does not specially interest you.

Aris. I beg your pardon. It does interest me. I was a slave-holder myself, you know, on earth, though not to any great extent. I agree with you, Judge, entirely, in this matter. I am not, and never was, an apologist for slavery. No statute, human or spiritual, can justify it, or convert it into a blessing. At the same time, the evils of the system, as we knew it in Athens, have been abominably exaggerated by mendacious historians.

Jay. No doubt of it. An honest, even-tempered, self-forgetting historian, is a very scarce article.

Aris. Besides, Judge, I am not so badly posted up in American affairs, as you suppose. I have met a good many ghosts from

your land, in the course of my travels, and have invariably found them pleasant and intelligent spirits; though never, till to-day, one so illustrious as yourself.

Jay. If it was not Aristides who said this, I should accuse him of flattery.

Aris. You know me too well for that. But go on; I like to hear you talk. Tell us all about these glorious contemporaries of yours.

Jay. Ah, I'm no talker. Could you have heard my beloved friend, Hamilton, on these themes, that *would* have been a treat! A glorious fellow, Aristides, second only to Washington.

Aris. He presided over your famous Convention, did he not?

Jay. No, but he was the leading spirit in it; the master intellect in that assembly of mighty minds; the main artificer of our blessed Constitution.

Aris. I have heard a good deal about your Constitution. I confess I should like to be more familiar with its contents.

W. the Elder. (goes to the Library, takes down a copy of the *Federalist*, and presents it to Aristides.) There, my friend, you'll find the dear instrument itself, with all the explanations and arguments of the Judge here, and his illustrious brother commentators.

Aris. Thank you—thank you, most heartily. I consider a present like this worth circumnavigating a system for. But, my old friend, I confess I am surprised at not seeing a handsomer edition of the work. *Hallowell*—*Hallowell*; pray, is that the name of your seat of government?

W. the Elder. No, but of a smart town in Maine.

Jay. Do you mean to say, then, that there is no Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia edition extant of the work.

W. the Elder. I never heard of any.

Jay. You surprise me. It don't look right, my old host.

W. the Elder. Indeed it does not. I am utterly ashamed of myself and the country, when I think how little the work is called for.

Jay. It certainly don't look right. Don't misunderstand me, Aristides. I speak not from any wounded vanity of authorship; for you will perceive that my share in the work is very trifling; but then, such an evidence of apathy, on the part of the people—such a culpable indifference to the memory of the *Patres Conscripti* of the Republic—I confess I am mortified and grieved at it.

W. the Elder. I regret to add, Judge, that your own *Life and Writings* are anything but profitable to the publishers.

Jay. Well, after what I've just heard, I am not at all surprised at it.

W. the Elder. 'Twas but a day or two ago, that a leading Broadway bookseller told

of Uncle Tom's Log Cabin, on a venture, than ten copies of the other.

Jay. I dare say—I dare say.

Aris. Why, this is positively more shabby and ungrateful than our own ostracism. But never mind, Judge, never mind: the truth is, the present generation of Americans is too near to have a fair view of your dimensions, and those of your glorious compeers. Posterity will do you all justice, and will be proud and glad to drink in wisdom from your writings. Ah dear, I wish I had been a member of that same illustrious convention of yours. I would willingly exchange all my Grecian laurels for an honor like that.

Jay. You would have made an invaluable member, no doubt; and yet, you ought to be satisfied, Aristides. You did a world of good in your day. You played your part right handsomely, and will be remembered through all time, as the true patriot, the upright Judge. Indeed, I hardly know a pedestal in Fame's temple that I would rather stand on than yours.

W. the Elder. Judge Jay—

Jay. Well, my friend, what is it?

W. the Elder. Do you happen to have heard anything, from recently arrived ghosts, touching the Maine Liquor Law? If so, I should be glad to hear your views as to the propriety and policy of that statute.

Jay. Only in the most casual way.

W. the Elder. Here it is. Suppose you just run your ghostly eye over its provisions.

Jay. I have not time now, but, with your leave, I will take it and examine it, at my leisure. So give me your address, and I'll telegraph you on the subject.

W. the Elder. Certainly—certainly; or, suppose you drop me a line through the Shekineh.

Jay. As you will; the cause is indeed a noble one, my friend, and has all my sympathies. At the same time, I have my misgivings as to the expediency of legislating on such subjects. What say you, brother magistrate? Ought we not rather to leave these matters to the Divine Lawgiver, and to the Court of Conscience?

Aris. I am certainly inclined to that opinion. However, I have little knowledge on the subject, having been a cold water character from the start. We Greeks, you know, were never much given to bibbing. Will you believe it, Judge, I have never tasted a drop of ardent spirits in the whole course of my spiritual career.

W. the Elder. Well, then, just for the novelty of the thing, Aristides, do me the favor to try a little rum that I've got here, that I know has been in bottle for more than two centuries. It will do you good, I'm sure.

Aris. No, no, my old friend. I am much obliged to you; but its merits would be com-

pletely thrown away upon me. Besides, I do not care to form any such habit at this stage of my pilgrimage,

W. the Elder. Perhaps his Honor would—

Jay. No, not for me. I do my work on water. It's bad enough for the lawyers to knock their glasses together as they do, continually; but a groggy Bench is, of all things, my horror. Well, friends, I'm afraid I shall have to move an adjournment of this meeting. I must be back to my books.

W. the Elder. Oh, Judge, don't leave us so abruptly. Do stop to dinner, at least.

Jay. I would, with pleasure, my dear host, but the thing is quite out of the question to-day.

W. the Elder. Well, Aristides, you will, I'm sure.

Aris. With great pleasure. In fact, I came with the expectation of spending both day and evening with you. Pray, what are the entertainments about town, for to-night?

W. the Elder. There's the paper; see for yourself.

Aris. (Reads) *People's Course. New York Tabernacle. Third Lecture of the Series, this evening, at 7½, by Prof. Olmsted. Subject: The Starry Heavens.* Why, what on earth could we do better than go there? I confess, I am curious to compare the statements of the Professor with my recollections of what I used to hear at our Athenian Academies on the subject. It is rather an old story to me, to be sure; but I should like to know how far you mortals have actually progressed in the science. *Admittance 12½ cents.* How much is that in Greek money?

W. the Elder. Considerably less than a drachma. Cheap enough, isn't it?

Aris. Dog cheap. Suppose we go, then.

W. the Elder. Be it so. We'll start early, too, and stop in at Hope Chapel, for a fipenny-bit's worth of Woman's Rights, on our way down. We can do both, and still have time enough for friend Wallack's comedietta. You'll be delighted, Aristides, with that classical little theatre of his.

Aris. What's the name of the piece?

W. the Elder. *Two can Play at that Game.* Miss Keene's delicious acting in it, has been charming the town for the last month.

Aris. We must go, of course. But I wish the Judge would be prevailed on to accompany us.

Jay. It is utterly impossible, my dear friend. I have got to meet our Commissioners within an hour. They want my opinion as to the expediency of inserting an extradition clause in a treaty that we are negotiating with Herschel. So, farewell, friends. May we soon meet again.

Aris. Farewell.

W. the Elder. A pleasant journey to your Honor. (Exeunt.)

TO EVA.

Dove-eyed Eva, peerless maiden,
 Prithee, fondly think of me;
 Weary, lorn and heavy laden,
 Aye, my spirit turns to thee.
 Thy dear presence thrills with joyance,
 Whether gloom or glee betide;
 Never a grief, or grim annoyance
 One bright glance of thine may bide.
 Temper then, the sore endurance
 Of an absence far from thee,
 By the firmly pledged assurance,
 Thou wilt kindly think of me!

Think of me, when darkness dwindling
 To the roseate dawn gives room;
 And the new-risen sun is kindling
 Gladsome life where late was gloom.
 Think of me, when day is dipping
 In the burnished western wave;
 And the dews of even' dripping
 Thirsty earth with coolness lave.
 When a thousand giant shadows,
 From each hill and mountain cast,
 Flitting o'er the dull, gray meadows,
 Toward the dusky orient haste.
 Think of me, when myriad, far bright
 Orbs, through yon blue vault are whirled;
 And a silvery flood of star-light,
 Laves the silent-slumbering world.

Think of me, when Spring is robing,
 With soft emerald, mead and hill;
 And earth's torpid veins are throbbing
 With life's renovated thrill.
 Think of me, when many a blossom
 'Neath the beam of Summer opes;
 And earth's sun-impregnate bosom
 Teems with myriad vigorous hopes.
 Think of me, when Autumn's fulness
 Heaps man's garner high with food;
 While a gradual—growing dulness
 Blurs the green of field and wood,
 Think of me, when Winter hovers
 O'er the world his fetters bind;
 Bidding thoughts, those lawless rovers,
 Be, for a time, at home confined.

Think of me, when sorrow thickens
 Dark o'er Fancy's springtide dreams;
 And thy drooping spirit sickens,
 As grow dim life's hopeful beams.
 Think of me, when new-born gladness
 Bright relumes thy clouded soul;
 And the dark, chill mists of sadness
 Scattering off its landscape roll.

Think of me, when pomp and fashion
 Swim before thy dazzled sight,
 Bidding each enlisted passion
 Share its portion of delight.
 Think of me, when lonely musing
 Pensive images hath brought;
 With soft mournfulness suffusing
 The complexion of thy thought.
 Think of me, when memory brings thee
 Buried joys, long-vanished tears;
 And when salient Fancy flings thee
 Forward into coming years.

Think of me, as him, who ever
 Clung to thee in weal or woe;
 Him, whose wavering fondness never

Bade one tear of thine to flow.
 Think of me, as one whose ranging
 Bore him never forth from thee;
 If to others, fickle, changing,
 Never an instant so to thee..

THE PEACE CONGRESS.*

The Peace Congress met this year in London, and we would be wanting in duty if we did not give a glance at the important operations of the Sessions:

Extract from the Minutes.

SESSION OF JULY THE TWENTY-THIRD.

The Congress desires that in future a strict oversight shall be exercised in reference to children's toys.

The Governments of the world should unite their efforts in moralizing the pleasures of youth.

In consequence, the following resolution, proposed by Mr. Cobden, was adopted:

That the leaden soldiers used by children, shall be melted.

That all the wooden horsemen shall be burned, and the paper grenadiers torn up, as inspiring childhood with bellicose ideas.

That the authorities shall summon parents to give up, on the eighth day from this time, their children's swords, wooden guns, paper cartridge-boxes, tin shakos and cannons.

SESSION OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

M. Cotounet de Pezenas submits to the Congress a list of books which it is indispensable should be interdicted to the eye of youth:

The Roman History.

The Greek History.

The History of France.

The History of the Thirty Years War.

Victories and Conquests.

Inasmuch, as these books filled with the descriptions of wars and battles, serve to make children fierce and unmanageable.

The Congress decides that this list shall be sent to all the sovereigns of Europe.

SESSION OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

M. Cotounet de Pezenas asks again for the floor, and gives the following address:

Gentlemen:—It is a custom in many of the cities, towns, villages, boroughs and hamlets, of France, to call together the inhabitants at the sound of a drum, when there is some important news to communicate, or legal enactment for them to execute.

This custom is highly dangerous. The sound of drum calls up ideas of struggle and carnage, it helps to harden the soul, and to keep up military habits, (exclamations of

*From the French, by "Il Penseroso."

very well,) so unworthy of civilization, (sensation) I propose, therefore, that a letter be written to Louis Napoleon, to induce him to forbid the mayors of France, using the drum with public proclamations. (hurrahs.)

M. Cotounet descends from the tribune, and receives the congratulations of his many friends.

A member. I propose to extend the same prohibition to the trumpet and the large drum, (adopted.)

Another member. By what instrument can we replace it? I ask that public criers do call together the people at the sound of the fife.

M. Cotounet. The fife is a military instrument, which is commonly used as an accomplice of the drum. I object to the fife.

M. Cobden. I call for the flute.

M. Elihu Burritt. And I for the flageolet.

A ballot was taken between the flute and the flageolet; the flageolet had a small majority.

At the breaking up of the session, a subscription was raised from the friends of Peace, for executing a full length portrait of the illustrious philanthropist, Cotounet de Pezenas.

SESSION THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

On the proposition of KHSTCKNPMRT, sometimes called the *Dove of the Pacific*, a retired Mohegan and an old cannibal, the Congress decides that a congratulatory address should be sent to M. Carlier, Prefect of Police, to thank him for his resolution of forbidding itinerant merchants to sound the cornet-a-piston through the streets. Brass instruments are unfavorable to peace, their vibrations only being calculated to excite bellicose ideas among citizens.

M. Cotounet de Pezenas, wished that M. Carlier should be requested to exercise a stricter oversight on exhibitions of learned animals, and that they should be prevented from teaching the military exercises

To Dogs,
To Canary Birds,
To Fleas;

These spectacles being only calculated to perpetuate in the breast of the masses the depraved taste for combat.

M. Cobden seconds this motion.

A committee is appointed, composed of Messrs. Elihu Burritt, Blagson, (of Mississippi,) Khstcknpmrt, Cobden, and Cotounet of Pezenas, charged with committing to paper the address and petition.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY. (Incident.)

Sir Richard Cobden has understood that to convince the world, it was not merely to make a motion for the suppression of the regiments of card and lead, which serve

as toys for the children of the different European nations.

The Congress might have well proffered three hurrahs, after the memorable address of the illustrious orator; universal perfection would have run great risk of not having advanced a single step, if the Honorable Richard Cobden, had not taken a determination, which I do not fear to qualify as heroic, and even generous.

Having stuffed into his pockets all the gold he had in his secretary, Sir Richard Cobden went from his hotel, followed by five servants each with a large basket, himself supplied with a large empty bag, and all six directed their steps towards Regent street.

All the Englishmen that met this group said to themselves:—"Where the deuce can Sir Richard Cobden be going, with five servants, five baskets, and an empty bag?"

But Sir Richard did not stop for an instant to make explanations, he knew that when his goal was the purification of Europe, a lost minute might cost the lives of many hundred people—a cannon can make much ravage in sixty seconds.

Arrived in Regent street, Sir Richard went over to a large store, well-known to the children of London, being filled with toys of every kind.

Sir Richard walked into this establishment, still followed by his five servants, with his five baskets, and the empty bag.

The toyman was stupified to a slight degree at first, but a shopkeeper, and above all, an English shopkeeper, willingly looks over any kind of eccentricity in his visitors, provided that he sells a great deal, and a buyer presenting himself with a bag and five baskets, can only have excellent intentions, and is worthy of a polite salutation.

"Sir Richard, what do you wish?" said the shopkeeper, after making his bow.

"Everything that you have in the shape of card soldiers, infantry and cavalry."

"I have fifteen thousand."

"I will take the fifteen thousand. Fill my baskets with them. Where are your leaden regiments?"

"In this case. I have six—twelve dozen."

"I will make them prisoners in this bag."

"It seems that my lord is troubled with ennui. I have also to offer him for his amusement, balls—balloons."

"No; I want cannons. Show me your stock of cannons, of wood, tin and brass?"

"In this side-drawer, I have a park of artillery, which is perfect."

"I forgot. You have of course swords, guns, cartridge-boxes, and epaulettes? I will take them all; if my baskets will not hold them put them in a wagon."

"Everything shall be arranged according

to my lord's wish. At what hotel will he order them to be left."

"In the room where the members of the Peace Congress meet. My name is Sir Richard Cobden. I hope that my fellow-members will follow my example, and that before four hours have elapsed, all the frightful playthings which stimulate children to thoughts of war and warfare, will have disappeared from London. And, in consequence of this measure, in ten years not a single young Englishman will think of being a soldier."

The shopman saluted Sir Richard with the profound respect which was due to an illustrious orator, and to a man who had just spent in his establishment a hundred pounds sterling.

SESSION OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

This session of the Peace Congress offered an interest more vivid than even the preceding ones. The news of the sweep-stakes of Sir Richard Cobden at the Regent street toy shop, has brought together a numerous audience, hoping that this celebrated orator would take the floor to tell of his expedition against the card and leaden soldiery; and they were not deceived in their expectations.

Sir Richard Cobden mounted the tribune at the opening of the session, and a triple salvo of applause, first saluted the generous philanthropist, who did not fear to spend an hundred pounds sterling, that military tastes should be crushed in young England.

Order being established, Sir Richard Cobden pronounced the following speech.

My Lords and Gentlemen:—Nothing is so fully done that nothing remains to do. We have proscribed card soldiers; this is well, but still, not sufficient to insure the peace of the world, (general expressions of astonishment.) No, gentlemen, that is not enough. Last evening in paying a visit to our honorable colleague Patterson, I was troubled to see that the Punchinello that I had brought to his son little Tom, to recompense him for the loss of his box of soldiers, was a toy no less dangerous than even the soldiers. Yes, gentlemen, I must say it, and I ask pardon of a father whose sorrow I must revive; this Punchinello in the hands of little Tom, immediately woke in the child instincts of cruelty, which make me tremble for his future; (the paternal Patterson cannot restrain a sob,) for scarcely was he in possession of his toy than little Tom, used it to give severe blows with the butt of Punchinello stick, on the respected cat of the mansion. If a commissary of police had been there, the magistrate would probably have been treated in the same manner, but happily there was no commissary within reach of little Tom and the stick of his Punchi-

nello, (fresh sobs from the paternal Patterson.) It is evident that the play in question can only inspire children with tastes for the most barbarous combats. Thus it behooves us with despatch to take immediate and energetic measures to bring back all children in quarrel, and little Tom in particular, to more pacific sentiments. For notice that Punchinellos are not only found in London, but are met with in Paris, Moscow, Algiers, everywhere in fact under different names, but always with sticks, and with the bumps of mischief. We must prescribe with a solemn vote, Punchinellos of all nations.

There was unanimous applause. The paternal Patterson, who saw that his son would be saved, and would also become a true philanthropist, though before he could not restrain his sobs, now wept with joy.

The President. Does any one wish the floor?

A voice. I do.

The President. M. Cotounet de Pezenas has it.

M. Cotounet to the chair. Gentlemen:—Let us abolish card soldiers or leaden ones; we break wooden swords—we proscribe Punchinellos, I do not approve it. I adhere entirely to these great measures of peace, and am proud to subscribe my name to them. But before quitting your presence for Pezenas, I desire to consult with you on the kind of toys that I should give my little one that he may not cry too much, when I take his soldiers, drum and Punchinello, away from him. Must I give him a ball?

A voice. No balls—down with balls.

M. Cotounet. A game of cards.

Another voice. No cards, children use them to play at war.

M. Cotounet. But I must give my little one something. I promised him that I would bring some remembrance from London; my wife only let me come on that condition.

Elihu Burritt. It appears to me that nothing can be more pleasing to wise and studious children, who have naturally a taste for beauties, than to read them the admirable remarks delivered during the sessions of the Congress of Peace. I offer a copy of the remarks to the senior M. Cotounet, and beg him to give it from me to M. Cotounet, junior, who I have no doubt, will be able to extract from the work entertainment, and at the same time recreation and salutary enjoyment.

The assembly gave three cheers in honor of Elihu Burritt, and of the Messrs. Cotounet, senior and junior.

Sir Richard Cobden. Gentlemen, another word—I learned this morning from the French journals, that notwithstanding our pacific exhortations, the citizens continue to

mount guard, to make faction, and to walk four abreast, during a part of the night under the command of a corporal, with a gun on his left shoulder. I believe that the time has come to stigmatize such a piece of ferocity in the eyes of the world.

The assembly separated with three groans for the French National Guard.

For some days Paris had no news of Sir Richard Cobden and his colleagues; a rumor began to spread that the philanthropists had again united for a special session with closed doors, and at that meeting, at the close of hotter discussion than ordinary, the members of the Peace Congress had killed each other.

We are happy in being able to disprove this news, which we believe we do not qualify too severely, in calling a shameful piece of scandal.

Sir Richard Cobden has stopped talking, because he was beaten black and blue; and all his honorable colleagues, have been in the same manner prevented from forming a session through contusional disabilities.

Let us hasten to say, that these bruises and discolorations, are only new titles of glory for the philanthropists, who met this year in London. It was in their desire to take away wooden swords and tin guns, from certain wicked children, in London, that they received these wounds.

The expedition against the shop in Regent street, had given hope to the members of the Peace Congress, that the general disarming of the urchins of London, would be attended with the same ease.

Fatal illusion! It must be acknowledged Sir Richard Cobden committed a piece of imprudence; he did not fear to advance alone into a group of fifty school-boys, who were preparing for a sham-fight in Hyde Park.

All young Englishmen know of nothing but Waterloo—their teachers of history assure them it is the only memorable battle ever fought in Europe.

Sir Richard seeing the children charging one another sword in hand, rushed towards the English army, and seizing a child by the arm, who took the part of commander-in-chief, and who was dubbed Wellington, addressed him thus:

"In the name of Philanthropy, in the name of Elihu Burritt, in the name of the illustrious Cutenet of Pezenas, cease young men, oh! cease these cruel sports. Do you want a kite? I will give you one. Do you want cherry tarts? I will pay for some. Do you wish for cock-chafers? I will try to catch some. But for God's sake, no more war—no more battle of Waterloo in Hyde Park. Enough blood has flowed already."

The commander-in-chief did not reply to this touching appeal. He only went back

towards his comrades, and exchanged a few words with them in a low tone. Sir Richard Cobden thought he touched their hearts, and waited to see their arms thrown down at his feet. Alas! his illusion was not of long duration; at a given signal the young warriors threw themselves against the unfortunate philanthropist with furious huzzas, and Sir Richard Cobden had to stand the shock of both armies.

The other members of the Peace Congress who were in Hyde Park, ran to the assistance of their President, but they were only able to share his fate.

They were slashed by the swords, and punched by the tin bayonets; chance might have had it, that a battery of three wooden cannons loaded with stones, would have opened their fire on them—but happily at that moment, the artillerymen were absent from their post on a foray after gingerbread.

Sir Richard and his co-philanthropists, were only able to withdraw by the aid of a policeman, whose appearance alone sufficed to put to flight both armies. The members of the Peace Congress betook themselves limping to their several hotels, lamenting more than ever over the terrible consequences of war. Eight days of sleep and bolstering, were necessary to insure the complete convalescence of all these victims of philanthropy. At the end of this time the members of the Peace Congress thought it useless to follow up the course of their session.

A city where school-boys are so ferocious as they are in London is destined to perpetual war. We do not pity Sir Richard for his wounds—we congratulate him upon them—formerly he was only an apostle—now he is a martyr.

We have had the happiness of contemplating the features of Sir Richard Cobden since his trip to Paris, at the end of the month of August. We have seen him at the moment, when as usual imbued with an interest in promoting universal peace, he supplicated the learned rabbit of the Champs Elysees in future, to give up beating the charge on his drum.

THE ROMANCE OF BLOCKLEY.

NO. IV.—JAKE THE FERRYMAN.

Attached to the Alms-House is a ferry for the accommodation of the countless throngs of visitors who weekly pour into the great building beyond the Schuylkill. This ferry situated at South street is a great convenience both to the inmates and officers of the House, and the visiting multitude; and its construction evinces the wisdom of that honorable

Board of Guardians, to whose supervision is entrusted so extensive an interest. By taking an omnibus at the Exchange, you will be whirled along with celerity to within a square or so of the ferry, and stepping into one of the capacious bateaux which await your honorable self, you will in five minutes, or less, find yourself on the opposite shore, from which point of the compass you can steer,—on dry land to be sure, and laying under requisition your natural powers of locomotion,—to the front of the building. You pass on the way, the house of which the steam-engine is the illustrious tenant—as faithful a servant as can be found on the entire premises, and which sends the water up to the basin, whence it is conveyed through nameless ramifications to all points of the establishment. On your right hand you will have the fine farm-house, barn, and stables, forming a *tout ensemble* of rural sight and scene within a stone's throw of the bustling city.

But linger a little while here just in the vicinity of the ferry. If it was a very cold day we would ask you to step into that small frame, which has a captivating coat of whitewash to recommend it to your favorable notice, and warm your benumbed digits, which are ten degrees stiffer from your river excursion; and your reddish nose, upon which old Father Boreas has been playing a tune which made you wince during the operation. Suppose, we say, you step in. Well, here we are. It is a plain, old-fashioned room, with a good stout stove occupying the central point, whence the genial caloric goes on a voyage of discovery all round the apartment, till every nook and corner is permeated with the diffusive warmth. An old coat or two are suspended on a large wooden peg in the wall; real, stern, uncompromising box coats. A few oil-cloth capes are scattered round, while a tarpaulin hat peers out from the old curiosity shop, which seems to tell us that the fresh-water sailor is to a very great extent assimilated to his regular salt companions, and feels at liberty to assume some of the insignia of the profession, on the undisputed score of fraternity. Around the room is one continuous bench, which, unadorned by cushion, is still very grateful to the weary traveller or the superannuated inmate who stops here a moment to pick up a little vigor for his anticipated transportation to the other side of the Rubicon.

Ah! what have we here stowed away?—the dinner of one of our ferrymen. It seems he has placed some fine Irish potatoes on top of the stove to roast during his absence, and upon his return he will fall to the task of demolition with a real relish. Yonder is a flute, within striking distance of

the potatoes. Strange concatenation of sublunary objects! We believe there is no particular association between a flute and a potato, unless it be that the latter keeps the gastric regions in tune. However, the appearance of that musical instrument indicates the presence of a certain degree of taste and refinement. It proves that some of our fresh-water sailors can be charmed with the concord of sweet sounds. And this consideration alone is guarantee that you, gentle reader, will be safely rowed over the stream, and sustain no personal damage whatever from the sturdy Charon, who grasps your Obolus as the compensation for his aquatic services. The poor fellow who can take his flute, and tune up some pensive or jovial air; who can canter up and down through the scale of notes with undisguised complacency; who can give you the national "Yankee Doodle" with a patriotic vehemence which almost surprises himself; we say such an one may not have a cent to call his own, and may see your purse fully exposed with its tempting gold eagles, and yet not feel the least desire to filch it from your steady grasp. That poor fellow has music in his soul. He is not "fit for treason, stratagems, or spoils." There is a nameless affinity between melody and good morals. There is a humanizing influence, a transforming, sublimating influence in sweet sound. It subjugates the animal in our complex nature. It seems to give tone to the intellectual in man. It abstracts the feelings, it isolates the heart from all that is petty and grovelling. Diffuse a taste for music among the people, and just as infallibly will you diffuse a spirit of honest subordination to legitimate authority. Make it part and parcel of common education, and you infuse an iron element of vigor into the body politic.

But that flute, O! gentle reader, which has led us into a train of discursive observations, has lost its owner. Humble friend, thou who hast so often made it "discourse most eloquent music," thou art gone! Often, when waiting upon the city side for the advent of a boat, that strain of melody has come floating across the waters, softened by the distance, and breathing peace and contentment into my heart. And then I could see thee (thy flute laid temporarily aside,) jump with alacrity into the boat, cast off the chain which kept her to her moorings, dip thine oars gracefully into the limpid tide, and send thy boat forward through the waves like a thing of life, as with breast of oak it clave the surge, and bounded in a twinkling to the spot where I was standing, watching its movements with as much interest as if it was a rational being making headway to honorable distinction through a

sea of opposing influences. And when it has shot like a bird through its element, and reached the further landing, I have almost been tempted to wave my hat in the air, as a token of approbation for the right creditable manner in which it has performed its part. But the boat itself interested me because it was a component part of the poor fellow who swayed the magic oar.

Jake was a true sailor. That tarpaulin, placed jauntily on his crown; that wide collar, turned down over the blue jacket; that open shirt, exposing to view the red flannel; that broad black ribbon thrown over the neck, with a Daguerreotype attached to it; the belt around the pants, superseding the employment of the stereotyped suspender; all seemed to indicate that, if Jake had not actually followed the sea, he had the root of the matter in him, the real Simon Pure nautical and aquatic prepossessions and instincts. There was nothing about his whole appearance which smacked of the *terra firma*. He looked as though, like a modern Neptune, the water was his legitimate domain. The oar was Jake's trident. It was the symbol of his profession. He clung to it as the Siamese twin does to his brother. All the Union he ever thought about or dreamed of was the union between himself and his oar. And when you talked about a dissolution of the Union, poor Jake hardly imagined you had reference to state affairs. He presumed you were threatening to take him from the oar, and he told you, with Webster-like emphasis and oratorical flourish, Jake and his oar, "now and for ever, one and inseparable." In addition to these nautical predilections, his emphatically were the generous impulses of temperament which so strikingly characterize the body of men "who do business in great waters." Urbane and courteous, accommodating and kind, he seemed to live only to advance the interests of his fellow-men within his humble sphere of action. In rainy seasons his hands were busy in wiping off the seats with the coarse napkin which he carried, thus rendering the passage over somewhat more comfortable. When the turbid waters cast up their slimy deposit upon the ferry landing, making a firm foothold a downright impracticability, his broom was in immediate requisition to sweep back again into the restless river its bequest, which was so ungraciously received at its hands. Had you a package to take over whose aspect was rather formidable, it was Jake who in his own sinewy arms carried it from the shore to the boat, and gently deposited it within the watercraft; which ceremony accomplished, he would politely touch his tarpaulin, and lend you an arm as you walked down the declivity at whose foot was the waiting bateau which seemed to cringe

like a vassal to its liege lord as he bounded into it. But if you wanted to see Jake put on the exquisite of affability, you must gather around him a bevy of buxom damsels, with red cheeks, smiling eyes, variegated shawls, and neat little parasolettes, to play the coquette with undoubted earnestness. Encompassed by a fascinating coterie of the gentler sex, he was the pink of good humour. From the moment when he chivalrously handed them into the bark, with all the gallantry of Paris to the classic Helen, to the auspicious epoch of disembarkation, he was a perfect entertainer. His fund of anecdote was at their service. Every object of interest up and down the river gave occasion for a running commentary of observations at once fresh, whole-hearted, and original. Jake was eloquent. "The bonnets of blue" thawed him into positive loquaciousness. The term volubility scarcely takes in the idea. His flow of words was something like the strong tide against which he plied his good old oars. It was deep, strong, nervous, and irresistible. And yet he was not obtrusive. There was no censurable forwardness. The fair daughters of Eve could not help observing that he laid a free-will offering on the shrine of beauty, but they clearly saw that it was done gently and respectfully; and, recognizing this delicacy in the poor fellow, they fully appreciated the motives which influenced him, and gave an attentive hearing to his remarks.

"Ladies," he would say, with mild expression, "Do you see that fine little steamboat plying up the river? That boat goes to Redbank. I think I must take a short trip to Redbank some of these fine pleasant days. I have been there, but I want to see the Monument once more—the Monument which tells of our brave forefathers. They say that the Hessians and Britishers were handled without gloves there, and that Count Donop, with his scarlet uniform, paid rather dear for his whistle. Oh! I like that old spot I could sit on the bank all day in summer time, whistling Hail Columbia, and making a fist at the British lion, I could. I wish my name was on that monument; and had my birthday been January the 6th, 1756, instead of January the 6th, 1826, it would have been there, cut broad and deep in the marble. Yes, it would, ladies. I wouldn't have taken a gun or a sword, but I would have lathered them about the head with a good stout oar. The way I would have swept that old oar with both hands, like a mower uses his scythe, on their ugly countenances, would have been a caution to Count Donop and our Board of Managers, that it would." And then Jake would give a lusty pull at the oar, as if the enthusiasm of the moment had invigorated

his arm, and infused into his spirit the indomitable energy of the fathers of our republic. Suddenly he would pause, as a bird, when it poises itself in mid-air in the empyrean vault, and pointing to the Market-street bridge, descant a little on its gigantic proportions, and express the hope that a sister bridge might span the Schuylkill at a lower point, say Spruce or Pine street. By this time the voyage across the Hellespont was consummated, and our hero jumped ashore, adjusted his tarpaulin, and gracefully handed the ladies out of the bateau.

A devotion so very strongly marked, and manners so pleasing produced their legitimate result. There is something "mighty taking," as Crockett has it, in this ingenuous, straightforward cordiality of disposition. So large a proportion of our fellow-men repudiate affability, and turn the cold shoulder on the small sweet courtesies, that we hail as a precious boon one whose delicate assiduities to please are all at our service. Hence, when the ladies opened their purses to hand our ferryman the charge—the *quid pro quo*—which went to create a revenue for the institution, instinctively they launched out of its capacious receptacle, the bead reticule, some neat little silver coin as a kind of *douceur* for their humble friend. And these little gifts were as gracefully tendered as they were modestly received. Part of this little fund would be dedicated to the purchase of some good segars, for Jake was a lover of the weed when that weed was odoriferous. He heartily eschewed a rank article; but the real high-flavored Havana, whose fumes were like incense to the olfactories, this was hailed as a welcome *vade mecum* whenever he had the wherewithal to effect its purchase. In warm weather a portion of his perquisites went to procure a jug of fresh milk, which he esteemed as far superior to the nectar of the celestials, of which we read in mythologic lore. Whenever you saw the old brown jug deposited snugly at the bottom of the boat, then you could reasonably infer two things: first, that Jake's pocket had a silver lining; and secondly, that it was his fixed purpose to lessen his stores a little by the purchase of a treat of the best milk procurable within a square of the ferry.

But ah! my very excellent fresh-water friend, I shall see thee no more! Thy flute, thy brown jug, thy tarpaulin hat, are all without an owner! Thy smiling face, which assumed an air of warmest gratitude when I handed thee a tract or testament as a gift, shall never greet me more! I will not stop to inquire why a young man like thee wast an inmate of the Alms House, nor scan with severe eye the moral obliquities which

unhappily may have been thine. I will not pour a withering invective on thy derelictions from the path of right. My own heart knoweth its own bitterness, and sighs over its guilt and deficiencies. Erring brother, thou mayst have been, but my charity has circumference enough to enfold thee in its grasp. If the poor heart fails in the stern life-battle, and succumbs in its feebleness to the potent sovereignty of moral evil, God forbid that I should summon that poor heart to the tribunal of a judgment as fallible as mine! Thou hast gone, my humble friend, to another world. Thy kind and genial smile has been swept from thy countenance by the darkling wing of the death-angel. Thou art in the tomb, and, humble as was thine office, we miss thee. The beautiful Schuylkill has lost a little of its romantic interest to me since thou art seen no longer on its banks; the white-washed ferry-house seems to have lost its guardian and protector since thy form has vanished from its open doorway. When I heard of thy sudden departure—for the malignant typhus soon did its fatal work upon thy system—I felt as though a kind relative had been taken from my pathway. And from various points of the Institution regrets have reached my ears at thine untimely dissolution. Thy offices of disinterested kindness have dwelt upon many a quivering lip, and the good, the gentle, and the true have dropped an unbidden tear to thy humble memory. In a select corner of my heart, poor Jake, thine image shall be stored away, when the remembrance of others, of nobler lineage and loftier position, but who sadly lacked thy generous self-forgetfulness and warmth of soul, shall have vanished from the tablet of my recollection—

"Honour and worth from no condition rise,
Act well thy part, there all true greatness lies."

NATURE AND ART.

"'Tis Nature's work, beyond the reach of art."

Rees' Prologue to "The Headsman."

"Our little world, the image of the great."—Waller.

In all created things there is beauty, exquisite and unadorned beauty. So there is in the works of art. The first, however, has that kind of beauty which derives its chief excellence from the hand of a Divine master. The latter sparkles, it is true, with gems dug from the depths of the earth, and with flowrets culled from the rich parterres of nature. Artificial beauty is that which derives its charms from the hand of man. True beauty alone has its origin in truth and nature. Music, for instance, is imitative of nature, and, yet how strange, man will pay to hear the combined efforts of genius and art, ap-

plaud to the very echo the "extacy of sound," as critics call it, while the wild, though harmonious, the rich and sublime tones which are breathed and uttered by the vocalists of nature, joining chorus to the invisible ones of the heavens, are disregarded! There is music in the breeze of morn, there is music in the gale and the storm; there is music in flowers, there is music in the hum of the bees, and the rustling of the reeds; there is music on the ocean, the lake, and in the falling of waters; there is music every where, and in all things, for the orchestra of heaven is earth, and her minstrels are all living things. Beauty, like music, is in all things, and in every place. You can trace it when looking down from the mountain height into the deep vallies beneath. You see it in rippling rills, and in rushing torrents; all created things are beautiful, because they are perfect. Not so with works of art.

There is beauty, grand and sublime, in the deep forest. Forests are to the beasts and birds, what cities are to men. The mighty oak, whose architecture is beyond the reach of human power to form or model, is the palace of the lesser animals of the woods; it is here the squirrel rules, and it is here the wood-pecker acts the part of old father Time, and commences the work of ruin and of death. It is here the owl and the bat hold their midnight orgies. The tall pine, the elm, the chestnut and the fir, are the dwellings of millions of insects, while the ash illustrates the world of man, by hiding beneath its shaded leaves,

"Humble merit white, but pure."

Even though silence reign, and dark, sombre gloom pervades the scene, still, here is animal life. The footsteps of man fall heavily on the green sward, its echo is heard afar and wide, the inhabitants shrink from its approach; and, as it passes away, their silence remains, until assurance is doubly sure of no returning evil.

There is one spot, however, where terror lessens the wild beauty of nature, a spot where oppressive silence makes beauty terrible—it is the prairie. This is the only spot, if we except the deserts of Arabia, where the painful effect of almost total silence is to be found and experienced. The prairie may be likened unto some cloistered aisle—indeed, it is emphatically the temple of Deity on earth.

Let us return to art. Examine the finest cambric needle; how beautiful, how highly polished, how smooth its surface—it will penetrate the coarsest linen, and pass through the finest silk, leaving no perceptible mark. Then examine a thorn from some prickly tree—how coarse and harsh it is compared to the needle, when viewed by the naked eye.

Here art has the advantage of nature. The needle glistens and shines brightly in the sunshine, the thorn is dull, heavy, and reflects back no light. But view them both through a microscope—the needle is full of deep indentations and blotches, it looks more like a tenpenny nail, than a beautiful piece of polished steel; the eye of it looks ragged, and the wonder excited is, how such a rough piece of work can ever be used for such nice and delicate work. You then examine the thorn; view it well, not a blemish is discernable, not a single indentation is visible, it looks far more beautiful, when viewed through the medium of the microscope than it does to the naked eye.

Here then is the difference between the handiwork of Deity and of man, the one is all beauty, all truth, all nature—in fact—perfection. The other is simply the beauty of art. It is strange, and yet how true, the eye is pleased more by the vanity of man's work, than is the mind gratified by the contemplation of the creations of our heavenly Father. The beauty of nature derives its chief charm from the fact that it is real—being as it is above all attempts at imitation—that of art is all imitation. We admire art more than we do nature, because it is fashionable in the world's eye—we neglect the beauties of nature because they are common. And this is the world's philosophy!

The hand of man will chisel out a piece of sculpture from a rough marble, and the world will admire and applaud it. The hand of Deity forms a million, and the world sees no real beauty in them. It is not the fashion to extol the gigantic works of God, but it is the fashion to fall down and worship man, and compare his works to those of the great master, ruler and architect of all. The beauty of art should be praised and admired—but not until it is viewed through a microscope, and all its imperfections studied closely, and critically examined; then would we value those of nature more, because they are free from blemish, and are what art can never attain—perfection.

MANCHESTER AND ITS VICINITY.*

Tired of Liverpool, and anxious for a change of scenery, I left the dingy seaport "by rail," and, after passing through the dark and gloomy tunnel which extends from Lime Street Station to Edgehill, emerged into the light of a perfect day and a clear atmosphere, beyond the limits of the famous town. It was delightful to behold once more

*From "The Footpath and Highway, or Wanderings of an American in Great Britain in 1851 and '52: by Benjamin Moran;" now in press, and shortly to be published by Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

the green fields and bright sky, and my eyes, for the first time, took in the glories of an English landscape. Yes! there it was, before me, the rural charm of our fatherland. But a single glance was allowed; the train did not stop long at any one station, and I was obliged to be content with a gleam of the sweet prospect. Hedgerows lined the fields; tall oaks reared their majestic forms to the skies; white cottages peeped out from ivy and clustered leaves; and the landscape looked a very garden. The tall spires of the village churches, and the large mansions of the wealthy, came rapidly in sight, and then passed by, leaving upon my mind their impress, clear and ineffaceable, for they were types of *Old England*, and spoke of the ancient day, and I gloried in beholding them. The train whirled us on, on, past hamlet and town, through tunnel and farm, over viaduct and moor: but nearly the whole distance was pleasant to the view. The ground, at the sides of the rail, was under cultivation from the hedges and walls down to the very track; and at the stations there were garden-patches, in which roses and other favorite flowers grew luxuriantly, and distilled upon the air their sweetness. And this, thought I, is England; and this velvet-grass, and these broad fields, and those neat cottages and magnificent parks, are the charms which draw the American across the angry waters, that he may feast his eyes on them and grow familiar with the beauty of his ancestral land! But my poetic reverie was doomed to an end. Rain began to fall fast as we approached the great cotton manufactory of the realm, and I entered Manchester in a drenching shower. The landscape which so recently claimed my admiration was gone, and I stood alone in one of the filthiest places I had ever placed foot into up to that time. Smoke and clouds hung over the town, and through the veil of darkness which they created, I could trace indistinctly the tall chimneys and towering forms of countless cotton factories. A small stream, black as ink, flowed near the station where I stood, and the earth around me appeared as black as the waters of the rill. "The dark and light side of the picture!" mused I; "we cannot expect sunshine and showers always, and this black scene is put before me as a contrast with what I have just been enjoying so much. Hope and despair! the country and the town! The pure air of heaven and the polluted air of a manufacturing city! Let me see; I'll cross that Styx, and look into Hades!"

My luggage was carefully packed away in the "office for left parcels"—a very great convenience, too, is that office to travellers, if they happen to know of its existence!—and then I bade adieu to my companion of the trip, a gentleman from Savannah, whose

acquaintance I made in Liverpool, and plunged, literally plunged, into Manchester. Down into the valley of the foul stream, across its gloomy waters, through a narrow passage between two massive mills, and out into an old, odd-looking street, with houses on either side, whose upper story hung over the footwalks like heavy brows over the eyes of a guilty man. They were gloomy buildings, and appeared to frown people away, to prevent the curious making examination of the heart within. I passed them rapidly, gazing on this side and then on that, at things strange and quaint, and soon gained a finer thoroughfare, where I was cordially greeted, in true Yankee tone, with

"How are you now, and what brought you here? When did you leave home?" and a host of similar questions, to all of which I made reply, and then we joined company, and rambled on to my companion's hotel, in which I took up my temporary abode while in Manchester.

It was a pleasure to meet an old friend so many thousand miles from home, and that so unexpectedly to each, and we enjoyed the blessing as long as time would allow, and then parted as suddenly as we met.

A week's residence afforded me opportunity to visit the most remarkable localities, and become acquainted, to a certain extent, with the habits and modes of life of the working population of the town. My entrance into Manchester was in a shower, and my final departure was in rain. During four of six days, while I remained there, the rain fell almost constantly, and I was informed that it is not an uncommon circumstance to have wet weather five out of seven days.

It has been satisfactorily ascertained by scientific observation, that one-fifth more rain falls at Manchester during a twelvemonth, than in any other part of England. This may be a blessing rather than a misfortune, as the supply of water for the immense manufactories is thus kept up, and thousands of poor furnished with employment.

It was Whitsuntide, the manufacturers' holiday (or week) at the time of this visit. The greater part of the factories were stopped, the populace enjoying themselves, each according to the bent of his mind, or the depth and fullness of his purse. Thousands had gone to the "Great Exhibition" and Paris, while great numbers were on trips to Ireland or Scotland, or some other equally attractive part of the kingdom, then so easily reached by cheap excursions. The working people, however, generally remained at home for want of funds to go abroad; and as they are the majority, Manchester was not entirely deserted.

The town of Manchester is of great anti-

quity, its history being clearly traced to the times of the Roman power in Britain; but its rise to importance is owing to its extensive manufactories of cotton, mainly erected within the last sixty years. According to a published statement, there were, in 1848, about 1200 cotton-mills in the district of which Manchester is the chief town, employing 35,000 horse power and 200,000 persons. At the present time it is next to impossible for a person to obtain the correct number of factories in either the city proper or the adjacent districts. I made exertions to gain reliable information, but failed in every instance; not, however, from an unwillingness to impart the information on the part of those to whom I applied, but because no one knew. The ignorance of the people on the commonest affairs is surprising. It is characteristic not only of the poor, but of those who ought to be well informed. You ask the plainest question, to which a boy in the United States would make a ready reply, and there is a positive certainty that the answer will be, "I don't know."

The large cotton factories were objects of particular interest, and, through the kindness and influence of some friends resident in Manchester, I was shown through several from the ground floor to the topmost story. The machinery was mostly old, and by no means so well finished as that made in the United States. The new that came under my notice, was not much of an improvement upon the old, although cleaner and better in appearance. The process of manufacturing cotton into five numbers, is different from the system followed in America, but mainly in the number of times the cotton is doubled in the machinery and the number of frames it passes through. The rooms, from the carding room up, are heated to about 70 degrees temperature, which is constant, and must be injurious to the persons employed. The raw material is first run through a machine known as the "devil," after which it goes through the spreader. It next passes through four different sets of cards, about eighteen inches in width, with small cylinders, and no workers or strippers, but the old-fashioned flats. After going through the cards, it is doubled again four times, and run through the same number of drawing-frames, doubling at each one. The frames have four heads, and are similar to those used in the United States. From the drawing-frames it is taken to what are called jack-frames, where it is again doubled four times and run through but one machine, after which it is spun into cops on a mule; from whence the yarn is taken to a doubling-frame, doubled twice, passing (in its course through the frame) through water, and, in some cases, through a blaze of gas-light. The next pro-

cess is to reel it into hanks, after which it is sent to Nottingham and woven into lace.

The mules are the same as those in use twenty years ago, the only difference being the wheel-head in the centre, and the number of spindles; some of them containing as many as six hundred and forty. The doubling frames resemble the Danforth frames in some respects, and are an improvement on the old throstle. They serve the purpose of speeders, but do not twist the thread so hard as the Danforth frame. They are generally large, and contain as many as five hundred spindles, which are run at a great velocity, frequently making four thousand revolutions per minute.

In the weaving departments which I visited, men were principally employed, although this is not universally so. Women are engaged in a great many of the factories as weavers in Manchester, and in the United States it is their exclusive province about a factory where there are looms. That which attracted my attention most, was the rapid movement of the shuttle, which makes as many as 130 picks in a minute on coarse fabrics, and as high as 200 on finer goods. The wages of those engaged in the factories are low. Men employed at weaving on power-looms earn from 9 to 18 shillings per week, or from \$2.16 to \$4.32, but the average is not more than 12 shillings, or \$2.96, out of which many of them support families. One pound, or about \$4.80 of our currency, per week, is considered very good pay for a man engaged in mule-spinning or carding. The different branches of mechanical labor do not yield more than that sum per week the year round, with constant work. There are some cases where men in higher positions receive as high as from \$7 to \$10 weekly, but those instances are rare.

The working people of the town live in small two-story houses, generally located near the factories. The domiciles I visited did not present an attractive appearance, either outside or inside. The lower floors are of stone, that material being cheaper than wood. The usual furniture of the houses of the mechanics is a bureau, a table or two, a few chairs, and sometimes a carpet, and one or more pictures, on the first floor. The bedrooms are without carpets, but, in other respects, pretty well provided. But few of the houses have more than three rooms, one down and two up stairs. The rents are low, compared with the prices paid in cities in the United States for buildings on streets; the sum varying from two shillings and sixpence to five shillings per week, to which must be added "rates and taxes," claims the tenants are always obliged to pay, and which generally add considerably to the original amount.

The condition of the mechanics and laborers in and around Manchester, is far from enviable. Their wages are low, and in many instances scarcely sufficient to obtain the necessities of life, and never enough to allow them to indulge in luxuries, without causing privation and want. The greater part of the generation just arrived at maturity, are indifferently educated, numbers of them being unable to read and write. Their leisure hours are passed at ale-houses, and it is not an unusual thing to see women and men sitting together in those places around a table, sipping gin. Great reformatations have been effected among the persons engaged in the mills by the active exertions of the members of the different temperance societies, but they have not as yet succeeded in inducing women to shun the gin-palaces. In the United States, where woman is looked up to as a gentle and sinless being, too pure for crime, such assemblages are never seen, nor can an American imagine how they can exist; but in England, where women are held in less estimation than with us, such exhibitions as above described are frequent and common, and but few think it either wrong or disgraceful.

Many women are employed in the factories, and those who have small children, and are compelled to work in the mills, generally leave their infants in institutions which abound in Manchester, where they are kept, during the time the mothers are employed, for a small sum per day.

There are several Mechanics' Institutes in the town, places where lectures are delivered to the working classes on popular subjects, and to which libraries are attached for the benefit of mechanics and their families. But these places are not accessible to all, and numbers of those who are able to read, but who cannot or will not attend such institutions, ponder over works of fiction of a doubtful and immoral tendency, now published in London in large quantities, in pamphlets of six or eight pages, and sold extensively throughout the provinces, at one penny per number. Newspapers are few and expensive; consequently, the poor, both from inclination and want of funds, take no papers, and read the penny publications, because they are cheap and entertaining.

Since the passage of a law by Parliament, imposing a fine upon masters for employing children under thirteen years of age, but few young persons are seen about the factories, and such as are met with bear both a healthy and contented appearance. The rising generation is better educated than the preceding one, and there is a fair prospect that great good will result from the law.

A stranger in England sees many things which attract his attention for a time, but

which, as they come before him constantly, are soon forgotten, or passed without notice. On first landing, he is struck with the ruddy complexion of the inhabitants, and the general beauty of the women. A pale and delicate female is seldom seen; but why is not so plain, since so much is said about the seamstresses and needle-women of England. Perhaps they are kept so close at work that they never get abroad, and therefore are rarely met. The factory girls of Manchester do not look so well as the same class in America, so far as regards dress and cleanliness, but their cheeks wear a ruddier glow, and their general appearance is healthful. One other curiosity, if it may be so called, are clogs, or shoes with wooden soles. These are the clumsiest things imaginable, and the best things to cripple feet ever worn. In Manchester, they are used quite extensively, and it is common to see little children running over the pavement with the heavy things attached to their feet, and making a clattering noise. The soles are always a half inch thick, and in many cases much more than that. Large heavy boots are worn by the men, which are full of great hob-nails, with heads a quarter of an inch in width. The clatter they make is outrageous when several clowns are hurrying over the pavements, and reminds one of a drove of oxen crossing a bridge.

Black smoke in clouds constantly hovers over Manchester, at times completely confining the view to a few hundred yards like a thick fog. The air is filled with flying particles of coal from the chimneys of the manufactories, and the stranger finds his linen, after a day's wear, as black as it would be should he wear it a week in any town in the United States—Pittsburg excepted. The large streets are lined with fine stores, and there are several public buildings worthy of notice. In the suburbs there are numbers of beautiful villas, the residences of merchants and manufacturers of the city, many of them looking like fairy palaces, particularly those on London Road, Plymouth Grove, and Balmoral and Rothsay Places. Here the air is pure, the sky clear, and all is so calm that, if the stranger did not really know it, he would not believe he was in Manchester.

In company with two young men belonging to the cotton-mill of England, I took a walk through the adjacent county of Chester. As soon as we got clear of the city, out into the green lanes, with their luxuriant hedges, where we could breathe the unpolluted air, our senses were regaled with the breath of flowers, and cheered with the song of the lark. On our journey we strolled through the old town of Stockport, which lies directly in a valley, and on the sides of hills along the banks of the Mersey, here an

inconsiderable ditch, and as black as tar. The smoke is abominable, and Stockport has the reputation of being both the filthiest and the most moral place of its size in England. The streets are steep and crooked, the dwellings old and forbidding, and the cotton-mills the largest in the kingdom. We left the town, and turning into a pleasant lane, strolled leisurely along the river for several miles, visiting in our rambles some beautiful little villages. The Mersey is lined with embankments on both sides, so as to prevent it from overflowing the meadows, and, in consequence of recent rains, was high then and very rapid. It is some fifty yards in width, and winds through a most beautiful country and landscape of rich fields and broad meadows,

"Lovely in England's fadeless green."

We stopped at a cottage in the village of Didsbury at noon, where we were hospitably entertained by a really beautiful girl of eighteen summers or more. She spoke the dialect of the country, but, objectionable as it may be when uttered by clowns, it is musical when articulated by a pair of pouting lips, in tones of welcome to a stranger. She was intelligent and vivacious, cheerful and entertaining; and when she learned where I was from, she was all life and joy.

"Ay! I have a brother there, and I would like so to see him. It's six years since he left us, and I was but a lass then; but I remember him well, and would go miles to meet him once more. Poor Jack! You probably know him?"

She stood before me as she uttered the interrogation, and the dews of affection moistened her blue eye as she gazed anxiously into my face, awaiting an answer. She looked as sisters only look when inquiring for a long absent and favorite brother of one who may have seen him; and when I informed her that it was not my pleasure to know her kinsman, she smiled through her tears, and said, "Even if you do not know him, you come from the town in which he lives, and that is a consolation that I am happy in. He will not come home, I fear, and I would go to America to see him, if it were not for the ocean; but that would not be still for Canute, and I know it will not be calm for one like me. So I must be content with my lot, and only think of Jack."

She insisted that we must remain and dine, and set to work preparing a meal. It was nearly ready, we must stay; the weather was warm, we required rest and refreshment; and, more than all, an elder brother would soon be at home, and I must see him for her sake and Jack's. I could not resist the entreaty, and remained. The time passed pleasantly, the fare was excellent, and the company sociable and hospitable. But the time

for departure arrived, and I bade my entertainers adieu, not, however, without promising to seek the wanderer, when I returned to his home and mine.

We passed through the old village, with its straw-roofed cottages and cheerful street, and diverged from the regular road into a footpath along the Mersey, here a clear arrowy stream, winding through a rich agricultural district, a walk along its banks being both pleasant and healthful.

We had frequent opportunities of visiting the farms along the river, and enjoying the rich scenery of the vale of the Mersey. The air was clear and unpolluted, and the song of the skylark added a charm to the rural attractions around. The meadows looked as though they were covered with a carpet of velvet, spangled over with buttercups and daisies, and as the freshening breeze swept over the luxuriant fields, the grass and flowers gaily bent their heads to the summer winds. The hawthorn hedges gave out their incense, while countless flowers filled the air with their odors, forming an atmosphere in strong contrast to that of the slavish manufacturing towns in the distance. The day was passed without alloy; and, as I returned to Manchester, the long English twilight faintly struggled through the thick veil of smoke which overhangs the city. The transition from the pure air of the country to the thick atmosphere of the town, caused me to sigh for the bright sky, the green fields, and healthful air, and, being tired of Manchester, I bade it an early adieu.

BIZARRE AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

—
MY LIFE AND ACTS IN HUNGARY. BY ARTHUR GÖRGEI.

Benedict Arnold addressed a defence of his desertion of the Republican cause, to the American people, in which he affirmed, that neither he nor the others, who took up arms against England intended revolution and separation, but only "redress of grievances;" and, therefore, that those who had declared "Independence," and sought a change of government, were false to their original principles, while he had continued true. We do not find that his defence availed either with the Americans, or eventually with the English themselves, for his name ever since has been a synonyme of infamy.

Görgei, we perceive, has adopted the same line of defence, but we fancy the result will be the same. Kossuth he proclaims "liar," coward, arrogant and conceited," "revolutionary," &c., &c., and maintains that he himself was the true and wise man, who adhered faithfully to the object, for which arms were assumed, and which alone it was

right to pursue. In short, he deals with Kossuth and his associates, as Arnold did with Washington, Franklin, and their friends. Strange, that the world should be so blind; that England, America, multitudes all over Europe, the very disciples of Mohammed, not to mention Hungary itself, should have united in enthusiastic admiration of Kossuth, while the name of Görgei should be a universal hissing and reproach! However, "give the d—l his due," say we. Here is his book; read it if you can, and after reading, credit Görgei rather than Kossuth, if you can see reason to do so. We confess to such a fixed disapproval of, and antipathy to Görgei, that we wouldn't for the world, be on a jury to try him. To drive his name and thought from our minds, is an instinct dictated by regard to our own comfort.

We have received from the Messrs. HARPER, the following books:

BIANCA. BY EDWARD MATURIN, Esq.

That the author of this tale exhibits considerable talent and literary accomplishment, must be admitted; and that to a certain class of readers the volume will be interesting, we have no doubt. For ourselves, we should better like it in the absence of a certain unhealthy extravagance, and an appearance of straining after effect, by "piling up the agony," according to the vulgar phrase—a trait, by which we are reminded of the author of "Melmoth the Wanderer," the namesake and relative of the present writer.

ELEMENTS OF GEOLOGY. BY ALONZO GRAY, A. M., and C. B. ADAMS, A. M.

In this duodecimo of 350 pages, we have an admirable summary of this comparatively new science, at once so interesting, sublime and instructive. It is presented in a clear, distinct, and popular style; furnished with numerous well-executed plates, illustrating the subjects treated, and supplied with questions in the foot-notes, which aid in fitting it for a school class-book. We trust this science may hereafter be thoroughly studied in all our schools, as well as colleges.

CORNEILLE AND HIS TIMES. BY M. GUIZOT.

As a minister of Louis Phillipe, Guizot, no better than his sovereign, escaped the charge of political corruption. But, in his domestic and social relations, we believe he has always stood remarkably exempt from censure. Indeed, in character, as well as cast of intellect, he exhibits more of the Anglo-Saxon, than the Gallic stamp. Grave, sober, considerate, a ripe and various scholar, and writing with singular clearness, and a

sustained force; he is always instructive, and always interests such as value good sense and comprehensive thought. The present volume has the usual characteristics of his writings, and will strongly interest those, who delight in literary history, as tracing the growth from birth to maturity, of one or another branch of the *belles lettres*. In Corneille and his Times, he has chosen a rich theme, and his handling is worthy of it. We must tax the translator with one fault, which is the leaving of such vast quantities of French verse, and not a little prose untranslated. For most English readers, all this matter is a perfect blank; otherwise the version appears excellent.

From M. W. DODD, of New York, come the two following volumes:

THE FINLAND FAMILY. BY MRS. SUSAN PEYTON CORNWALL.

This is quite an agreeably written quinto-decimo of some 300 pages, teaching sundry of the minor points of wisdom and good morals, in the form of a simple domestic tale. It resembles Mr. Abbott's Marco Paul books, though not appearing to be an imitation of them. It assails the faith in signs, omens, witches, &c., which tormented children a generation ago, more, we suspect, than those of the present day. The young, we think will be both entertained and benefited by it.

THE SUMMER AND WINTER OF THE SOUL. BY REV. ERSKINE NEALE, M. A.

Under this quaint but pleasing title, the reader will find a small volume of more than average interest. It comprises thirteen biographical sketches, designed to illustrate the bright and dark moods of the Soul, in respect to the influence of Religion upon it. We can cordially recommend the book, as not only entertaining, but mostly of religiously healthful and impressive character.

PICTURES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

This book forms number twenty-two of PUTNAM's semi-monthly Library. It is a translation from the German of Jerрман, and possesses much interest. We read its description of men and things in the Russian capital, with decided pleasure, marking certain passages for extracts. We find however, that we have not the space to fulfil our desires, even as to the length of notice on which we had calculated, and that hence, the delightful extracts we had hoped to give, must be omitted.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY. BY ELLA RODMAN.

We know not whether Miss Ella puts forward her true or a feigned name. But we know she has given us a dozen charming

sketches, making one of the most diversely fascinating duodecimos we have lately seen. With a heart overflowing with kindly sympathies, and a pure and delicate moral sense, she combines a world of "merry mischief," which is vastly amusing. She dearly loves to laugh and make fun, but her satire is always genial and good-natured; never striking what ought to be spared, and never distilling venom. Long live, and much often write, Ella Rodman! We are indebted to JOHN S. TAYLOR for this volume.

A STORY OF LIFE ON THE Isthmus.

Another number and the twenty-third, is this, of PUTNAM's Library, which may be read with interest.

PATIENT WAITING NO LOSS.

D. APPLETON & Co., have just published a prettily illustrated volume with this title. It was written by Mrs. Alice B. Neal—known to the young folks by the endearing title of "Cousin Alice," and embraces a pleasant little tale, adapted to the holiday season, which is told in its author's happiest style. How much better is it for ladies, to occupy their pens with stories like the one we notice, rather than with wild tales of crime. There is a point gained too, to the world, by such an effort, which all the spasmodic horrors ever conceived, can never begin to attain. Genius shows itself in a summer dress, quite as well at it does in one blue, of freezing winter, especially when it belongs to women.

WORLD-DOINGS AND WORLD SAYINGS.

A BOOK has lately been published in London, entitled, "Critical Biographies." From it is obtained the following Daguerreotype of the personal appearance of Disraeli. It must be a truthful picture. Had there been no *Punch* to corroborate it, we should believe it verily to the life:—"There is decided character about the whole external of Mr. Disraeli, yet it is most difficult to determine in what it especially consists. The first impression conveyed to your mind, as, with clothes shaped apparently with too much care for effect, and those long flakes of curling black hair that can hardly be distinguished from the ringlets of a woman, he walks hastily, with a self-absorbed air, and a quick, short, shuffling gait, towards his seat—is that of an effeminate, nay, almost an emasculate affectation. There seems to be a dandyism, not merely of the body, but of the mind also. We usually associate the idea of pride with an erect

crest, a lofty gaze, a hauteur of bearing. Strange to say, Mr. Disraeli's bearing produces the same impression from a totally opposite cause. He has an habitual stoop, and there is that in his bearing and carriage which might be mistaken for humility. He has also an air of self-absorption, which does not appear natural; rather it seems to arise from an affected indifference to the gaze or the observation of others. It is not the less pride, though not of the most noble order. You can see glimpses of an evidence that self-esteem is no stranger to his mind. In spite of the assumed stolidity, you may detect the self-constraint and the furtive regards of a very vain man, who is trying to appear as if he were not vain at all. Although his eyes are downcast, they have not the downcast look of modesty, but rather of a sort of superciliousness, which is the most striking expression on the face. He seems to look down, because he considers it too much trouble to look up. But a further study leads you to think that your first impressions have been erroneous. You see that the intellectual preponderates in Mr. Disraeli's organization, and, by degrees, you begin to believe that he is as much absorbed as he seems to be. Like Sir Robert Peel, he appears to isolate himself—to have no associates in the House, except those forced on him by the immediate necessities of party. This isolation and self-absorption are equally conspicuous, whether he is quiescent or in activity. Observe him anywhere about the House, in the lobbies; or in the committee-rooms; you never see him in confidential communication with any one. All inlets of information and impression seem as if they were violently closed up by an effort of the will. Yet we know from Mr. Disraeli's speeches and writings, that he is keenly alive to the slightest and most impalpable changes going on around him—that, in fact, his intellect must be ever on the watch, although, to an observer, it seems to be in a state of self-imposed torpor. See him where you will, he glides past you noiselessly, without being apparently conscious of the existence of externals, and more like the shadow than the substance of a man. Involuntarily, he comports himself like one possessed by a melancholic monomania, and who has no natural relations with the realities of life. When he is speaking, he equally shrouds himself in his own intellectual atmosphere. You would think he paid no regard to the thought of whom he was addressing, but only to the ideas he was enunciating in words. Still with downcast eyes, still with what may almost be called a torpor of the physical powers, he seems more an intellectual abstraction, than a living, breathing man of

passions and sympathies. If some one of his friends interrupts him to offer a friendly suggestion, or to correct a misstatement of facts, the chances are that he will not notice him at all, or, if he does, that it will be with a gesture of impatience, or with something like a snarl, as, when a man is grinding a hand-organ, if his hand suddenly be stopped, the pipes utter a slight discordant moan. This singular self-absorption betrays itself even when he is in a sitting posture. You never see him gazing around him, or lolling back in his seat, or seeking to take his ease as other men do in the intervals of political excitement. He sits with his head rigid, his body contracted, his arms closely pinned to his side, as though he were an automaton. He looks like one of those stone figures of ancient Egypt, that embody the idea of motionless quiescence for ever."—SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, in the last volume of his "History of Europe," just published in England, devotes one chapter to a survey of the literary, scientific, and social progress of Great Britain since 1815, in the course of which he thus touches upon Tennyson, the poet:—"He has opened a new vein in English poetry, and shown that real genius, even in the most advanced stages of society, can strike a fresh chord, and, departing from the hackneyed ways of imitation, charm the world by the conceptions of original thought. His imagination, wild and discursive as the dreams of fancy, wanders at will, not over the real so much as the ideal world. The grottoes of the sea, the caves of the mermaid, the realms of heaven, are alternately the scenes of his song. His versification, wild as the song of the elfin king, is broken and irregular, but often inexpressibly charming. Sometimes, however, this tendency leads him into conceit; in the endeavour to be original, he becomes fantastic. There is a freshness and originality, however, about his conceptions, which contrast strangely with the practical and interested views which influenced the age in which he lived, and contributed not a little to their deserved success. They were felt to be the more charming, because they were so much at variance with the prevailing ideas around him, and re-opened those fountains of romance which nature has planted in every generous bosom, but which are so often closed by the cares, the anxieties, and the rivalry of the world."—A LIVELY movement is going on in London to abolish all taxes on knowledge, including of course paper stamps. Already has this movement called out in Parliament notice of an intention "to move for leave to bring in a bill to amend the law relating to the stamp duty on newspapers."

CHATTER-BOX.

—THE GRAND drawing of the Philadelphia Art Union, took place on the last night of the year at the Musical Fund Hall. The attendance was large, and the whole ceremony of the most interesting character. First, there was the reading of the Report of the excellent Board of Directors, by Col. James S. Wallace, Chairman of the Executive Committee; then followed the delivery of a fine address by the Hon. William D. Kelley—at the close of which a vote of thanks was passed to the Judge. The audience then selected Messrs. Dreer and Woodward, to superintend the allotments. A notary public present, having announced that the certificates were all right, sixty-one prizes were drawn, principally by Philadelphians. Many of these prizes consist of paintings having real merit, while others might as well be leather medals, for any value they possess, as works of art. Books of subscription for 1853, are open at 210 Chestnut street, and as money is abundant, there is a chance of a full list. There is a question in the minds of many persons as to the beneficial influences of an institution constituted like our Art Union. We have an opinion on the subject, but we will "let it slide" for the present.

—CASSIUS M. CLAY of Kentucky, appeared personally before Esquire Rowchamp, of Cincinnati, lately, in a suit for the recovery of a hog alleged to have been taken by Messrs. Smith & Stevens, hog drovers. Mr. Clay gained the suit, and the defendants not being able to pay judgment, Mr. Clay gallantly loaned them the money for that purpose.

—NAPOLEON was divorced from Josephine, because he wished an heir to succeed him as the ruler of France. Now the grandson of the discarded wife, discarded for such an ambitious cause, actually holds the reins of France, as Emperor! This is a singular fact. Louis Napoleon, we would state, by the way, in answer to a correspondent, is *not* the second, but the third son of Hortense Beauharnois, by her husband, Louis Bonaparte. He was born April 20th, 1808. We notice by late French papers, that he has just made another speech, and sworn to another oath. How long before he will again perjure himself?

—WE ARE indebted to Messrs. James Munroe & Co., of Boston, for a catalogue of the officers and students of Harvard College for the year 1852-3. We learn by it, that the present number of resident graduates, is 332; under-graduates, 320; making a total of 652.

—A ROCHESTER, New York paper, says: The fact that a large quantity of acorns have

recently been shipped from this country to Holland, reminds us of an enterprising Englishman who traversed the United States in the years that intervened between those of 1820 and '28, collected the seeds of our most desirable American forest trees, and planted an extensive nursery in England. He engaged in a novel enterprise of obtaining from the forests of Niagara county, planks of black walnut, oak, whitehood and maple, of the fullest length and width, and exhibited them as specimens of the trees he had planted. His next enterprise was a voyage to Hindostan, to collect seeds and plants. While in search of the objects of his visit in the Himalaya Mountains, he and his party were attacked and destroyed by wild beasts.

—THE MONKS of Saint Bernard, after exercising so long and so nobly the rites of hospitality among the snows of their lofty solitudes, are preparing to abandon their establishment, which will shortly be rendered useless by the opening of the tunnel of Menouvre; the good brethren will establish themselves beside this tunnel, and again proffer their world-renowned hospitality to travellers on this new route.

—THE OLD YEAR went out so thickly veiled in mist, that we could not discover the expression he wore at parting. It must have been anything but a pleasant one; for what office-holder is there, who, when he gets comfortably warm in his seat is disposed cheerfully to abdicate? Then to be hurried out of office, to be greeted at parting with the ringing of bells and the explosion of gunpowder, as 1852 was in Philadelphia! Enough surely to make one ill-natured. We were awake at the midnight hour, and heard all the expressions of joy to which we have alluded, as the noise of Fifty Two's chariot wheels grew fainter and fainter, and faded away forever! The New Year! what of her? (by the way, can any body tell why the old year should be *him* and the new year *her*?) she came in with a tearful eye; but there is nevertheless, promise of her being a good, plump, healthy girl. Whether she is destined to usher into being so many striking events as her predecessor, remains to be seen. And now what remains to be done in this paragraph? Nothing in the world that we can think of, but to wish every reader we have a *happy new year*!

—PUTNAM'S MONTHLY is an excellent work, filled with able and useful material, and got up in truly taking style. But will it take? We hope so, with all our heart. This is an age pictorial. Putnam has no 'picture', and therefore—never mind the therefore. As a specimen of what will go we relate an anecdote: We encountered a periodical dealer the other day, and he announced

to us, that he was sorry he could not sell a thousand or so of the *Bizarres*. "Folks say it's good," said he, "but somehow or nuther it don't seem to go with a rush; people who buy it are old fogies; men who turn up their noses at the 'Temple of Liberty,' the 'Freebooter', the 'Tattoo', the 'Crowbar', and all the other comic pictorials, men who always want plain reading papers. "If I was you," added the news-man, giving us a knowing wink, "I would put in some pirate stories, some rebusses, some conundrums, some seduction tales; then stick it full of wood cuts; it will go off like hot cakes." So much for the popular taste; a most vile, a most abominable one. Let those get rich by it who will. We prefer to have *Bizarre* maintain the same character it now does; yes, even though its circulation thereby may be considerably less than one hundred thousand copies of each number. Putnam seems to have lain out the same programme.

—We hear much of Joan of Arc: but no one speaks of Margot Delayne, the heroine of Montelimart. Admiral Coligny (one of the principal protestant leaders in the religious war of France,) had with his artillery made a considerable breach in the ramparts of Montelimart; already the city was threatened with an irruption, when Margot Delayne placed herself on the open ramparts, followed by a troop of females; she overthrew what ever presented itself; she drove back the besiegers; and after having left one of her arms in the breach, she bore the besiegers as prisoners into the town. The gratitude of the inhabitants of Montelimart erected a statue to this intrepid woman, which, although much defaced, is yet to be seen.

—We perceive that the literary editor of the *New York Tribune*, attempts to be very severe over a new and sprightly work, lately published by John S. Taylor, called "Fun and Earnest." This might have been expected; for the author of "Fun and Earnest" has also written a very clever book, called "Fancies of a Whimsical Man," in which the aforesaid literary editor's Phalansterian brethren were most prodigiously satirized.

—We call attention to the extract from Mr. Moran's book of Travel, which appears in our pages. It is highly interesting.

THE FOLLOWING Books await notice at the hands of the editor:

From G. P. Putnam & Co., New York: "Romance of a Student's Life."

From Appleton & Co.: "Life and Memorials of Daniel Webster;" 2 vols.

From Harper & Brothers, New York: "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, No. 3; "Katie Stewart: a True Story;" "Rodolphus," by Jacob Abbott.

From Redfield: "Napoleon in Exile;" by O'Meary; 2 vols.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

VOLUME II. }
PART 21. }

FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1853.

{ SINGLE COPIES
FIVE CTS. }

THOMAS CARLYLE.

For the last ten or fifteen years, no name has been more distinguished in the graver walks of literature, than Thomas Carlyle. His merits, and his blemishes,—(or what, by some, are reckoned his blemishes,)—have equally served to rivet attention upon him. His thought and his utterance are alike unusual, and calculated to produce at once a decided impression, either for or against. Accordingly he has been the object, on the one hand, of warm, and often enthusiastic admiration, and, on the other, of bitter censure, as well as profuse ridicule.

Such a reception assures us that Carlyle is no indifferent, common-place person, but entitled to an examination, whether it be to approve or condemn. To do complete justice to such a theme is impossible for me, with the time, space and materials at my command, even supposing the ability were mine. But something I hope to say, which, without discrediting the theme, may have some interest for my hearers.

Thomas Carlyle was born, some two or three years before the opening of the present century, at Ecclefechan, Annandale, in the south of Scotland. His father was a farmer, and an Elder of the Presbyterian Kirk; and is said to have been remarkable for strong native sense. His venerable mother is still living,—(or was so recently,)—her days have been lengthened out to behold and enjoy the eminence of her son.

This region of old Caledonia is noted for reliques of the Romans, still in tolerable preservation, though dating back to the days of the earliest Cæsars, and yet more notable, (in the view of every Scotchman,) as the birth-place of Robert Burns.

Carlyle was destined by his parents to the Presbyterian ministry, and, with this intent, sent to Edinburgh College. Here, or elsewhere, he must have been an industrious student, for his writings perpetually overflow with various learning. The profession marked out for him, however, seems to have been far from squaring with his own incli-

nations. So far, indeed, that he uniformly manifests a not very exalted estimate of the priesthood, as a class, or of their office, as a present source of illumination.

After leaving college, he occupied himself, for some time, with the task of instruction—at one period, keeping an academy at Dysart, eleven miles north of Edinburgh, and, at another, having charge of several private pupils. It was during this time, he married a lady named Jane Welch, to whom report ascribes a strong mind, well educated, and much accomplished—fitted to appreciate and yield intelligent sympathy to a man like her husband.

Ralph Waldo Emerson visited Carlyle in 1833, and found him living with his wife on a farm called "Craigenputtock," in Nithsdale, Southern Scotland, and occupied with penning literary and critical articles for *Frazer's Magazine*, and several of the *British Reviews*.

In the beginning of 1834, he went to London, "literally to seek bread and work,"—in his own phraseology. He lived in that part of the city which goes by the name of the former village, Chelsea, and next door to Leigh Hunt;—and there he has continued, I believe, to live ever since, with the interruption of a few months. This interruption was occasioned by his removing, in the Spring of 1841, back to Annan, in Scotland, where he had bought a house, with the intention of residing. Feeling, however, dissatisfied, he returned, in the following autumn, to his Chelsea residence. Copiously and well as he has written about Germany and France, he has never visited either, or in fact ever set foot out of Great Britain.

Ever since the publication of his *History of the French Revolution*, he has been growing daily into influence and estimation with the best minds in England. His books have a steady sale, and his circumstances are become easy and independent. Previously he had been very poor. His pinching, humiliating embarrassments, and his manifold sufferings from this source, qualified him to speak intelligently of Johnson and Scott, of

Burns and Mirabeau, and to picture, with a life-like vividness, unreachd perhaps by any other, the strange conditions amid which many of the master-pieces of literature have been produced. Celestial light issuing from the bosom of infernal glooms—pictures of warm, rich, completely-furnished bliss, wrought up in the shivering, famine-pinched, miserable garret—Divine melody, that, for others, gladden, and ennoble, and glorify existence, wrung out from hearts crushed and all desolate, like the exhilarating wine from the pressed grape,—such portraiture of lettered history Carlyle painted with hues furnished by personal experience, and the painting is inimitable.

So lately as 1833, he told a friend that not one person in Great Britain, except those who before were personal friends, had expressed to him any interest in his writings, or had been drawn to him by means of them. It is said, moreover, that he had fairly written himself out of the great British Reviews; and thus had reached a crisis of embarrassment and distress, when the publication of his "French Revolution," brought about a change in his fortunes. This history cost him two laborious years. They were years well employed, however: for their product not only at once made him known and honored, but led straightway to ease and comfort in pecuniary conditions.

One fact connected with this work, exhibits, strikingly, the character of the man. One volume of the manuscript, the fruit of a whole year's hard labor, was lent, for some purpose, to a friend, and while in his hands was, by inexcusable carelessness, totally destroyed. Carlyle, without stopping to lament the calamity, sat calmly down and performed the task all over anew!

No possible circumstance could show more vividly that Carlyle is a person of pre-eminent resolution, firmness and perseverance. Just fancy him retraversing that long, toilsome, painful road, utterly robbed of the excitement of novelty, that cheered on the original journey! Behold him plodding along, day after day, and night following night, grim Penury overhanging and lowering all about him, and the myriad petty annoyances it brings with it, planting successively each its own venomous sting—doubts and fears, confirmed too well by past gloomy experience, touching the final success of an undertaking exacting so much toil and solicitude,—and the carking thought, as to what, in case of failure, only too probable, was to become of himself, and of one loved still more than himself—imagine him toiling on for lingering, endless-seeming months, and out of such a black, tumultuous chaos bringing to light a product of such power and vividness, such sunny clearness and pictu-

resque beauty,—and then say if the race of the strong ones be yet extinct!—if there be not giants in the earth in these days as well as in the "olden time!"—if the world have not, once again, "assurance of a man!"

Personally Carlyle is pronounced, by one knowing him intimately, "a great-hearted, brave and gentle being, in whom you may confidently reckon on finding invariably honor, kindness and truth." His conversation abounds in the same traits with his writings, being "strong, humorous, and picturesque, even to the panoramic." He speaks with the broad Scotch accent, as he writes, with not a few Scotch peculiarities of expression.

He is, in person, tall, slender and well-shaped, with dark complexion, bright eyes, and a great, projecting brow, and would naturally attract notice in any company, by the intellectual power expressed in his head.

He told a friend, that, "in his early youth, Tristram Shandy was his special favorite among books, and that Rousseau's Confessions first taught him that he himself was not a fool."

Miss Martineau, a near friend of Carlyle, describes him as a great and constant sufferer from a morbid constitution, "stretched always," in her phrase, "on an invisible rack." This fact, she adds, accounts for the caustic severity that not infrequently tinges his conversation. There seems, it should be stated, some discrepancy in the representations touching the character of his conversations—some pronouncing him exceedingly querulous in his intercourse with others, and Emerson, on the contrary, declaring that he saw no indication of such a vein. However, Emerson is himself a man of quite as rare a quality as Carlyle—carrying with him an atmosphere of chastened serenity and quiet cheerfulness, within which acrimony and harsh feeling are apt to die a natural death. In his society, Carlyle might find himself, *per force*, in a different frame from his wonted tone of feeling.

Carlyle's humble parlor is described as a neutral ground, where men of the most opposite professions and pursuits, as well as opinions in religion, philosophy, politics and letters, meet for amicable interchange, and to listen to the rich, suggestive, stirring talk of their accomplished host. Perhaps in this private way he acts upon the thought and sentiment of England quite as powerfully as through his printed books.

Carlyle's first appearance before the public, as author, was in the form of translator from the German. He published an English version of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," as also specimens of other German novelists and romancers. His acquaintance with this language and its litera-

ture is very remarkable, and his criticism of the same exceedingly acute and able. His reverent admiration of Goethe, the patriarch of German letters, verges on the idolatrous, and zealously and long did he labor to make the British public acquainted with his favorite. For several years he maintained an epistolary correspondence with Goethe, interrupted only by the latter's death. Carlyle must have been gratified extremely by the illustrious German's testimony in his behalf, as recorded by Eckerman.

"The temper" (says Goethe) "in which Carlyle works, is always admirable. What an earnest man he is, and how he has studied us Germans! He is almost more at home in our literature than ourselves!"

When it is remembered that the Germans are far before other nations in liberal, truly philosophic criticism, in depth and variety of learning, and, most especially, in the knowledge and just appreciation of foreign literature—and, when to this it is added, that Goethe himself is one of the greatest minds of any age or clime, and not less eminent for universality of culture, both literary and scientific,—we shall perceive that the compliment thus paid to our author is of no ordinary quality. He might have found it (we should suppose,) even an over-payment for the vituperation and ridicule, on the one hand, and the wintry neglect on the other, with which, at the outset, his endeavors were met for acquainting his arrogantly, self-complacent countrymen with the products of Teutonic genius!

In fact, it was only through much effort, and in the face of opposition, misapprehension and sarcasm, that our author succeeded in arousing the British literary public to a study of German letters. But he did ultimately succeed; and this study has even become quite popular, both on that and on this side of the water. And not only so, but recent original literature in the English tongue, exhibits, in all its departments, evident tokens of being moulded and colored by the Teutonic element.

And this element, beyond question, has, on the whole, wrought beneficially to our Anglo-Saxon letters. You remember the saying of Napoleon's day: "To the French belongs the empire of the land, to the English of the sea, and to the Germans of the air." It is a saying that suggests a truth far deeper than the users meant by it. This truth is, that the French and English both, of our time, deal too exclusively with palpable, material facts—that is, with the outward, the earthly—while the Germans carry the spiritualizing tendency to the extreme of being often visionary, shadowy, unsubstantial. As a medium is here, as always, the true desideratum, an infusion of

German spiritualism into our intellectual activity, must be, with due limitations, a decided benefit.

One of Carlyle's earliest original works, was a biography of Schiller, with a critical examination of each of his works—one of the very finest specimens, in our language, of this class of writings. The author and the man are called up living before you. Schiller's organization and circumstances are so laid bare to your scrutiny, with their alternating action and reaction, that you can see each of his successive works grow out of his soul, as then conditioned, from the cloudy, stormy "Robbers," to the serene, sunshiny "Wilhelm Tell," and understand why each work was what it was, and no other, and why it was produced at the time it was, and no time else. The book, in short, is a finished specimen, not only of biography, but of that splendid re-productive criticism, which seems, in its nature, rather Teutonic than Anglo-Saxon.

Nor is the style less noble than the matter. Unmarked by those eccentricities, which, in after works, provoked so much animadversion, it abounds in the same picturesque phraseology, the same affluence of apt illustrations, the same tintings, in short, of imagination,

"That beautiful and beauty-making power," which characterize, in so lavish degree, the latter.

Carlyle's other writings, consisting partly of articles which appeared originally in the several British reviews and magazines, and partly of pamphlets and larger works, which appeared separately, amount, at present, to some eight or nine stout duodecimo volumes. And these volumes may be pronounced, among the very richest, the most enkindling and suggestive, and, in all ways, the most valuable, while, at the same time, the strangest compositions in the language. They constitute, virtually, one grand criticism of this our age—in magic-lantern, colossal picturing, showing it up in its opulence and its penury, its weaknesses and its strengths, its right and beneficent movements, and its evil, perilous and harmful tendencies.

This review-writing, now so much in vogue, is by some reckoned of inauspicious omen to the cause of genuine culture. But without reason, I think. Folios, quartos, and octavos, if the right thing once, are no longer such. So multitudinous now are books and authors, that, but for condensing and concentration, no individual could glance, even, at one in the hundred of the volumes turned out by the press.

Besides, it is coming to be understood that we want books not so much to furnish us intellectual nutriment in a fully prepared

state, as to stir up, to suggest, to set one's own mind a-working. The big volume might serve the former purpose; but, for the latter, the review article is just the thing. It is the cream of one's thoughts—the concentrated essence of one's knowledge and accomplishment. We have leisure to peruse and to ponder what is written, and it is of a quality that quickens and fertilizes. Put together Carlyle's, Macauley's, and Wilson's miscellanies—some twenty duodecimos of three of our age's finest minds—and you have, in these alone, a library, and a portable library, too!

Carlyle's writings, I remarked, are substantially one continuous criticism on our age. And this was saying, in effect, that he belongs strictly to neither of the two great classes which now, as ever, divide the social mass between them—the conservative, and the reform, or movement classes. Of all men the most strongly individualized—an original to the very core—he is incapable of wearing another's uniform, or of marching under any flag save his own. Not the less true is it, however, that his influence works very decisively and powerfully for reform, though put forth in his own eccentric fashion.

Thus no one seems to have so little faith as he in the reformatory projects of the hour, or lashes them with more biting sarcasm. And yet, of all living writers, he most completely lays bare and probes most unflinchingly the wounds of the body social. No one so vividly as he delineates the various maladies which infect our time, with their supposed causes, their attendant symptoms, and their probable issues.

He does not, however, even attempt, the while, to suggest any specific remedy, or indicate what, in his view, it were best doing in the premises. You would fancy, often, that he reckoned the diseases and hurts of society beyond reach of mortal leechcraft; and deemed it the wisest of all petitions to heaven, that a second deluge or universal conflagration might swallow man and earth, and their immedicable ailments, for once and forever!

And yet there is little danger of any ill effect resulting from this exaggerated strain of his. Portraying, as he does, our social evils, with a very flame-pencil, they glare unmistakably on all eyes. By such a spectacle even the most bigoted conservative may, peradventure, be roused from the fond dream that the social structure, as now existing, is incapable of improvement. And assuredly the reformer may be aided in his task by a representation, so appallingly graphic, of the topics he has to deal withal. The most enthusiastic champion of progress can scarce read Carlyle without a stronger, more vivid

conviction that some amendatory measures must be put in train, and that right speedily, if we would stave off the most tremendous social convulsions. Whatever can produce such effects, may, with truth, be pronounced a most efficient worker for reform. To know and feel itself really ill, is for society no slight step toward renovation.

Carlyle, however, unlike many a fanatic reformer, is far from condemning, in the lump, the present and the past, or from reckoning the being old and established as, of itself, reason enough for denouncing an institution, usage or belief. So far from insisting, like too many, on a general overturn, as a preparative of social amendment absolutely indispensable, he esteems revolution and change as, in themselves, always evils, and never to be tolerated except as the unavoidable price of things vastly better. Whatever, therefore, is not stamped worthless by palpable experience or logical demonstration, he would preserve wholly intact.

In a word, Carlyle holds that position, so weightily responsible in this our revolutionary day—the position of mediator betwixt the two great masses of conservatism and reform. He exhibits to each the merits and strong points of the other, while, at the same time, laying bare to each its weaknesses and defects.

One specially important service, which he is rendering, or essaying to render, to our time, is to recall to its notice the existence of the spiritual world. I say "recall;" for so marvellous are the discoveries in physical science, which have recently been made, and are now making, that we are in no slight danger of being completely engrossed by externals. So dazzled are we by "excess of bright," that we are growing to forget, and practically to deny, the existence of the source of all this splendor.

And even yet more are we besotted by the achievements of mechanism. Through this combining of visible agencies, we have almost annihilated space and time, and constrained the elementary forces to execute services for us outrunning the very imagination of foregone days. Intoxicated with these mechanical triumphs, we have gotten into the way of employing combination or machinery everywhere, and for all ends whatever. Individual endeavor has, almost universally, given place to associated effort; and in philanthropy, religion and morals, politics, literature and science, the latter is grown to be the instrumentality relied on above all others. So striking, moreover, are the results which have occasionally been wrought out by such combination, that our expectations from it are become extravagant and fanatical. We reckon it the grand panacea, the universal specific, and our faith is small in any method

beside. In a word, we have well nigh lost the perception of wherein lies the true power of these combinations, and fancy some magic virtue to be evolved from the mere act of uniting forces!

We need, then, being reminded, that association creates no new force—that in the aggregate mass can be nothing but what existed in the separate particles,—and that a universe of dead bodies, no matter how conjoined, could not bring out life, as the result. And of all writers living, Carlyle reads us this lesson to greatest effect. For who so faithfully as he demonstrates the efficiency and worth of individual endeavor?—or who shows so vividly the imperative obligation resting on each to use faithfully the gift confided to his charge?

"It is," says he, "a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man, that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never, through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end." (Vol. II, p. 2. Miscel.)

He would bid us, then, remember that, as not from a row of cyphers, however many, but from a row of integers, each significant by itself, can a significant total alone be made, so equally it is with respect to combination. If by this means any desirable result be brought out, it must be through the force contained in each several individual of the aggregate whole.

And this spiritual world, which we are losing sight of amid the splendors of physical discovery, and the wondrous achievements of material mechanism—how zealously, and with what opulence of apt illustration, does he plead in its behalf!

"Even the poorest aspect of nature," says he, "especially of living nature, is a type and manifestation of the invisible spirit that works in nature. There is, properly, no object trivial or insignificant:—but every finite thing, could we look well, is as a window, through which solemn vistas are opened into Infinitude itself." (Vol. II, p. 300.)

Again:—"All visible things are emblems—what thou seest is not there on its own account—strictly taken, is not there at all. Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some idea, and body it forth." (Sart. Resart., p. 71.)

The identity of these views with Swedenborg's, will be obvious to all acquainted with the latter; though, whether Carlyle was acquainted with the latter, I know not.

The spiritual world, then, he would teach, is the only world existing of reality, of substance, of power. All things visible and palpable are merely the vehicles or mediums through which the spirit-world operates and manifests itself. At the same time a bond of connexion makes all things, indissolubly in

one, forbidding any the least particular to stand isolate or inoperative.

Thus, "That little fire;"—(he is speaking of a smithy-fire seen afar off in the forest,)—"is it a detached, separated speck, cut off from the whole universe?

"Thou fool! That smithy-fire was—(primarily)—kindled at the sun—is fed by air that circulates from before Noah's deluge, from beyond the dog-star—therein with iron-force, and coal-force, and the far stronger force of man, are cunning affinities and battles and victories of force brought about; it is a little ganglion or nervous centre in the great vital system of immensity! Call it, if thou wilt, an unconscious altar kindled on the bosom of the All,—whose iron sacrifice, whose iron smoke and influence, reach quite through the All,—whose dingy priest,—(the smith,)—not by word, yet by brain and sinew, preaches forth the mystery of force—nay, preaches forth—(exoterically enough)—one little textlet from the Gospel of Freedom, the Gospel of Man's Force commanding, and one day to be all-commanding." (Sart. Re., page 701.)

It is from this vital connexion, whereby every particular thing constitutes an indispensable portion of the one grand total, that the influence of the individual man results. It is as though each individual was planted at the centre of an electric wire-network, which flashed his own feeling in universal diffusion, and stood at the auditory focus of a whispering gallery, which reverberated his faintest breath in thunder-tones to the world's extremities!

"Beautiful," says he, "it is to see and understand, that no worth, known or unknown, can die even in this earth. The work an unknown good man has done, is like a vein of water hidden under ground, secretly making the ground green—it flows and flows, it joins itself with other veins and veinlets:—one day it will start forth as a visible, perennial well. Ten dumb centuries had made the *speaking* Dante—a well *he* of many veinlets." (Miscel. Vol. IV. p. 380.)

One of those items in our author, which timorous, or not much enlarged souls will probably find hardest of digestion—one, in fact, which he misses little, if any, making an absolute hobby of—is his loving admiration of reality or originality. This is his first requisition everywhere, in person, word, or deed. He cites often, with heartiest approval, Dr. Johnson's "Endeavor to Clear Your Mind of Cant." "This," he says, in comment, "is positively the prime necessity for all men, and all women and children. In these days, who would have their souls live, were it even feebly, and not die of the detestablest asphyxia, as in carbonic vapor." (Miscel. Vol. IV. p. 234.)

That a man be real, and not a sham—that, through inherent strength, he be able to shape his course of life and action from within himself, instead of seeking his impulses without—this, with our author, is a condition so indispensable, that he will accept almost any and everything else along with it. He pushes this doctrine to the very verge of the maxim that "Might makes right."

"The world's wealth," says he, "is its original men." By these and their works it is a world, and not a waste. The memory and the record of what men it bore—this is the sum of its strength and its sacred property forever, whereby it upholds itself and steers forward better or worse through the yet undiscovered deep of time." (Miscel. Vol. IV. p. 174.)

Again:—"The original man is the true creator—or, call him revealer—of morals, too. It is from his example that precepts enough are derived and written down in books and systems. He, properly, is the thing; all that follows is but talk about the thing, better or worse interpretation of it." (Miscel. Vol. IV. p. 175.)

These ideas give to all his writings a pervading tone. Original, strong, great men—terms synonymous in his vocabulary—are his special favorites, though, morally, they may be not a little tarnished. Under the title of heroes, they make the staple of many of his ablest efforts.

On Mirabeau, for example, he dwells with keenest gust, all seamed and scored as he is with the brand of sin. And Danton, who used to pass for a monster in the popular estimate, loses, in Carlyle's hands, the whole of his monstrosity, and appears not only a veritable man, but one not without meritorious traits.

Now it is, without question, a noble deed, thus fearlessly to award justice to those whose names have been so blackened that most men are afraid to utter a syllable in their behalf. For this deed let our author receive due credit. But as to some other points, he seems to me to have erred in handling this theme—not by speaking what is false, but by failing to speak the whole truth. If I mistake not, he makes too little account of the agency of circumstances in human development and achievement.

It was well to show, by vindicating the power of the human will, that man is not wholly at the mercy of the conditions about him—mere plastic clay in their moulding and shaping grasp—but that, on the contrary, he has ability to act from his own individuality, as a centre, and be, measurably, the controller and fashioner of events.

At the same time, it cannot be denied, that circumstances have not a little to do in the making of a great man. If they do not give

him his ability, they certainly aid in its development and manifestation. To the latter, in truth, we may pronounce them all but indispensable.

Suppose, for example, Napoleon, being intrinsically just what he was, had grown up in the depths of an English coal-mine, or on a stony hill-farm in New England: would he, or *could* he, ever have shown himself, or ever have been the Great Napoleon he actually did become? So far from this, it is possible, and even probable, he might never have appeared anything extraordinary at all. The incidents of that revolutionary time would seem to have been absolutely essential to his development and full activity. They so matched his organization, that both wrought accordantly in the same direction, without ever neutralizing or hampering each other. Hence his greatness.

Rarely, however, does an instance occur of this perfect correspondence, and therefore a great man is of rare occurrence. But this intrinsic ability—the stuff of which great men are made—would seem to exist at all times, though in a latent condition. For, in critical junctures of human affairs, the men needed for the crisis are invariably found to appear. In any country churchyard, the poet might say with much of truth, if not literally:

"Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;—

Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

The fact touching the appearance of the great man, I suppose to be something thus: Certain ideas and impulses, at a given period, pervade the social mass—apprehended with various degrees of clearness by all, and by all more or less vividly felt. Some individual is so organized, that he apprehends, more distinctly than any other, these pervading ideas, and, more intensely than any beside, feels these pervading impulses. So what the mass see dimly, and feel vaguely, he is qualified to make definite and palpable to them. In a word, constituted with larger capacity than his cotemporaries, he contains most of what makes the vital element and moving force of his time. He is, therefore, strongest and greatest of all, and steps naturally into the place of leader and steed.

But plant this man, with the same organism, in totally different conditions, and this possible greatness might never manifest itself, or make its existence known. And even the man himself may, as little as others, be aware of his latent capabilities. We are told that Washington was completely overwhelmed with surprise on hearing himself nominated as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. He knew not, what the penetrating eye of John Adams had detected,

that within himself were folded up the rudiments of a greatness which the world witnesses only once in many centuries.

Now, Carlyle, of course, knows all this well enough; but I cannot find that he has brought it clearly and fully out.

Before closing this imperfect sketch, I would say a word or two on our author's style. This is certainly unique. It strikes everybody, I presume, at first, as strange; nor is the first impression apt to be a pleasant one. If the interest of the matter carries one over this first impression, Carlyle becomes usually a special favorite. Of those who do not speedily surmount this antipathy, little is to be said, except that they had best lay him aside. Whatever he may be for others, he is pretty clearly not the writer for them. To undertake defending his style, were nugatory; for there exist neither models to test it by, nor grammatic or rhetoric rules bearing any relation to it.

Nor, indeed, am I aware of our possessing any right to summon one to judgment on account of his style of composition, more than of his style of dress. We may say of either, if we will, that we like or dislike, and that is the whole of it. In respect of neither is there any authenticated standard, which one is bound to comply with on penalty of literary condemnation. We may, undoubtedly, exact of an author thus much, that his language be such as to convey his meaning fully to every reader who is capable of apprehending the thoughts he deals with. For, by asking our attention, he virtually professes that he has something to communicate, and therefore, by employing a medium of communication so inadequate as to leave us often uncertain of his meaning, he infringes a tacit compact with his reader. Such infraction cannot, I think, be fairly charged on Carlyle. His manner is odd, undeniably, but it shows effectually what he purposes to convey. His obscurity, if ever he is obscure, is from the subtlety of the thought, and not the incompetency of the expression.

There are sundry other properties of style which may or may not accompany this primary and indispensable one of transparency. All these may, I believe, be covered by the two terms, attractiveness and impressiveness, or beauty and strength. The admirers of our author do not hesitate to declare him possessed of both these. A strange beauty and a strange strength, yet genuine each. Everywhere in his writings may be found passages of rarest, most exquisite loveliness, and not less paragraphs of a sinewy vigor absolutely Titanic.

In the following extract, if I mistake not, are comprised specimens of both these traits. He is speaking of Mirabeau, who, after se-

vere and protracted struggles, is completely triumphant:

"Does not the benevolent reader, though never so unambitious, sympathise a little with this poor brother mortal in such a case? Victory is always joyful; but to think of such a man, in the hour when, after twelve Hercules' labors, he does finally triumph! So long he fought with the many-headed coil of Lernean serpents, and panting wrestled and wrang with it for life or death—forty long, stern years—and now he has it under his heel! The mountain-tops are scaled, are scaled where the man climbed on sharp, flinty precipices, slippery, abysmal—in darkness, seen by no kind eye; amid the brood of dragons; and the heart, many times, was like to fail within him in his loneliness, in his extreme need; yet he climbed and climbed, gluing his footsteps in his blood; and now, behold! Hyperion-like he has scaled it, and on the summit shakes his glittering shafts of war! What a scene and new kingdom for him, all bathed in Auroral radiance of hope; far-stretching, solemn, joyful; what wild Memnon's music from the depths of nature comes toning through the soul raised suddenly out or strangling death into victory and life! The very bystander, we think, might weep with this Mirabeau tears of joy!" (Miscel. Vol. IV. p. 278.)

What has rhetoric to do with such a paragraph? And who would give heed to a decision of rhetoric against it? I will add but one passage more—a graphic description, in a different vein, of the portrait of the arch-quack of the last century, Count Cagliostro:

"A most portentous face of scoundrelism; a fat, snub, abominable face; dew-lapped, flat-nosed, greasy, full of greediness, sensuality, ox-like obstinacy; a forehead impudent, refusing to be ashamed; and then two eyes turned up seraphically languishing, as in Divine contemplation and adoration; a touch of quix too. There he sits and seraphically languishes, with this epigraph:

"Behold the features of the friend of mankind!
All his days are marked by new acts of benevolence;
He prolongs life; he succors poverty;
The delight of being useful is his sole recompense!"

A most fitting prophet for that believing, devout, clean Eighteenth Century!

Inadequate as I know the foregoing sketch to be, and far as it falls below doing justice to its theme, I think you will nevertheless see, in it, reason for concluding that our author belongs to no common-place, ephemeral class; but is one who deals, and deals ably, with large and momentous topics.

As exhibiting, more graphically than any cotemporary, what our existing society is, and thus suggesting, through contrast, what it ought to be;—

As bringing vividly home to us the well

nigh forgotten truth of the existence and the perpetual agency of the spiritual world;—

As depicting forcibly the worth and efficiency of individual endeavor, and thence the weight of responsibility pressing upon every individual;—

As inculcating uniformly a charity, both of judgment and of act, the sublimest and most comprehensive, by demonstrating that what Christianity enjoins, as a moral duty, is the demand also of strict logical justice;—

And, finally, by operating powerfully on the mind, to rouse its energies and put it upon active thought, while invigorating, at the same time, the moral and the executive nature;—Carlyle occupies an eminent position as a teacher and benefactor of his age.

Let us hope that a voice so large-volumed and significant may not find its sole response the idle-babbling and empty echoes!

SPIRITUAL DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE VII.

CHRYSOSTOM. CHANNING.

Chrys. I was about saying, my dear doctor, that I had just been reading your discourse on self-culture.

Chan. Indeed! You liked it, I hope.

Chrys. Liked it? I lack words to express my admiration of it. Whether I consider the laudable object you had in view, the grand theme itself, your manner of unfolding it, your earnestness of purpose, your vigor of expression, your fertility of illustration, or your beautifully limpid style—in every point of view, in fact, am I constrained to give it my unqualified approbation. Do you know, doctor, I am far better pleased with it than with those of your earlier productions that I have seen; such as the Review of Milton, and of Fenelon, and your Thoughts on Napoleon; not to speak of some of your youthful and (excuse me for saying so) somewhat mystical and transcendental sermons. It seems to me to have far more heart and pith about it, more directness and energy, less of self-consciousness, less attempt at building up stately sentences, less arraying of your thoughts in purple and fine linen, in a word, I think it far more to the purpose in every way. Yes, I repeat it, a most charming, admirable performance. Dearly as I love my own Greek tongue, partial as I am to the homilies of my old brother patriarchs, I must acknowledge that there is nothing in them all to excel, if rival it.

Chan. Such warmth of language, from so orthodox a quarter, I confess, somewhat surprises me.

Chrys. I see it does. But, my dear

friend, ought it not to be all the more genuine and acceptable on that very account?

Chan. True, true. And yet, brother Chrysostom, tell me now, candidly, had we been contemporaries, would you not have been among the very first to have burned the discourse in question, and the others to which you allude, and, in all probability, the writer along with them?

Chrys. Alas for humanity! what you say, dear doctor, is, I fear, quite too true. I certainly *was*, to my discredit be it spoken, a most prominent and conspicuous persecutor of heretics, in my day; and you, as one of the most fascinating and dangerous of them, would of course have been correspondingly obnoxious. And even now, my friend, while thus cheerfully paying my tribute of admiration to your genius and your goodness, I must say I think you terribly off the track in your Theology, and your writings, admired and circulated through the world as they are, and ever must be, are more and more tending to unsettle the opinions of the planet, in what I must consider vital, essential points of faith. I speak plainly, you see.

Chan. I like you all the better for that. But, Chrysostom, have we not both had ample occasion alike to modify and enlarge our theological views, since leaving earth?

Chrys. Indeed, indeed we have. But we forget, we may not dwell on themes like these in the presence of mortals. Besides, our old friend here could neither comprehend nor report us aright to his brethren.

W. the Elder preserveth a judicious silence.

Chrys. And so, forgetting that we are disembodied spirits, and looking at these topics, once more, through our old terrestrial spectacles, allow me, my dear Channing, to continue my criticism on this same Address of yours, by saying, that from beginning to end of it you (at least in my humble opinion) were firing over the heads of your audience.

Chan. How so?

Chrys. I mean in assuming the existence in them, and in the masses generally, of such capacities and aspirations as you did, and in predicting such glorious prospects ahead, for the planet. I don't believe in either myself. I think neither reason nor experience justify any such assumptions or expectations. I think the multitude are to-day what they ever have been and must be on earth, hewers of wood and drawers of water; that the self-culture you speak of is now and ever must be the portion of the few, while rough toil and rude ignorance are God's own appointed destiny for the many; in a word, that the beautiful picture which you have there drawn of humanity, exists only in your own ardent imagination.

Chan. Not so, not so, Chrysostom. On the contrary, I believe I have quite understated the matter, in the Discourse in question; that I have not done justice to my subject, have not begun to appreciate aright the magnificent future in store for earth. What I have this day seen, convinces me of it all the more. Never, my friend, were the prospects of the world so brilliant as now. I believe that if we could have access to all the records of the race, that have been kept in heaven from the beginning up to this hour, and had the power and patience faithfully to collate them, we should find a most palpable and hopeful progress in all that appertains unto Art, and Morals, and Faith. Just as certainly as I believe that there are more acres under cultivation, to-day, than ever before, more ships upon the sea, more knowledge of all the kingdoms of nature, more wits trained and developed for the multiplied business of life, so do I believe that there are far more hearts than ever, ready for the reception of spiritual truth, more consciences alive to the great realities of God's precious word. Especially do I believe that the wonderful discoveries in physical science of the last half century, and the corresponding power of multiplying and circulating invaluable truths all over the globe, are to be potent instruments for accelerating the advent of that blessed future that I see so clearly ahead; and that the day may not be so very far distant as some of us suppose, when this dear earth of ours, already so conspicuous among her sister stars, for her beauty and lustre, will be still more conspicuous as the abode of intelligent and virtuous souls.—There must be long and arduous conflicts first; I know, many the pains and scars of strife; but that the good will triumph at last, that peace and love and faith will prevail over their enemies, I have no more doubt of than I doubt that those are the rays of the blessed sun, that are shining in upon us so graciously. Oh! no, Chrysostom, I cannot agree with you. The more I reflect upon the wonderful capabilities of human nature, and the God-like tasks it is yet destined to achieve on this same earth, our honored birth-place, the more do I feel the inadequacy of language to do justice to themes so glorious.

Chrys. I admire this beautiful enthusiasm of yours, my friend. Would that I could see with your eyes; but I cannot; I cannot find the facts whereon to build such eulogies or hopes. I come back to earth from my spiritual wanderings, and what do I behold? No such gratifying omens as you describe; no, no; on the contrary, I find the children of men playing the fool and knave just as madly and eagerly, to-day, as when I first preached to them in Antioch or Con-

stantinople; I see the same corruption and intrigues in Church and State, the same insane thirst for gold and pleasure, the same temporary yielding to good impulses, the same permanent devotion to bad passions,—in short, the same old theatre and actors as ever, with a few slight modifications in scenery and costumes, the same paucity of stars, the same crowd of stupid supernumeraries.—Then, as now, if an eloquent divine, like yourself, came along, the people ran after him, and seemed to be impressed with his teachings. I, myself, (and I may say it without conceit, as the most famous pulpit orator of my time,) have brought tears to myriads of eyes, have brought many a hardened sinner to his knees; but after all, what did it amount to? Hardly was the benediction pronounced, the flock dismissed, before these same guilt-oppressed creatures forgot alike my lessons and their fears, and were soon immersed again, deep as ever, in the perishing things and cares of earth; heaven and its joys, hell and its woes, forgotten quite till the next Sabbath, when the same stimulus was again applied, the same nervous excitement (for was it anything better?) again produced. Harsh and painful as this sounds, I yet appeal to your own experience as a preacher, if it be not too true.

Chan. I must confess that I have been much pained and grieved, at times, to see the frightful rapidity with which my people, after service, have reverted to the topics of cotton and sugar, the last ball, or the coming election. I have noticed, too, that when I have been particularly pointed and personal in my appeals, there has been a corresponding degree of eagerness to escape from the subject. I certainly *have* been, more than once, greatly mortified and discouraged in consequence. At the same time, my friend, I have often found afterwards that the impression made by my remarks, was far more deep and lasting than I had at first supposed; in a word, that I had pre-judged my parishioners, and that the good seed which I thought had perished by the wayside, had brought forth precious fruit; made manifest not only in the hours of sickness and sorrow, but in the midst of the active duties of life. And then again, my friend, I remembered that we men of New England never were so demonstrative as you of Greece and Rome, and were unwilling to betray even to ourselves the depths of our emotions. On the whole, Chrysostom, so far from sympathizing with you, on this point, I must say that I look back on my earthly career as a pastor, with all its cares and drawbacks, as a pleasant and profitable one. I feel that I did some good in my day and generation, and I think I can perceive already, (I speak it in no spirit of self-complacency,) the beneficial

effects of my ministry, in my ever-loved town of Boston. Nay, throughout the land, I see everything to encourage and animate the divine and the philanthropist. I see a growing regard for religion, a growing indifference to unimportant matters of doctrine and discipline, and a corresponding reverence for the grand simple truths that lie at the bottom of our common faith. In a word, I see every where, good and cheering symptoms for humanity; a good time coming; a season of peace, and knowledge and virtue. I see every thing to stimulate all worthy men, in the pulpit and out of the pulpit, to renewed labors of love towards their brethren.

Chrys. Ever cheerful, ever hopeful! Ah! doctor, I wish I had a little more of your zealous, sanguine nature; and, indeed, I had when in the flesh; but somehow or other it seems to have left me. Why multiply words, however? We shall never agree, I fear, either in our observations or our conclusions upon these points.

Chan. I fear not, any more than, upon those other far more subtle and far less important matters of theological speculation, to which you before alluded; and so let's e'en change the theme. Come, tell us, brother Chrysostom, where are you last from, and what have you been engaged in recently?

Chrys. I am just from the Vatican.

Chan. Indeed!

Chrys. Yes, I have been spending a few days with my friend, Pius IX.

Chan. And how is the old gentleman, and what sort of a person may he be? There are so many conflicting statements and rumors about him, that I am anxious to have your opinion.

Chrys. Well, from what I have seen of him, I should say he was an exceedingly amiable, well-disposed man. Could he have his way, every mother's son and daughter of earth would be well and happy this very hour; but, between ourselves, he is not the hero, appointed of heaven, to bring about any such a blessed consummation. He has neither the strength of intellect nor the moral courage for the task. As a companion, it would be hard to find one more courteous and agreeable; no great scholar, by the way; far inferior in that respect to his predecessor, Gregory XVI. On the whole, a very worthy and very common-place old soul.

Chan. Such was my impression. Ah! Chrysostom, what an opening there was for a man of the right stamp! Had brother Luther had such a chance, now, what glorious reforms he would have inaugurated! How he would have made the world ring with his words of power and wisdom!

Chrys. I doubt it. In all probability some assassin's knife would have laid him low long ere this; still, it is none the less true,

that brother Pius was, and is, quite unequal to his position. Poor man! he raised a tempest that he could not control; in an evil hour took counsel of his fears, threw up his post, sought refuge in a ruffian's court, and will henceforth, for all his good intentions, be remembered as one of the least significant in the whole catalogue of Popes.

Chan. A catalogue, by the way, that seems to be fast drawing to a close.

Chrys. It looks so, certainly.

Chan. But is it true, my friend, that he intends to demean himself so far as to go and give his crown and blessing to the miserable usurper who is now trifling with the destinies of France?

Chrys. Even so. He told me this very day, that he intended to take a trip to Paris, in the course of the summer, for that express purpose.

Chan. I am sorry to hear it. Couldn't he manage to excuse himself from this degrading ceremony on the score of ill health?

Chrys. Hardly, though his health is none of the best. No, no, he dare not refuse, if he would. Italy would be too hot for him. Besides, the arrangements are already completed, and every hotel-keeper and balcony-owner in Paris and on the road, would rebel, if there were any change of programme. It is so written in the book of destiny; and as his reverend namesake crowned Napoleon the Great, so is it reserved for him, to place the bauble on the brow of Napoleon the Little.

Chan. Yes, but there was some shadow of excuse, in the first case, for the uncle, villain and cut-throat that he was, he had yet something magnificent and imperial about him; but this shallow imitator,

This slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of the precedent lord; this vice of kings;

This cut-purse of the empire and the rule;

this—

Chrys. Why, doctor, you are getting warm.

Chan. Well, I confess, my friend, it does move my indignation, as a true republican, and lover of my race, to see this pitiful mummer carry it off thus triumphantly; to see a great nation bowing its neck to the yoke of such a wretch, without a struggle.

Chrys. Pray, doctor, how do you reconcile the phenomenon that France is now presenting to the world, with your theory of Progress? I see very faint traces of self-culture, myself, in the recent events there.

Chan. Too true, Chrysostom, too true. They seem to be taking the back track, in a way alike discouraging and disgraceful. Fie upon these same capitalists and pleasure-seekers of Paris! I have no patience with them for thus preferring an ignoble, servile tranquility, to the duties and privileges of

freemen. And yet, my friend, when I survey, not any one province or kingdom of the earth, but the whole blessed ball itself, I still cling fast to my opinions, still see ample ground for hope, and for believing in the ultimate triumph of liberty and of truth. *Nil desperandum. Christo duce.* Hope on, hope ever; my motto on earth, my motto in all worlds.

Chrys. Well, well, I have not troubled my head much with earthly politics, during my present visit, nor do I intend to. By the way, doctor, what a decidedly substantial and roomy place of worship our friend Pius has, alongside of his palace. He tells me that he can seat ninety thousand very comfortably. You have no such extensive accommodations as yet in America, I believe?

Chan. No, not a cathedral worthy of the name. But surely you had seen St. Peter's before?

Chrys. Not since it was finished. What a brilliant piece of work, to be sure! Ah, dear, we managed these things very differently in the days of my earthly ministry. And the Pagans themselves had nothing to show like this. Even the Parthenon was a mere baby-house in comparison.

Chan. It is, indeed, a magnificent creation of genius. Any planet might be proud of it.

Chrys. Do you know, doctor, that the finest poetical description of it, by all odds, that I have ever met with, is that of your own Byron?

Chan. Admirable, admirable.

"But lo, the dome, the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—"

Ah, I've lost it. I used to know it by heart. Let's see, how does it run?

(After a slight pause, the Doctor remembers and repeats the passage.)

Chrys. Thank you, thank you, my dear friend. Most charmingly recited, too. I don't wonder that you drew crowds, doctor, in your day.

Chan. All Byron's descriptions, by the way, of the memorable objects in and about Rome, seem to me to be alike graphic and felicitous.

Chrys. And yet we are told, nay, he himself told me but recently, that he had only spent a week of his terrestrial life there.

Chan. Such is the all-grasping, all-penetrating power of genius. Every cultivated traveller in Italy to-day, is looking through Harold's eyes at its wonders and relics; and it will be so, no doubt, while one stone stands upon another. Poor Byron, had he been as wise and good as he was brilliant, what a career would have been his! Oh, how could he have been so infatuated, thus madly to court dishonor and sorrow, and an untimely grave, when he might have been enjoying a glorious old age this very hour,

building the lofty rhyme, and winning a name, only second to that of dear Milton himself.

Chrys. Too true, too true. And yet, my friend, after all, what signify to us immortals a few short years, more or less, of earthly pilgrimage, a few blasts, fainter or louder, of earthly fame? What a vapor is it, after all! As you yourself remarked, in your last homily, an unaccusing conscience, howe'er the world may overlook or slight it, is better far than all the chaplets ever woven by beauty, all the odes ever chanted by poets. By the way, doctor, allow me, in this connection, to repeat, in return for your verses, a passage that I ran against recently, the beauty and force of which so impressed me, that I committed it to memory. Perhaps you may have heard it before. It is a description of what the writer considers true greatness. "The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching; and is this a greatness which is apt to make a show, or which is most likely to abound in conspicuous station? The solemn conflicts of reason with passion, the victories of moral and religious principle over urgent and almost irresistible solicitations to self-indulgence, the hardest sacrifices of duty, those of deep-seated affection, and of the heart's fondest hopes, the consolations, hopes, joys and peace of disappointed, persecuted, scorned, deserted virtue; these are, of course, unseen; so that the true greatness of human life, is almost wholly out of sight." There, if you'll show me any thing grander than that, in Plato or Jeremy Taylor, I should like to see it.

Chan. Why, Chrysostom, unless I greatly err, these are my own words, and in that very discourse of which you have been pleased to speak so kindly.

Chrys. To be sure they are, my dear friend.

Chan. This is really very gratifying, this partiality of yours; but I must stay no longer to listen to your compliments. My thesis is waiting for me.

Chrys. Ah, and where do you preach the coming sabbath?

Chan. For brother Augustine. And you?

Chrys. I hardly know as yet. I shall probably, however, exchange stars and pulpits with brother Massillon. But I am sorry you are going, doctor. I have a world of things to say to you.

W. the Elder. And so am I, gentlemen.

I don't have company like this every day, I can assure you.

Chan. Some other time, friends, some other time.

Chrys. Well, if it must be so, I'll e'en go and look after my own sermon. So, farewell, dear brother; farewell my worthy terrestrial friend.

W. the Elder. Heaven be with you.

Exeunt.

A ROMANCE, BUT ALL FACT—FROM LAURIE TODD.

I sojourned most of the winter of 1833-'34, in London, where I visited at the house of the father of the heroine of this story. She came from the ship to my house, on her arrival in New York, and being privy to the facts, I think they are worth preserving.

On a fine Sabbath evening, I think it was in 1834, I was witness of an incident equally interesting and painful. Many people have denounced Shakspeare's Othello as too unnatural for probability; but if I ever entertained any doubts on the subject, they have all been dissipated by the occurrence of which I am about to speak.

An Indian of the Chippewa nation—formerly said to have been a man of some rank among his tribe, but now a missionary of the Methodist Church, among his red brethren—had been sent to England to obtain pecuniary aid for the Indian mission in Upper Canada. What was his native cognomen—whether it was Red-Lightning, Storm-King, or Walk-in-the-Water—I know not; but in plain English he was known as Peter Jones. An Indian is a rare spectacle in England. Now, Peter Jones was a *bona fide* Indian, and of course was made a lion in London. He was feasted by the good and the great. Carriages and servants awaited his pleasure, and bright eyes sparkled when he was named.

Peter Jones visited at the house of Mr. F—, an opulent merchant, in Lambeth, near London, who had a daughter about 19 years old. She was very small, very delicate, and very handsome; even her he courted; and much against the wishes of her parents, she agreed to become Peter's wife; and her parents finding her determined on the match, finally gave their consent.

It was arranged that Peter should go home so prepare a place for her. She arrived in New York, from London, in charge of a missionary, and wrote to her betrothed. He flew on the wings of love, and they were married at the Methodist Church, in John Street, 10th Agust, 1834.

Stepping into the house of a friend near by, we observed an unusual gathering of people. "Is there to be another religious

meeting?" we asked. He replied, "It is a wedding." Presently the door of the parlor opened, when the tall Indian entered, bearing upon his arm the light, fragile and delicate form of the young Miss F—, her eyes dropping modestly upon the carpet, and her face fair as a lily. A stronger contrast was never seen. She was dressed in white, and adorned with the sweetest simplicity; her face, too, as white as the dress or the gloves she wore, rendering her ebony tresses—placed *a la Madonna* on her fair forehead—still darker. The Indian wore rather a common attire, and was a tall, dark, high boned, muscular fellow. A sweeter bride I never saw. I almost grew wild with a realization of Othello, Hyperion and the Satyr. Both indeed flashed across my mind with palpable horror. The bride looked like a drooping flower beside a rugged hemlock;* and I longed to interpose and rescue her. But it was none of my business. She was there by her own choice. In a few days the sweet creature was on her way to Upper Canada—the Indian's bride. That this was a case of strong delusion, there can be no doubt. As proof of this, she brought with her furniture sufficient for an elegant household establishment, China, vases, &c. But, instead of a mansion, I fear she found a wigwam, and the manufacture of brooms and baskets, instead of embroidery.

In justice to her friends in the John Street Church, it is proper to state that many of them labored to undecieve her, without effect.

About ten years ago, says a friend, he saw Mr. Jones living in a comfortable frame building, and two or three little Peters rolling on the step. The English wife seemed contented and happy helping her *muckle man* to polish the brown hides of the Indians.

MILTON COMPOSING PARADISE LOST.

Milton, free and forgotten, pursued with ardor the composition of his sublime work. He was then fifty-six years of age, blind, and tormented with the gout. A life of limitation and of poverty, numerous enemies, a bitter connection of departed illusions, the humiliating weight of public disgrace, sadness of soul, and suffering of body—all assailed him, tenanted, nevertheless, as he was, by a sublime genius. In his days, rarely interrupted, in the long watches of his nights, he employed himself in composing verses on a subject which all the events and all the passions of his life had matured. Separated from earth by the loss of light, and by the hatred of men, he belonged rather to that

*Peter was six feet three; the dear little Mary was four feet six and a half.

mysterious sphere of which he recounted the marvels. "Let my eyes be given to my soul," said he to his muse. He looks within himself, over the vast field of his recollections and his thoughts. The terrors of fanaticism, the enthusiasm of revolution, the gloomy exultation of the destroyers of party, the profound hatreds engendered by civil war, had, from all directions, assailed and exercised his genius. The pulpits of the English churches, the halls of Westminster, resounding with the language of sedition and noisy threats, had raised a war-cry against the power to which he loved to pay homage in his songs; that language and those threats out of which he found armory for the infernal regions warring against the monarchy of Heaven.

The independent professions of the Puritans; their strange, mysterious ecstasies; their ardent piety, without any positive belief; their arbitrary interpretations of scripture, gave reins to his imagination, imparting to it a portion of that impetuosity and illimitability belonging to the reveries of fanaticism.

To such sources of originality, was added that fecund imitation of antique poetry, which aided Milton's raptures. After the bible, Homer was always his first tutor; he knew his writings almost by heart, and studied them without ceasing. Blind and solitary, his hours were divided between poetic composition, and the review, always kept up, of the beauties of Isaiah, Homer, Plato, Euripides. He had made his daughters learn to read the Greek and the Hebrew, and we know that one of them long time after recited from memory the verses of Homer, which she had thus retained without comprehending them. Each day Milton, on rising, had read to him a chapter of the Hebrew bible, then he labored at his poem, dictating the verse to one of his daughters, or sometimes to a friend or a stranger who might visit him. Music was one of his diversions; he played on the organ and sang with taste. In the midst of this simple and occupied life, the *Paradise Lost*, so long meditated, was speedily achieved.

THE LEAF.

"Detached from thy stem, poor dis severed leaf, whither goest thou?"

"I know nothing but that the storm has dashed to earth the oak which alone was my support. Since that day, the inconstant breath of the zephyr or the storm bears me about from the forest to the plain, from the mountain to the valley. I go where the wind leads me, without complaint and without fear. I go where all things go; where go leaves of the rose and leaves of laurel."

SUB-JUDICE—UNDER THE RAZOR.

The phenomenon of a terrestrial biped undergoing the process of shaving has always been to me a prolific source of philosophic meditation. As the passive recipient of the lather leans back submissively on the professional chair, which will compete in towering altitude and dignified outline, not to say anything of the cushion with the throne where Dentistry plays off its antics much to the annoyance of the "molars," we say as he thus yields himself, lamb-like, to the inevitable dominion of the soap and the steel, he looks for all the world like one who has relinquished his manhood to obey the last movement of the Barber's hand. See how he is forced to turn his head first to one point of the compass and then to the other. Mark him, as he opens his mouth at the beck of his sable autocrat; what implicit obedience! what chastened deference! And when the fragrant Bay Rum is first poured on the redundant crop of hair which covers the attic story of our earthly tabernacle, and then is rubbed into the cranium with both hands of the Ethiopian inquisitor, with an emphasis of force from which there can be no possible appeal to any higher Egyptian judicature, since they all concur in the necessity of shaking the outer man of their customers till the poor head experiences successive shocks of earthquake, oh! does not the poor fellow's countenance who is thus victimized remind you of Patience on a Monument? Every line of it speaks volumes of appeal to your sensibility. But the manipulation and razor-pulation have ceased, the snare of the fowler is broken. Complacently the customer walks up to the looking-glass to contemplate, at his leisure, his renovated phiz. His will seems to rebound as leaves his seat. There is a re-action in his whole system. From being a compressed mass of matter, movable to and fro by the puissant hand of the lather-king, he is suddenly converted into a freeman, who is now at liberty to turn his cranium as may suit his convenience, and hinge or unhinge his jaws just when he feels in the proper humor.

There are a class of persons to whom the soap and steel brings a soporific influence. They are scarcely five minutes in the august chair before the poppies of oblivion diffuse their spell around them, and their consciousness and their whiskers disappear together. Perhaps we should say their conscience and their beards disappear together, for few there are who would part with the emblems of manhood even if by such a sacrifice they could retard the downfall of the Republic. Now, for a man to go to sleep while the process of shaving is going on, argues a very confiding temperament. To disrobe your

neck of its external bandages and exhibit the jugular in bold relief to the cold steel, and then travel off to the land of Nod, seems to imply that you think the steel has no edge or the Barber too good a heart to make an incision. Besides, if your pocket-book is snugly ensconced in your coat, it seems like consigning "Red Jacket" over to the tender mercies of any vagrant fellow who may, while waiting his turn to be denuded of superfluous hair, very innocently dive into the aforesaid pocket, simply to ascertain the length of his arm, and fish up said article from its native element, to transfer it to his own personal and private possessions, for fear it might be purloined by some rascal less respectable and honest, than himself.

But leaving entirely out of the question the danger of receiving an aperture in the windpipe while in such a condition of somnolency, and taking for granted that the gold eagles in the leather cage will never be transferred to another aviary, does not the sleepy Davy who nid, nods, on the fine easy cushion deprive himself of the entertaining confabulation of the colored functionary who pays his best respects to his face and chin? Is not the Barber a kind of walking *Almanac*? While his brush is luxuriating in the lather, or his cold steel traversing the entire continent of your phiz, does not his oily tongue scatter around, its dewy gems of thought and fancy? Does he not pour out anecdote and witticism till you feel almost drowned in the waters of sentiment? And does he not industriously ply you with interrogations touching points of Science, in which he has not as yet been sufficiently illuminated? Is it, then, a decorous proceeding to go to sleep when, by keeping awake, you might advance the cause of philosophy and facilitate the progress of an anxious inquirer after truth? Yes, my friend, as the steel comes in contact with your skin and clears off the redundant herbage, in like manner should it glean from you the redundant mental harvest. Let the Razor be the Sickle, and as your barber wields it let it mow down the clustering stores of your ripened mental grain. Between the alternate dominion of the brush and the steel, and especially when the towel, like a whipper-in, asserts its full and final supremacy, be communicative, be loquacious, drop an anecdote, unriddle a knot in political philosophy.

We have an idea that the young Spanish barber of Gandul, who came once a week to reap the chins of the worthy millers of that place, had a fine time of it so far as this intercommunion was involved. The Andalusians, says Washington Irving, are ever ready for a gossip. And our humble yet jovial millers, having stored up their knowledge for the week, the youthful mower of

beards doubtless mounted his donkey, for a homeward ride, a wiser youth. We read the other day of a backwoodsman who, when on a foray through the prairie, would fix up his pocket-glass very jauntily against the trunk of a noble tree, pull out his razor, draw it across the strop, pull away with the brush at the water and soap, envelope his honest face with its fleecy-like mantle, and while he was making the steel canter up and down his face on a foraging excursion, would amuse his companions in travel, with snatches of adventurous exploits with wolves and buffaloes till the camp was in a roar. Oh! this shaving one's self on the boundless prairie, beneath the open sky, with chairs of state and footstools and pegs for hat and coat, all repudiated as feminine luxuries, we say there was a glorious freedom in it all. Methinks the steel must have swept up and down among the soap with a hilarity of motion and an excusiveness of range and sweep, entirely in keeping with the measureless territories of the far West.

But we design turning our subject into a profitable channel. A man may be emphatically under the razor emphatically sub-judice, and yet never darken the threshold of a knight of the brush and towel. There is a little puissant article carried by us all, and encircled, or rather guarded by a row of ivories, which is often unsheathed to enter upon a work of sharp-cutting, compared to which the boasted achievements of the scythe are mere juvenile and impotent experiments. The great king David, at once philosopher and chieftain, comes out in a sweeping denunciation of this unruly member, which, without the collateral aid of strap or hone, is always ready for effective service, whether in the provinces of gasconading or flattery, falsehood or abuse. When Doeg, the Edomite, poured into the ears of Saul, his bitter invectives against the poor wandering David, the latter, referring to the herdsman's offensive weapon, exclaims: "What reward shall be given or done unto thee, thou false tongue. With lies thou cuttest as with a sharp razor."

Did you ever see a poor unfortunate biped, who is against his will subjected to the scourge of the tongue? How he winces and writhes as its sharp invectives come pouring out upon him! How the iron, not the steel, enters into his lacerated soul, as he is berated by this prince of inquisitors! Does he attempt to interpose a word, it but puts a keener edge on that implement of assault. What would be a castigation with thorns and briars of the wilderness, compared with this merciless and un pitying onslaught in which feeling and sensibility are crushed like worms, and wretched superciliousness usurps their place? When you say "Charge bayonets," you say a great deal. We have a pic-

ture of demolition in the foreground; but when slightly modifying the military phrase, you say "Charge tongues;" it is emphatically to cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war. We are reminded of the sanguinary exploits of those old-fashioned cutlasses in the hands of the Buccaneers which mowed off a limb as if it had been a wisp of straw.

When Xantippe, merging all the feminine attributes in the coarseness of her tirade, came out in full trim upon the ill-starred Socrates, do you not think that he looked around most imploringly for some snug retreat where he would be safe from the peltings of the pitiless storm? We always pictured him as a poor intimidated hare, when the open-mouthed hound had precipitately descended upon his covert and started him out on the run, for game of the first water. Sit up, Socrates, like a man, and get shaved without any emollient soap to soften your beard.

Samson-like, no razor may have passed upon your beard; but now, we vouch for it, one shall go over your heart and sensibilities. Summon up all thy Doric firmness of nerve for the encounter that awaits thee.

Thy skin shall be tender, and sadly stand in need of powdering by the time thou comest through the mill. Thou wilt be a scuttled vessel on the high seas presently. Put on Stoic, old fellow, and try to laugh at the whip-cord. Thy better-half will make thee feel worse by the cannonade which awaits thee; but endure with magnanimity. Play the man in the fires like Ridley and Latimer at a later age, and prove that thou art insured, if not against fire and water, those destructive elements, yet against the tongue.

The tongue, however, often cuts righteousness. Instances there are where its lancet-like incisions will draw blood in the best of causes, and to undeniable advantage. When Laban, that Shylock in the Bible, overtook his poor son-in-law Jacob in the mount, whither he had fled to escape the iron clutches of that old usurer who paid court to a penny, no matter whose was its image and superscription, the incensed fugitive being opposed to the law of transfer, maintained his rights like a good stout yeoman, and gave old Laban one of the completest, handsomest castigations that ever took him by surprise. The tongue of Jacob on that occasion was a two-edged sword. It left the whole generation of Razors in the shade. It had the dissenting characteristics of a genuine Damascus blade. "What have I done unto thee that thou hast so hotly pursued me? What is my trespass? What is my sin? Whereas thou hast searched all my stuff, what hast thou found of all thy household stuff? Set it here before my brethren and thy brethren, that they may judge betwixt us both." By this time the

razor was pulling the skin, and holding the father-in-law very uncomfortably. Jacob was not, however, so polite as the barber-boy. He did not stop to enquire considerately—Does the razor hurt, sir? He knew it hurt, and therefore he pressed on to assured victory. While Laban was attempting to draw a full breath, the hurricane was once more around his ears:—"This twenty years have I been with thee. I served thee fourteen years for thy two daughters, and six years for thy cattle, and thou hast changed my wages ten times." Now, we think that Jacob is to be commended for handling his old tormentor without gloves. True, some persons in their exquisite tenderness for erring humanity would have advised the injured fugitive to spare the old gentleman's feelings, but we are not among the number. Laban was the legitimate ancestor of the present shark race of Brokers and Capitalists. If Tubal-Cain was the father of every artificer in brass and iron, Laban was the accredited progenitor of that class of men who countenance twenty per cent. per annum, and put the poor wretch who has to draw a dollar from their fat exchequers in the way of borrowing, into such a vice of interest, that he is ground into powder before he can collect his scattered senses. Why, the oriental bastinado is what they ought to inherit. Spare such fellows? Why, you might as well pat a rattlesnake on the head out of pure sympathy, and shed tears over the crushed viper. Save your philanthropy for a better cause, or we shall doubt your soundness of judgment. A whip for the horse, says Solomon, and a razor for the shaver say we!

But it is time for us to turn to another illustration. Of all men, an Idol of the people—a popular Statesman is Sub-judice—under the Razor; and how so? Is it an infliction of calamities to be courted and carressed and toasted to an indefinite extent? Most obviously so. To travel incognito and merge the official in the unassuming citizen, is a tender mercy compared with this public exhibition of one's self at every point of an interminable road of travel. Speeches must be appropriately answered, or civic corporations take umbrage, and vote you down as a Diogenes in your tub. All the ladies must receive a bow as their fragrant handkerchiefs wave out so many embroidered banners in the gale. Children's heads must be patted ad infinitum; old politicians, though redolent of whiskey, must be hugged to the bosom with all the warmth of the most undeniable friendship; letters must be written by the thousand, declining invitations to this and the other petit village within a circumference of a blank number of miles. And then the shake of the hands! Oh! the shake of the hands! it must be re-

repeated and repeated till you almost entertain the wish that you were possessed of the ability to unhinge those pendants from the shoulder blade, and pack them away in your travelling-trunk for safe-keeping along with your clothes. We have an idea that some of our popular statesmen, who are thus choked to death with butter, would feel much more indebted to their loyal and devoted countrymen if they would testify their regards by sending them into temporary exile, as the Greeks did Aristides the Just, in preference to ostracising them in the modern method. The aforesaid Aristides was under no Razor during his banishment. On the contrary, he could sleep on roses. His were dreams unbroken by the clamors of a tumultuous mob, who had patriotically assembled in front of his hotel, to drag him out of the arms of Morpheus, to regale them as he rubbed his eyes with a speech eloquent, connected, and thrillingly impassioned. Some histories tell us that Aristides did not wait to be banished the confines of Greece, but, that ascertaining the popular feeling, he exiled himself. This, we believe, is the general run of the story. All the better for our argument. It proves that he wanted to escape the Razor, and enjoy that placid quietude, that balmy and genial sequestration from politics which would settle his nerves and invigorate his frame. We bring forward another illustration.

Is not the poor author who submits his work to the criticism of the press, emphatically Sub-judice, under the Razor? nay, is he not under a case of Razors? Poor Byron, did not the Scotch Reviewers work the tempered steel into his heart, when they handled his incipient efforts as a son of Parnassus? True it is he drew his sabre in grand Turkish style, and, according to the lex talionis principle, cut as deep as they did. But the very ferocity of his home-thrust indicates the festering nature of the wound which his critics had given him.

We do not say one word against an honest review of an Author's productions. Judicially administered criticism, is as good a wholesome dose of physic. But when transcending its legitimate bounds, it lays acrimony under requisition, and battles for its pound of flesh in the way of undue exaction, then we say it is bereft of its medicinal character and pleasant aspect, and is very little behind a dessert of crab-apples. Poor hapless author! wherever you go you will not, indeed, like Macbeth, see daggers constantly before you in the air, but you will see Razors, depend upon it you will, and you may as well give up and exclaim, dramatically—Hail horror, hail! Your choicest thoughts, your most exquisite sentiments, the very bantlings of your brain, will be turned

over and examined, very much after the style of the Coroner when he holds an inquest upon some inanimate fellow who has fallen into the water or been demolished on a railroad track. But be calm, child of genius, be calm; take thy book and press it to thy heart, and feel that it makes very little difference whether the rabble comprehend it or not. You know it has excellencies, you know that it cost you effort, you know it embalms your very spirit! Do not put a keener edge on the Razor by sitting down, like another Marius among the ruins of Carthage, and plaintively singing in the mellifluous words of Montgomery, "I perish, oh! my mother earth, take back thy child!"

No, that would be entirely too melo-dramatic. It would stamp you as pusillanimous; rather emulate Byron, and turn gladiator; defend your work at all hazards. Put on a double head of steam, and let your righteous acerbity of temper have full and free vent. Your style will then be vigorous and deep-toned, your arguments ponderous, your deductions doubly ingenious; in a word, you may thus put the enemy to flight, and make that Razor, which promised to leave you neither root nor branch, beat a hasty and disgraceful retreat to its case, while you, a noble victor, the laurels thick upon your brow, and Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, patting you affectionately on the head, you will retire into your garret, swallow a hasty plate of ambrosial nutriment, compose another volume, and thus prove to the satisfaction of brother chips that a Razor, though the most formidable of offensive weapons, may lastingly be conquered by the Pen.

ANNA BISHOP IN MEXICO.*

We have laughed heartily over this book, an early copy of which has reached us from the publisher. The fun consists, too, not alone in the very happy jokes of the author at the expense of Bochsá—Madam Anna's tutor—but also in the wonderful dust which his pen makes his heroine—or "Anna," as he calls her—excite among the *caballeros* of Mexico. Such an upheaving—such an excitement; compared to it, that produced by Jenny Lind in our country, was a mere cigar puff! Crowds hung around her carriage when she moved; the theatre was besieged by day and night, with a greedy throng; gold was poured into her lap, heaps upon heaps, and so on. Most amusing fertility of imagination this! most laughable stirring up of—as we presume—for we never heard of the fuss at the time—a purely fanciful furor! The man who wrote the book is full of

* Anna Bishop in Mexico, 1849. Philadelphia, Charles Deal.

humor. The book is handsomely printed, and embellished liberally with well-executed wood-cuts by Orr. That it will sell there can scarcely be a doubt. We append an extract:

TEATRO NATIONAL.

"To resume, at the *Teatro Nacional* of Mexico, four nights out of the week are devoted to the acting of a Spanish Dramatic Company, leaving only the Wednesdays and Saturdays free. On Sundays, there are two performances, afternoon and evening. Most of the stalls (in number, 615,) and boxes (numbering 75) are pre-engaged by yearly subscriptions; and, as there is no other establishment of the kind open in the city, and the character of the people so eager for continual change, a spectacle can scarce be represented twice in succession; so that the unfortunate stage-manager, who is dignified by the name of the "author,"* is obliged to keep his brain upon a constant rack in order to eke out the thirty pieces per month for the gratification of his subscribers! How some of our managers here would perspire in that country! And then, after a comedy, usually follows a *ballet*, the director of which is styled the *Primo Bolero*. It is a poor Spanish affair, however, and is certainly not worth the expense of the enormous amount of *castanets*, per year, upon which it deals such unmerciful destruction—noise seeming to be its great vital purpose, that it may end off, as much as to say—"What do you think of that!"

"In addition to *boleros*, *fandangos*, &c., the *Primo Bolero* and the *Primera Bolera* sometimes indulge themselves and the public in a French *pas de deux*—styled, with a facetious erroneousness, on the play-bills, "*pas doux*"—*not sweet!* And certainly, as Bochsa says nothing could be a more bitter spectacle than that of awkward, fidgetty, uncastanetted hands and attitudes of most Boleriah extravagance, attempting to work their passage through the aerial achievements of La Tagliolini, Carlotta Grisi, or the Monplaisirs!

"The balustrade of the boxes, being exceedingly low, a fair opportunity is afforded for an advantageous view of the ladies and their display of toilette. Behind each box is a small private room (as in the Opera Comique at Paris) where they retire to take ices or chocolate by way of *entr'actes*, and usually furnished with a carpet, mirror, arm-chairs and a small table, at the expense, and according to the taste, of the subscribers. It is very seldom that a lady comes to the theatre without her bouquet, which is always a most choice and expensive article, frequently costing fifteen or twenty dollars. Of course, the

boxes, pit and gallery all smoke; and it is rather a curious sight to see flints and tinder continually at work in some part of the house or another. The atmosphere of the theatre is, in consequence, much the same as that of a large and popular tavern, which is a source of excessive discomfort to foreigners. The daily increasing influx, however, of Europeans will, it is hoped, at no very distant period, have considerably lessened, if not totally abolished, this barbarous custom.

"Then there is another bore. As stall and pit cushions are not included in the price of the seat, they are never to be found there on the arrival of the spectator; but are brought round in piles on the heads of boys who follow the gentlemen to their respective places to speculate upon the luxury. This business goes on during the greater part of the evening, whereat both audience and performer are very much distressed. But then, each cushion fetches a *media*; and the proprietors, on letting the theatre, take special care to reserve to themselves this speculation which, in case of a full pit, proves not a bad one.

"Then again, the cushions come in very well by way of a medium for the expression of forcible feelings, to which the Mexicans are very much given. At any disappointment on the part of the performance, they instantly seize upon their cushions and, with singular dexterity, shy them at the offending actor! The first comedian, for instance—called the *Galant*—is frequently and most ungallantly knocked off his legs in this manner. The *lasso* would not be a bad thing to bring down the animal when he abuses the text of his author. If such a custom were only sanctioned here, in a few of our theatres, it would certainly be a source of extreme satisfaction—and very effective.

"The time was now near at hand for the appearance of the famed *cantatrice* upon those boards; and Bochsa, still the faithful *chaperon* of Anna, had made all necessary arrangements for her *debut*, having engaged the *Teatro Nacional* on the off Wednesdays and Saturdays for ten nights, commencing on the 14th of July. He had picked the best orchestra he could find, led by Señor Chaves,* Bochsa himself taking the *baton*. There was some fuss about choruses, as Bochsa discovered that no operas or even *scenes costumees* had taken place in Mexico for nine or ten years at least. What was to be done?—Bochsa was not—and immediately called a

* So called, though he is never known to write any thing, all the pieces being Spanish translations from the French.—Ed.

* Señor Chaves—a talented professor, who had been one of the first violins at His Majesty's Theatre in London when Bochsa was musical director of that establishment. Bochsa occupied that post, at the Italian Opera House of London, for many years, during which space he had under his direction nearly all the celebrated singers of the time, including Pasta, Malibran, Sontag, Grisi, Rubini, Donzelli, Galli, &c.—Ed.

serious meeting of all the singing ladies and gentlemen he could hear of. Some of the elders of these chorus-men profoundly informed Bochsa that they "knew Norma and Lucia intimately." Bochsa, judging from their age, thought this highly probable, but endeavored to represent to them that they would have to know something a little more modern on the present occasion. Yes, but—they replied to Bochsa—all modern Italian music was pretty nearly the same thing; and, as they knew *Norma* and *Lucia*, and had some acquaintance with the *Somnambula*, and the *Barber of Seville*—they of course could be ready in no time for anything else! This caused Bochsa to stare at them; but finding them serious, he rather laughed, and thought it certainly not a bad satire on the flimsy and purloined modern operas which now and then rise up, blast themselves, and vanish into oblivion. As for the chorus-ladies, some of them not only had been deprived of the pleasure of *Norma's* acquaintance, but many of them hadn't the slightest knowledge of the difference between a crochet and a quaver, though they could hum very well in company with the gentlemen. Yet; as on the whole, they were good-looking and dressed very nicely at their own expense, Bochsa thought it as well not to be too fastidious.—Bochsa was perfectly right."

BIZARRE AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

A FORTNIGHT IN IRELAND, by Sir F. Head, forms number twenty-four of Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library. Any thing from the pen of the author of the "Bubbles of Brunnen," and "A Faggot of French Sticks," commands ready favor with the lovers of light reading; and therefore the little volume in notice will sell well. Sir Francis's two weeks in the land of "petaties," were well employed, certainly, as to the production of incidents, a few of which we append. He is in Dublin, and thus treats of a turn-out for Donnybrook Fair:—

"On Sunday evening, at five o'clock, in a large, roomy, comfortable arm-chair, for nearly an hour I sat at an open window of the Hibernian United Service Club, on the north side of St. Stephen's Green, watching car-loads of happy people going to and returning from Donnybrook Fair.

Every car in Dublin is employed in this annual national service, and from three or four of the drivers I learned that they had propelled the same horse to the fair and back five-and-twenty times, not for one day, but for several consecutive days!

"The distance from Dublin is about a mile and a half, but the crowd at the entrance of the fair is so great, that the cars

are usually stopped by the police at a quarter, and towards evening at half a mile from the scene of bliss.

"The tide of cars that continued unceasingly ebbing and flowing before my eyes, was, really, not only astonishing, but it was amusing to observe the infinite variety of ways in which those three simple items, a man, a woman, and a child, can be made to appear.

"The process of the driver was, the instant he arrived from the fair to return to it, and vice versa. The charge for the conveyance of each person is twopence, and thus—*vires "acquirit eundo"*—he kept picking up people, who, of course, being picked up in this way, had no connection with each other, save that which appears to exist between all going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair.

"By the time it trotted through St. Stephen's Green every car was full. In one were boys; in another girls; in others boys and girls, in every possible joyous variety of arrangement. There were old men, old women, gaudy soldiers, flashy-looking women, children of every age, all grinning; all going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair.

"In one car sat four scarlet dragons with glittering brass helmets, a fat gentleman with a large stomach comfortably resting on a pair of very short knees, a woman with a sky-blue bonnet on her head and a child in her lap; lastly, a man sitting, as happy as a pig, without a hat.

"There were ladies with parasols, and long, large, fashionable, windy gowns—gentlemen in wide-awake hats—young tradesmen wearing flashy waistcoats and smart neckcloths—infants, with their dear little eyes staring and almost starting out of their heads—children with bare legs, like wooden ones, sticking out—men with pipes in their mouths—babies suckling, I mean sucking—a little girl blowing a penny trumpet—a little boy trying, with a twopenny whip, to flog a gray horse sixteen hands high—men with pipes in their mouths; all going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair!

"There were white, black, brown, bay, chestnut, roan and piebald horses; several thorough-bred, many well-bred, a few under-bred, now and then a blind one, with his head vibrating at every step; all with their noses stuck out; leg-weary, jaded, dusty, and hot; all going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair!

"By the side of several cars I observed, trotting, apparently as proud and as happy as any human being could be, a dog, running sometimes east, sometimes west, according as he was going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair!

"On each side of the road; on the iron chains that bounded it; on the curb-stones of

the pavement; on the steps of doors, there sedately sat, in happy groups, crowds of people, placidly participating with me in the delight, joy, and fun that beam in the countenances of every man, woman, and child going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair.

"The poor horses nobody seemed to pity; indeed, as in an Irish car nobody can conveniently look at the animal that is drawing him, the neglected creature trots on, just as if the parties behind his tail, tired of quarrelling about him, had ended their dispute by amicably agreeing together that he belonged to none of them. When a car is crowded, a man well jammed in on the right side is completely separated from one seated on the left. They look, in diametrically opposite directions, at different objects; in fact, they have nothing whatever to do with each other."

THE COURSE OF FAITH.—This is the title of a neatly executed duodecimo of 412 pages, just published in New York, by Robert Carter & Brothers. It is from the pen of John Angell James, a writer well known and greatly admired. The object of the book is, to aid the Christian in the practice of theology more than the Divine in the study of it. It is directed, in other words, to the disciple rather than the teacher. The material composing it embraces a series of discourses preached by the author to his flock; and it partakes of the fervor and warmth which naturally attach to pulpit efforts. The author's ideas of spiritual life, and the true basis of such a life, are fully given. Faith is the expression of this life, or rather the principle of the life itself. There is no subject less understood or more abused than this. Religion is designed to influence all the faculties of the intellect, will, passions, conscience; to take the whole soul under its guidance and influence. In the language of the author: "It gives light to the intellect, determination to the will, emotion to the heart, tenderness to the conscience, and purity to the imagination; and brings out the effect of this joint operation on the soul, in all the beauties of a holy life. It falls from heaven upon the whole soul, like the solar ray upon the prism, which divides and distributes the distinct and separate colors over the whole glassy substance." Many make religion consist of one color—a thing of mere intellect, mere passion, or mere will. The author considers it a blending of effects acting on all; and we think he is right.

LIFE AND MEMORIALS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—This book is mainly a collection of interesting memoranda concerning the life and character of the great statesman, gathered from a somewhat familiar personal intercourse with him at various times, generally speaking when he had laid aside the toga of

the Senate, or the port-folio of the cabinet, and given himself up to the *otium*, &c., of Marshfield. Some of these papers appeared many years since in the New York journals, but they were subsequently revised and published collectively in the *Daily Times* of that city, from which they are now reprinted in the two handsome volumes before us, by Messrs. Appleton & Co. The author of the letters is understood to be Gen. S. P. Lyman, well known as a lover of sports and sporting, and one who has written much in that line for the press. A biographical sketch opens the volumes, and a very able one, which appeared originally as an editorial in the *Times*. They close, we would add, with personal anecdotes, letters, reminiscences, &c., gathered from various sources. Upon the whole, a more agreeable work we have not fallen in with for some time. One gathers from it a most excellent idea of the great man forming its subject.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE.—A new edition of Barry O'Meara's book has been brought out by Redfield, of New York, in beautiful style. It comprises two 12mo. volumes of some 320 pages each, and is embellished with several handsome engravings; the principal among them being a full length one of Napoleon himself, from the original of Paul Delaroche. These are times when the Napoleonic star is again in the ascendant; and therefore it may be natural to presume that an interesting record of the last words and acts of the great source of the family, like the one in notice, will be once more in demand. When Napoleonism goes down again, as it must, with the extinguishment of the light of the present Emperor of France, it can never be resuscitated; for the infamy which must attach to Napoleon III, will forever entomb the glories of Napoleon I.

PAID FIRE DEPARTMENT.—The report of a committee appointed at a meeting held in this city, December 3d, to take measures touching the establishment of a paid fire department, has been sent to us. We had the pleasure of hearing the report read by its author, at the meeting in notice, and thought it, at the time, most able and convincing in all respects, certainly as bearing upon the present fire department system in Philadelphia. Whether the plan it proposes for an improvement in the premises, is the best that could be adopted, we confess ourselves incapable of saying.

WOMAN'S RECORD, BY SARAH JOSEPH A. HALE.—Mrs. Hale has done a noble work alike for her sex and the race. In a word—to make not the very worst of puns—she has "booked herself for immortality." Like the Bible, Shakspeare and Milton, this octavo of 900 pp, must become a book of reference for all reading, intelligent households.

There is contained in it an immense amount of information calculated equally to instruct and to charm. The public, therefore, owe the fair authoress a large debt of gratitude, and we trust they will pay it not only with compliments, but with a coin more valuable. The book is from the Harpers, and considering the whole difficulties of the case, it may be pronounced well got up.

A TREATISE ON THE LAW OF REPULSION, AS AN UNIVERSAL LAW OF NATURE, has been sent to us by the author, understood to be Joseph L. Chester, Esq., which we shall examine hereafter. The author has hitherto devoted himself to the flowery paths of literature, and with eclat. As the musical critic of Godey's *Lady's Book*, he will be favorably remembered. What should have produced the hiatus in his mind, which urges him into his present dry field, we cannot say.

A MEMOIR OF MRS. H. N. COOK, from the polished pen of Mrs. Sigourney, also comes to us from Robert Carter & Brothers, of New York. It comprises a pretty little volume of 252 pages. The subject of the memoir appears to have been a very charming Christian lady; and we doubt not her history, fraught as it is with acts of disinterested goodness, will exercise a pleasant influence wherever it finds its way.

THE LUCK OF BARRY LYNDON, is the title of a stirring story from the pen of Thackeray, which Messrs. Appleton & Co., of New York, have just published in their Popular Library. It appeared originally in *Frazer's Magazine*, during the year 1844, and is at times written in its author's happiest vein. Messrs. Henderson & Co., Fifth and Arch streets, have this, as they have all the excellent publications of the Messrs. Appleton.

MEMOIRS, JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS MOORE.—This elaborate work, edited by Lord John Russell, is now being republished in New York, by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. It is got out in parts, and in very beautiful style. We have the second part, thanks to Messrs. Henderson & Co. The first would be welcome, if the publishers please.

ROMANCE OF A STUDENT'S LIFE.—Kimball's last book with this title, just published by G. P. Putnam & Co., is worthy the author of the St. Leger papers. The interest from beginning to end, is of a peculiarly acceptable character; and it is a style of book for which there is much craving in our day. Its author fairly hits the marvel-loving public in the most fortunate spot, and if he does not greatly profit by it, in the acquisition of that which many writers of full as much genius fail to obtain, i. e. money, we shall be greatly mistaken.

FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. The Harpers have concluded this exquisitely

illustrated work of Lossing, and it may now be obtained entire. The parts, some thirty in number, make a volume of great beauty, while it is also one which cannot fail to be interesting to all the sons of sires whose glories it records.

WAVERLY. Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of our city, have published volume nine of their Abbottsford edition of Waverly, embracing the story of "Red Gauntlet." This edition of the works of the Wizard of the North, is one of the cheapest, while at the same time, it is one of the most elegant, which the American press has as yet produced.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Lives of the Brothers Humboldt, Alexander, and William, translated and arranged from the German of Klencke and Schlesier, by Juliet Bauer. This is the title of a work which has just been published in London, by Ingram Cooke & Co. The *Athenæum* says:—"It contains two biographies: the first, a translation of Klencke's 'Memorial' of Alexander; the second, an abbreviation of Schlesier's 'Reminiscences' of William von Humboldt. The translation is done in a manner which has too often of late called for censure in regard to works borrowed from the German,—by turning the original pretty nearly word for word, just as the sentences stand, into something which is neither English nor high Dutch."

The book on Quakerism, which was republished by Mr. J. W. Moore of our city, and which caused so much talk throughout the country when it appeared, has been the subject of several serious onslaughts in England. The last of these is entitled "Ostentation; or, Critical Remarks on Quakerism," published, as we understand, in numbers, and written by Mr. Sandham Elly. A critic says of No. 11 of this brochure:—"Mr. Elly's attack on Mrs. Greer's objectionable book becomes more objectionable as it proceeds,—more foolish, more vulgar, and more angry, page by page. To judge from letters printed in this Second Number, our opinion seems to be shared by Members of the Society attacked by Mrs. Greer and defended by Mr. Elly, though they do not altogether refrain from correspondence with an advocate so injudicious and damaging."

A few choice books, according to the London papers, were sold at auction last month in that city. The first edition of books, 1 to 3 of Spenser's "Faerie Queen," in one volume quarto, and the first edition of the whole work, in two small quarto volumes, brought £24, the highest sum that has ever been given for the work. They are good copies, and carry good red morocco covers from the careful hand of Lewis. The copy of the "Arcadia" that belonged to

Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother,

the edition of 1613, in red morocco of the time, powdered with small hearts and flames, and bearing a large M (Mary) surrounded by a galaxy of S. S., sold for £8. At the foot of the title-page is this inscription:—"This was the Countess of Pembroke's owne booke, and was given me by the Countess of Montgomery, her daughter, 1625. Ancrum:"—i. e., the poet Sir Robert Kerr, afterwards Earl of Ancrum. The *Athenæum* says, had the copy been in better condition (it had been lettered and clumsily cooked elsewhere,) it would have sold for a much larger sum. Another rare volume was, a large paper red morocco copy of the Poems of Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, Curll's "Corinna"—the presentation copy to Mrs. Sarah Hoadly, wife of Bishop Hoadly. On the fly-leaf was a note by the Bishop's son, stating the circumstance of the presentation—his mother's kindness to Corinna—and her annoyance at being addressed in a poem in the book as "illustrious nymph." The *Athenæum* thinks Corinna was a wretched poetess, yet her book, under Messrs. Sotheby's hammer, sold for thirty-five shillings. At the same sale occurred an original letter from Walter Harte, the poet—(a rare autograph) relative to his "Miscellany Poems," published by Lintot, in 1727. The price of the letter was nineteen shillings.

Barnum's *Illustrated News*, which, by the way, we have only glanced at on the counters of the periodical dealers, appears to be ably edited. Barnum says it must go ahead, and when he says *must*, it is well known the thing is un fait accompli; or as Mr. Dana said the other day, on board of the new caloric ship, Ericsson, "a substantive fact."

Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co. have in press a domestic romance entitled "Simon Kenton," from the pen of a southern gentleman; and from the glance which we have given the sheets, it will prove highly popular. The same publishers have just issued an exquisitely embellished little volume of 115 pages, entitled "The History of the National Flag," by Captain Schuyler Hamilton, which we shall take pleasure in noticing particularly hereafter. The mechanical execution of this book is charming, the illuminations and letter press being truly models of art.

We have seen the sheets of a new novel called "The Monarchist," which Mr. A Hart will publish in the course of a few weeks, and which will unquestionably be well received. Its range of incident embraces a period before and during the revolutionary war. We shall publish an interesting extract from this work in our next.

Our clever New York correspondent of a late date, says:—"The celebration of the

thirty-eighth anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, at Tammany Hall, was a *recherche* affair; brilliant in decoration, attractive in the beauty and fashion of the city, and ample in the variety and elegance of the supper. Both Sontag and Alboni are delighting the admirers of Bellini and Donozetti, and have been eminently successful in opera. M. Gottschalk has just arrived home in the Humboldt, and will doubtless create a sensation here, ushered as he is under the unqualified approbation and powerful recommendations of the great musicians and composers of music. Literature and the arts continue to soften and polish the rough and wiry edges of trade and commerce, and to impress the humanizing influences over the cares and bustle of this great metropolis. The press is daily ministering its varieties to the reading world, in books, pamphlets, magazines, &c., &c. By the by, a new and interesting publication as a monthly has just been issued by Mr. Alexander Montgomery, 17 Spruce St. —*The Illustrated Magazine of Art*. It has been produced in the very best style of typography, engravings, and general illustration, and promises to be one of the most entertaining and attractive periodicals. The appearance here of the January and February numbers of *Graham's Magazine*, has given great satisfaction. This popular magazine is increasing in public favor, and under the agency of the indefatigable and enterprising firm of Dewitt & Davenport will eventually become the giant of American periodicals."

Among the new and popular books announced in London, are the "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi," "The Forest," "Homes of American Authors," and several others of American origin, including Randolph's "Cabin and Parlor," of which the publishers say:—"As compared with 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' this book takes a different view of the great and absorbing question of American slavery; and it has been published in order to remove any ground of complaint that the British public have no fair opportunity of deciding between the two great parties who at present distract America upon the subject of the Emancipation of the Negro."

Messrs. Clarke, Beeton, & Co., of London, in announcing a Key to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," say:—"We think it a fitting opportunity to express the gratification we have experienced in having been already enabled (by the large sale of our editions of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,') to present Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe with the sum of 2,500 dollars; and we beg to reiterate our former statement that the talented author has always had, and still possesses, an actual and positive interest in every volume of our various editions."

WORLD-DOINGS AND WORLD SAYINGS.

THE LONDON *Athenæum*, speaking of the death of Lady Lovelace, says:—"The married life of Lord Byron—or rather the period during which Lord and Lady Byron lived together—was a year and some few days. They were married in January, 1815. On the 10th of December, in the same year, Ada, their only child, was born; and in January, 1816, the husband and wife separated for ever. When her mother removed her into Leicestershire, and when her father saw her for the last time, Ada was a month old." * * * *

"At her father's death, Ada was little more than eight years old. She had small resemblance to her father. No one, we are told, would have recognized the Byron features—the finely-chiselled chin or the expressive lips or eyes of the poet—in the daughter. Yet, at times the Byron blood was visible in her look; and those who saw her in 1835, on her marriage with Lord Lovelace (then Lord King) fancied they saw more traces of the poet's countenance in the bride than they remembered there at any other time. But dissimilarity of look was not the only dissimilarity between Byron and his daughter. Lady Lovelace cared little about poetry. Like her father's Donna Inez, in "Don Juan"—

"Her favourite science was the mathematical."

Mr. Babbage is said to have conducted her studies at one time, and Lady Lovelace is known to have translated from Italian into English a very elaborate Defence of the once celebrated Calculating Machine of her mathematical friend. It is impossible to contemplate the early death of Byron's only child without reflecting sadly on the fates of other families of our greatest poets. Shakespeare and Milton each died without a son, but both left daughters, and both names are now extinct. Shakespeare's was soon so. Addison had an only child, a daughter, a girl of some five or six years at her father's death. She died unmarried, at the age of eighty or more. Farquhar left two girls dependent on the friendship of his friend Wilks the actor, who stood nobly by them while he lived. They had a small pension from the government; and having long outlived their father, and seen his reputation unalterably established; both died unmarried. The son and daughter of Coleridge both died childless. The two sons of Sir Walter Scott died without children; one of two daughters died unmarried, and the Scotts of Abbotsford and Waverley are now represented by the children of a daughter. How little could Scott foresee the sudden failure of male issue! The poet of the

'Faerie Queene' lost a child, when very young, by fire, when the rebels burned his house in Ireland. Some of the poets had sons, and no daughters. Thus we read of Chaucer's son, of Dryden's sons, of the sons of Burns, of Allan Ramsay's son, of Dr. Young's son, of Campbell's son, of Moore's son, and of Shelley's son. Ben Jonson survived all his children. Some—and those among the greatest—died unmarried: Butler, Cowley, Congreve, Otway, Prior, Pope, Gay, Thomson, Cowper, Akenside, Shenstone, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith. Mr. Rogers still lives—single. Some were unfortunate in their sons in a sadder way than death could make them."—THE REHEARSALS OF "Le Dernier Jour de la Fronde," the new five-act opera which is to be given this winter at the Grand Opera of Paris, are announced as having commenced. Meanwhile, it is said, that Mlle. Bosio may appear at that theatre in a translation of Verdi's "Luisa Miller." M. Meyerbeer's present visit to Paris is rumored, on better authority than usual, to have reference not merely to his comic opera, spoken of not long since, but also to a grand serious work in five acts. It is also reported that the *libretto* of "La Nonne Sanglante," which has for many years been among the novelties talked about and never "brought to pass" at the Grand Opera, has been amended by M. Scribe, and intrusted to M. Gounod to set.—NEW OPERAS produced by Herr Schindeldeisser at Darmstadt, and by Herr Schefer at the *Königstädtisches Theater* of Berlin, are mentioned among other German musical attempts of late date. Nor is this industry confined to the north alone. The *Illustrirte Zeitung* commends an opera "Der Cid," by Herr Mayer, not long since given at Linz on the Danube. A performance of the "Edipus" of Sophocles, with choruses by *Kapellmeister* Lachner, is advertised in the list of novelties for the coming winter at Munich.

—LETTERS FROM Cassel, in Germany, speak of serious losses to the Museum of that city. The missing articles consist of coins and medals. They appear to have been abstracted by the inspector, who has been arrested and convicted of the theft.—THE SERIES of letters written by Burns to George Thomson changed hands last week, at the sale of Mr. C. B. Tait's library, in Edinburgh. They were knocked down, after a keen competition, for 260 guineas.—THE CHINESE JUGGLERS in San Francisco are thus described by a correspondent of a Lowell paper:—"A plank sixteen inches wide and six feet high was placed at the back of the stage, and the impaler, with knives, took his stand about fifteen or twenty feet in front of it. The knives were about seven-inch blades, and four-inch handles,

strong and pointed. After playing with them for a time, tossing and whirling them in a most wonderful manner, he threw them one after another, fastening them firmly in the plank before him. He then drew them out, and another Chinaman took his stand before the plank, or rather at the side of it, holding out his arm across the same, and the impaler threw one knife above and another below it, as closely as they could have been placed there by the most careful hand, completely fastening his arm upon the plank. The other arm was then reached across and fastened in the same way, the knives sticking firmly, and the handles crossing each other. The Chinaman then reached forward his head, and quick as thought two knives were thrown—the one above and the other below his neck, seemingly within one-fourth of an inch on either side. Such precision and daring was truly wonderful, and the whole evening's performance elicited the most unbounded applause."—It is from the London papers we gather the following touching the waters of the Thames. How are the facts in reference to the Schuylkill? Better not ask, perhaps:—"From the time of establishing the last water company till now—a period in which London has probably nearly tripled her population—there has been no improvement in either the method or quality of the supply. The Thames was then, and is now, the great source from whence the inhabitants of London obtain water for dietetical and economical purposes. It was natural that our forefathers should look to this mighty river for the supply of so imperative a want as that of water. The river seems to offer itself as the natural source of this supply to man. But whilst London has been drinking from her own great stream, what changes have taken place? Once limpid and clear, the Thames has grown turbid with the increase of her population on its banks, and is now a huge sewer which, long before it reaches London, holds solved in its contaminated wave the refuse of a hundred towns and villages, and the surface drainage of one of the most highly manured countries in the world. A population yearly on the increase, adds to the contamination of the Thames, and renders its water more and more unfit for human use. Go as high up the stream as we may, we can no longer get in the "silver" Thames a water free from impurities. Take a map of the Thames, and see how thickly populated are its banks; and it will be obvious that water taken from the Thames at a distance beyond London has not altered characters, only impurities are less thickly charged. In a recent microscopical examination of the waters of this stream, published by the London and Watford Spring Water Company, it was

found that water taken from the Thames at Ditton contained a large quantity of living organic matter. Dr. Angus Smith, in his report on the air and water of towns, describes very accurately the changes undergone by the Thames from its source at Seven Springs, where it is a pure water, till it gets opposite London. At Pangbourne the stream begins to give signs of adulteration; these increase their evidence at Reading; at Windsor animacules begin to show themselves prominently."—THE DAY before Mr. Webster died, he wrote on a piece of paper the following:

"My son, take some piece of silver, let it be handsome, and put a suitable inscription on it, and give it with my love to Peter Harvey. DANIEL WEBSTER.

Marshfield, Oct. 23, 1852."

This inscription was deemed the most suitable, and has been engraved on an elegant silver salver and pitcher.

CHATTER-BOX.

LAURIE TODD sends a Romance which appears on another page. It came with a note from Laurie, highly characteristic in manner and matter, from which we give the following:

"I very much like your remarks in No. 4, and can reciprocate much of your feeling; only I always prefer *laughing* to crying. Solomon seconds this motion, and he dearly loved the lasses. Adam Ramage, printing-press maker, and Ronaldson, baker, type-founder, and head engineer in the grave-digging department, were my fellow-passengers, when I first came to America in 1794. Life and health being continued, I will send you an article now and then."

—DEMPSTER has been singing at the Musical Fund Hall, and we believe to very good houses. We recollect the time when we thought he was a wonder; but it was when our musical taste was somewhat primitive; or, rather, when being young and mellow, we were easily wrought upon by the sentiment of beautiful poetry, no matter how hum-drum was the music to which it was wedded. It puzzles us to discover how Dempster can hold an audience together for two hours in these days, and in such a city as Philadelphia, singing, too, nothing but old songs, which he has worn worse than threadbare. There are some things which are wholly inexplicable to us; and this one of a stout little man, with a tolerable voice, and a broad Scotch accent, with only a piano for an assistant, entertaining a crowd of Philadelphians, night after night, for hours in succession, is one of them. We love English ballads as well as anybody; we can listen to them when properly rendered, with emo-

tions of the most pleasurable character; but we cannot endure such monotonous productions as "Never more! Never more!" while now that the exquisite sentiment of the "Emigrant's Lament" has become familiar to us, its rendering by Mr. Dempster is downright torture. But we are a Goth, of course! You think so, Miss Nancy, don't you? And so do you, Laura Matilda!

—OUR PORTFOLIO has long contained the following morceau, which is understood to be a translation from the Spanish:

MY SOUL IN MADRID.

How can I live, fair planet!
From all thy lustre hid!
My body's in Segovia,
My soul is in Madrid.
I'm left alone in darkness,
At every guest's control;
In sorrow and in nakedness,
Without or sense or soul.
Yet o'er my spirit's desert
Towers up a pyramid,
With hopes of glory lighted;
Despair must be forbid;
My body's in Segovia,
My soul is in Madrid.

—HAVE YOU heard Thackeray? Yes, several times, and always with delight. He is, if possible, greater in his lectures than in his books—that is, as a deep, original thinker. He takes well in Philadelphia. We have never seen, indeed, a more general outpouring of the *élite* than he has attracted to the Musical Fund Hall. Not Albani, nor Sontag, nor Jenny Lind, drew forth from these rich, luxurious arm-chairs some whom Thackeray has spirited forth. "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis" were avant-courriers for Thackeray, while "Henry of Esmond" furnished not a bad bringing up of the rear. Those who expected to find Thackeray a genius of genus Bosting, with dishevelled hair, wild rolling eye, and—reader, you can fill up the picture—were mistaken. He appeared, what he is; a plain, substantial, yet polished; unaffected, almost careless, yet impressive. His lectures are listened to, with the closest attention, very judicious applause being now and then given. For our part, we find ourselves indisposed to applaud Thackeray at all, his lectures, in the language of a distinguished gentleman who sat near us on his introductory night, being "too good to applaud." One does not wish the pause merely for applause; one has a positive greediness to hear on, without the interruption of even a cough, to the end. Just so Thackeray—hungry do we become on hearing Thackeray. There are some people who are dreadfully afraid Thackeray will go home and write a book about us! Suppose he does? If it criticises our foibles, it may pare down some of the superabundant conceit which we have, while,

if it abuses us unscrupulously and recklessly, merely for the sake of abusing, what harm can it do us? We have got on rather too far to be seriously affected by libels even from Thackeray; while, on the principle that a man is never too old to learn, any just exception—taking which he may make, should have a salutary effect. Thackeray closes his lectures on the 29th.

—MR. WHITCOMB, an excellent teacher of vocal music, advertises his schools in our pages, and we hope his doing so will profit him. He is an excellent teacher, and comes to us with strong vouchers of the fact, from most respectable gentlemen at the East, among whom are Dr. Samuel Howe, Lowell Mason, Esq., and others. Mr. W. has already completed one quarter's teaching, and with great success. He has now entered upon his second term, and with every promise of even more brilliant results. We refer to his advertisement for particulars touching his schools, which are held on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, at Mr. Whale's Rooms, Ninth and Arch.

—MR. A. A. MILLER, a gentleman of decided talent—one, too, who has laid us under many obligations for valuable services rendered our little Bizarre—has become sole editor of the *Pathfinder*. New York city. We congratulate the publisher on the acquisition of so valuable an aid as Mr. M. will prove himself for the advancement of the *Pathfinder*.

—MR. PERELLI gave another private *Soiree* on Monday afternoon, which we shall notice at length in our next. We go to press too early in the week to admit of any extended remarks on the subject, in our present number. These *Soirees* form a delightful feature among the many in which our fashionables participate.

—THE TOWN shuddered last week, on the announcement of the cold-blooded murder of Rink. The assassin is abroad, but he bears the mark of Cain upon his forehead, and "shall be a fugitive and vagabond on the earth." Every one that findeth him "shall seek to slay him," or, what is the same thing, every one that findeth him, will be disposed to hand him over to the "tender mercies" of the laws he has outraged! The chances, too are in favor of his apprehension, for the poet says:

"Blood, though it sleeps a time, yet never dies;
The gods on murderers fix revengeful eyes."

The following Books have been received at this office:
Vol. X Abbotford edition Waverly Novels: Woodstock. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

Guide to Knowledge, by Eliza Robbins; 1 vol. 417 pp. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Experience of Life, by E. M. Sewell. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Railway, Steamship and Telegraph Book, by J. Disturnall. J. Disturnall, New York.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

VOLUME II. }
PART 22. }

FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1853.

{ SINGLE COPIES
FIVE CTS.

THE ROMANCE OF BLOCKLEY.

NO. V.—JERRY AND OLD FOX.

This world is filled with people of varying physical and mental conformation; but out of the great mass we can select but a limited number who are actual characters. When we say characters, we mean, of course, those who individualize certain striking and peculiar elements of idiosyncrasy, and in whom those elements constitute the woof of their actual being. Dean Swift was a character; so was Samuel Johnson; so was old General Stark; and so was Bunyan. Each in his own way was "all of a piece." There was a symmetry in each specific temperament. Each was a particular star, and dwelt alone. And, if we may so speak, each had a distinct beam, and each its appropriate hemisphere; but in one point all harmonized, for each gave the world assurance of a man.

We have hazarded these preliminary observations before introducing you to one whose claim to individuality of character is as legitimate as was ever that of the wonderful men whose names have just been cited as signal illustrations. You will find in our old friend Jerry a specific element of greatness, and his firm companion, who occupies among quadrupeds as honorable a position as does he among bipeds; we say that worthy Horse—is an Agamemnon among beasts of burden. Jerry passed a long and chequered career among horses, previous to his settlement in the large White House beyond the romantic Schuylkill. Long before a railroad was dreamed of, or the mind of man had grasped the overpowering idea of an iron horse who, without bit and bridle, should far transcend the most magic achievements of the fabled steeds of Moorish Spain, our friend Jerry was a celebrated stage-driver, managing his coursers with all the grace and ease of Apollo as he presided over the chariot of the sun. In those palmy days of our nation's history, when to undertake a journey to Richmond or New Orleans, from a remote northern point, was to

put a feather in the traveller's cap outvieing far the resplendent plumage of the peacock, and when the preparation for such a journey monopolized the attention of the excursionist for months in advance—in those happy times, when people packed themselves close, and like loving boon companions, into the bulky vehicles whose very name has almost become obsolete—when you had to stop and take dinner, and change horses, and stop and change horses and take tea, then Jerry was the distinguished man who was a supercargo to life and limb, and who managed most dexterously the destinies of his outside and inside passengers. Then, as it has been related to me by a reliable individual who knew him well and respected him highly—then, old Jerry was young Jerry. A change had not come o'er the spirit of his dreams. Exuberant spirits were then the lot of his inheritance. Up with the lark, he communed with the glories of the morning, while trotting round through his stable to get out his horses, and gear them for actual service. His was then a commanding frame, a little on the Ajax order, well-knit, vigorous and muscular; with piercing coal-black eyes; with locks of raven hue flowing loosely over his shoulders, like a dark cloud on Mount Holyoke. He had such a redundancy of the raven lock, that many a wistful eye was directed to his crop on the upper story, and many a bald-headed traveller sighed deeply, and wished, with Desdemona in the play of Othello, that heaven had made him such a man. Those were the days when Jerry coursed along through the extensive borders of many a State—when his patent whip woke up the echoes along a majestic line of travel—when his eye drank in the panorama of the Connecticut river, and the gleam from the waves of the Scioto enlivened his heart. He can tell you how clever he found the Southerners, and how considerate the inhabitants of the West, and how the Yankees, although pestering him a little with questions and guesses, as Washington Irving says they did old Peter Stuyvesant, the honest Dutch governor of New Amsterdam, were as true as

steel to his welfare. But this Augustan era in the history of Jerry is among the archives of the dusty past. Now you behold him shining in a more restricted hemisphere. His empire of jurisdiction takes not in, as formerly, his elegant pairs of horses, all blood and mettle, who champ and foam till they are fairly out on the great turnpike roads which interposed between our noble commercial cities. Jerry drives a cart now for Blockley Almshouse, and to that cart is attached his companion in travel—his true, undisguised yokel-fellow, old Fox. We must introduce you to old Fox. We have read of many remarkable horses in our time, and each have had a claim upon our honest regard and sympathy. When a boy, we used to gaze at the picture of the illustrious Macedonian managing with unequalled skill and grace his charger Bucephalus, that Grecian horse who smelled the battle afar off, and rejoiced to go forth and meet the armed men in the field of strife. The palfreys upon which England's fair daughters rode when, with hawk and horn, they started forth on those enlivening field-sports which gave elasticity to their beautiful frames and ruby tints to their clear complexions—we say those palfreys, as they ambled along in grace, have often filled a large space in the regions of our boyish fancy. We have pictured in maturer years the illustrious Steamboat, who had the honor to be the favorite horse of the deceased statesman Daniel Webster, and over whose remains a monument has been erected, embalming the record of his puissant achievements as a courser in the regions round about Marshfield; and instinctively we have transferred to the noble horse the commanding qualities (of course in his own sphere) of the great man who patted his neck and jumped blithely on his back, and then left all the world behind him. And with kindling eye and palpitating bosom, we have conjured up Old Whitey, that chivalrous quadruped of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma notoriety. Our hearts have gone out unreservedly to all these horses, who having made their mark on the times, have challenged admiration from every sensible biped. But old Fox, whose place of refuge is a stable within the limits of the Almshouse jurisdiction, in which said stable he is first among his equals, old Fox, who, bearing the name of the great British statesman, partakes in no ordinary degree of that statesman's gravity of disposition—old Fox, who is unquestionably a horse of weight in the community—his ample proportions, his fat and lusty sides, and the rotundity of his general outline, giving evidence that old Jerry, his legal keeper and supervisor, unlocks the doors of the larder with a princely munificence—we say Fox is, in our estima-

tion, (forgive us, ye shades of more noble chargers! if we fail to appreciate your entire merits,) not a whit behind the chief of coursers. Does he not perambulate the city and its purlieus on business for the worthy Steward? Does he not from the drug store, where Esculapius is the tutelary divinity, bring home a rich and fragrant cargo of world-renowned medicines, which are to be appropriated (whose "manifest destiny" it has ever been to be appropriated) to the use of the corps of invalids who constitute the population of the medical and surgical departments? Does he not again, turning his back (or rather his flowing tail) indignantly upon mortars and pestles, (and repudiating, as a nuisance, boluses, *et id omne genus* of impertinences) convey to our capacious warehouse the berry of Arabia, the fragrant plant of China, and the luscious sugar of the South—delicacies which indeed are too paltry and effeminate for his imperial stomach, but which he is kind-hearted enough to bring to the door of those who own him? Has he not hauled post-and-rail fences without one selfish murmur or repining ejaculation? Has he not conveyed the ice from the meadow lands, into which the pure waters of the Schuylkill have been conveyed for the purpose of securing in cold weather a supply of the fine unadulterated article for home consumption—we say, has he not conveyed it, load after load, to that treasure-house where old Boreas might take a seat and find it cold enough for even him? These diversified offices, which he has faithfully filled, he yet fills, and will continue so to do, till he sleeps like Steamboat! Could any but a horse of wondrous versatility be at his ease in the discharge of duties so distinct and varied? At home among the drugs, at home among the groceries, at home among the rails, at home among the ice; why verily it puts us in mind of Franklin making his own leaden types, and then printing his books, and finally conducting his diplomatic correspondence. Fox too is a diplomatist. He knows how to make a definitive treaty as well as the most sapient negotiator. Feed me well, are the stipulations of the contract, and I will work well, Jerry. The redoubtable old stage-driver observes well his clause of said definitive treaty, and does bona-fide measure out to his boon companion an unstinted allowance of wholesome provender, while conversely Fox most scrupulously fulfils his part of the contract, and lays his muscles under thorough requisition from sunrise to sundown. Penn's treaty with the Indians was never kept more inviolate. Hence Jerry and Fox take the first rank as diplomatists; and, what is better, prove honest fellows both of them.

We believe that more sympathy exists be-

tween Jerry and his horse than any mere superficial observer would at first imagine. Do not start, gentle reader. Cannot the affections go warmly out to the noble animal who contributes so materially to the comfort of mankind? And when old Fox inclines his head towards Jerry when his master's hand pats him affectionately—we say, when the old horse thus inclines his head in honest confidence to the weather-beaten face of him who exercises in his behalf a paternal oversight, who shall say that the animal may not have a certain modicum of actual sensibility—a certain instinctive overflowing of kindly feeling? Why, my friend, do you think that a horse knows nothing about keeping the chain of friendship bright? We tell you he knows all about it. He has policy as well as heart in his composition, and he knows perfectly well what expedient to adopt in coaxing a fresh supply of oats from the commissary general. He will be more brisk and nimble in his movements—he will seem to have acquired all the bustling qualities of his major domo—more frequently will he incline his honest phiz to Jerry, as if he wished to say, were he only gifted for a brief interval of time with the accomplishments of Balaam's ass, Am I not thine own horse, which thou hast driven to and fro for many years? Have we not weathered the storm together? In seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, have we not pulled harmoniously on the same side of the question? That whip which graces thy hand, and which thou flourishest most dexterously in describing segments of a circle in the air—that whip rarely has descended upon my flanks, by way of castigation. It has been a kind of artistic appendage to thy office; but like the buttons on thy coat behind, it subserves no practical object. Jerry, we are one; and when our labor's over, thou retirest to the old men's wards, third floor, No. 6, to regale thyself with thy favorite beverage—a cup of good tea—and I stand up to the rack to replenish my abdominal regions, still thine image is before me. May thy sleep be sweet to-night, old Jerry. Sleep on, but dream of me.

Such, we have reason to believe, is the train of reflection to which our steed is so habituated, that it is a stereotyped process of ratiocination. And who of mortal kind would not reciprocate such an attachment? Well may we modify a little the beautiful lines of the Wizard of the North, and say:

Lives there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my good old horse?

No, such an one is not to be found; and if he is, then we say, crop his ears and call him Judas. Depend upon it, he will hang himself yet in a fit of the spleen, or in a sudden attack of downright misanthropy. He be-

longs to that nondescript race who can form no alliance with fish, flesh, nor fowl. His heart could be put in a nut-shell, and even in that limited circumference not fill half of its envelope. There are occasions when Fox has been put to the plough and entrusted to a farm hand; but he was then emphatically like a fish out of water, and he executed his allotted task in so mean a manner, that the executive was glad to transfer him to the cart. It would indeed seem that the boundaries of a potato field were entirely too circumscribed for the excursive genius of old Fox. He felt, we have every reason to believe, like a poor culprit on a tread-mill, or a sailor tied down to the servile occupation of picking oakum. Old Fox has never read the British poets, and what is more, never expects to. Neither has his lawful master ever dabbled in polite literature; yet both the horse and the man re-echo the sentiment of the great bard, when he says:

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours."

Potato-fields indeed! when he has the bright vision of the Market street bridge full before his excited vision. Fastened ignominiously to the plough, indeed, and forced to move at the measured gait of an old fat corporal on a militia training-day! when he wants to be travelling off to Kensington or the Navy Yard, to take in a fresh cargo of merchandise. Have a little farmer-boy to superintend his movements! and that when an experienced old stage-driver has long held the reins over him. Would it not be divesting himself of the dignity of horse-hood, and identifying himself completely with a jack-ass? Never will he renounce his claim to the area of freedom. He has always gone with the free-soil party, and he is too old a Fox now to be caught with any chaff of an opposite creed. His principles are fixed. He has his own platform of opinions, and he is determined not to shift his ground.

But we must hasten to conclude our sketch of the worthy Jerry and his charger. On a bland morning in May, that genial month, when the Dryads are clustering in the leafy groves, and the fairy tribes are revelling on the nectared sweets of the flowers, then, Jerry, thou dost pluck a flower from the Steward's garden, and put it into the button-hole of thy rather rusty coat, and gathering up a bunch of leaves and some fragrant lilacs, thou dost dispose them about the head of thy faithful horse. On such occasions, Fox looks as if he were a regular Freemason; and it is to be presumed that his brother nags regard him such. With his floral regalia elegantly disposed about his head, and waving triumphantly as the zephyrs sweep very mildly along, he would arrest the attention of the most inconsiderate

observer. His garland of honor is his crown. It makes him look like the ancient victor in the Olympic games. There is pride in his port and defiance in his eye, as he sweeps through the main gate of the Almshouse, on the Darby road, with his lot of drugs and groceries. Clear the road for him, ye strolling inhabitants of the house, as he trots forward to the stable. He has reached the summit of his honest fame, and he wants an open space before him in his passage to the oats and hay. Jump out of the road there, Tom, or yourself and wheelbarrow will both be revolutionized.

The labors of the day over, our quadruped chieftain is returning to his home with the laurel on his brow. And they have been fairly earned. Would that every laureled wreath was as deservedly bestowed. No electioneering has got him the bays of honor. Fox is too open and above-board for the petty chicanery of the politician. And when Jerry gets him safely housed in the stable, he gives him an extra pat on the head for the frank and ingenuous disposition which has characterized him since first their acquaintance commenced in the white house beyond the Schuylkill. Depend upon it, old Fox is a decided character; and when, like Daniel Webster's horse, Steamboat, he collapses a flue and sinks to dust, our worthy and estimable Board must erect a monument to his memory, to testify to an approving community that a faithful public servant, whether in the form of man or beast, shall have a final reward, which may animate the living, while it endears the recollection of the departed.

THE YOUNG TORY. *

AN OLD VIRGINIA INCIDENT.

To arms! To arms! haste to the field!
It is no cause a Judge may end;
The ermine and the books must yield
When swords assault and swords defend.
The rattling drum and shrill-toned fife
Announce the march to mortal strife;
And dearest ties asunder torn,
Shall make the heedless millions mourn.

During the few days that elapsed between the occurrences last described, and the meeting of the magistrates at the court-house, news of the most exciting character had been received. The particulars of the battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker's Hill, were repeated by every one. The Congress had resolved to raise another army of twenty thousand men to be under the direction of Washington, who was already at the head of nearly

* From a new Romance of the Revolution, entitled "The Monarchist," shortly to be published by A. Hart of this city.

fifteen thousand in the neighborhood of Boston neck, where he effectually intercepted all communication between the British army under General Gage, and the interior of the country. In a word, the British general, although he held the city of Boston, was regularly besieged by the colonists; and if too weak to give battle, must either escape by sea, or be forced to capitulate.

From England, many vessels of war had arrived at Halifax, at Boston, and in the Chesapeake. Many additional regiments had been sent over. And to crown all, the King, in his speech to Parliament, had declared his subjects in America in a state of rebellion; and notwithstanding the solemn warnings of Lord Chatham and Mr. Burke, both houses had co-operated by large majorities, with the ministers and the King, in sanctioning measures designed to coerce submission at the point of the bayonet.

Nearer home, affairs were equally as startling to the hitherto pacific and loyal inhabitants of the eastern shore of Virginia. Lord Dunmore, having now, besides the ship *Foway*, the *Mercury* of twenty-four, *Kingfisher* of sixteen, and *Otter* of fourteen guns, and several companies of regular troops, with as many more of tories and negroes, had sailed to Norfolk. He had seized Holt's printing press, and sent many tenders and barges in different directions to devastate the coasts.

The colonial convention, which had been driven from Jamestown, had assembled at Richmond, and resolved to raise three regiments immediately, under the command, respectively, of Patrick Henry, Colonel Woodward, and William Christian. The volunteers were desired to wear hunting shirts, in accordance with Washington's recommendation when men were raised to fight the Indians and French, some fifteen or twenty years before. And immediately Colonel Woodward succeeded in gathering a hundred men with rifles, and took post at Hampton, which village, almost in sight of Norfolk, he was determined to defend.

The universal panic had driven home all the vessels belonging to the eastern shore, whose commanders and crews, as well as most of the male population of the county of Accomac, were assembled at the court-house on the day appointed for the meeting of the magistrates. Many of the ladies of the county were likewise present, evincing the irrepressible interest they felt in the deliberations of a body of men, upon whose decision perhaps depended the welfare, if not the lives, of their husbands, brothers, and sons.

Squire West had been accompanied to town by his daughters, Miss Custis, and Percy. His stately old coach—and carriages at that time were not so abundant as they are at this day in those level counties—had been

drawn by four horses, nearly one to each person occupying a seat within; and yet they had paced along with slow dignity, as if impressed with the matters of grave importance contemplated in silence by their master.

The magistrates were seated upon the bench; the ladies in the gallery; while the area of the bar and the space beyond, and even the capacious, yard in the rear, and street in front, were crowded with people, expressing by their features the deep interest they felt in the momentous subject which had brought them together. For several years past they had been accustomed to the knowledge of the existence of severe disputes between the King's governors and the Council—they had heard, with various sentiments (for some approved, while others condemned), of frequent, dissolutions of the House of Burgesses; and they were even cognisant of the fact, that threats had been uttered of a purpose to resist the authority of the Crown, in matters where it was asserted that the ministers had violated the spirit of the constitution, and manifestly encroached upon the unalienable rights of the people: but hitherto they had not contemplated the real consequences of actual war; and now, although evidently unprepared for such a condition of things, they could not close their eyes to the fact that war, with all its terrors, actually existed.

The comparatively few words spoken in the dense and anxious crowd present, when friends and neighbors met and greeted each other with the civility usual on such occasions, were uttered in low tones; and, save the delight expressed by an individual here and there who exulted in the stirring scenes of martial excitement supposed to be about to ensue, and who were in advance of the rest in comprehension of the merits and probable results of the impending conflict, a solemn gloom seemed to pervade the vast assembly.

A mournful silence reigned within the court-house. The magistrates sat like statues, awaiting some proposition or motion from the members of the bar below. But what was to be done? Why were they assembled on that occasion? These embarrassing questions each one, now for the first time, asked himself. Certainly the occurrences transpiring either out of the county or within it, which then monopolized the thoughts of all men, were not of such a nature as to be embraced within the scope of the legitimate duties of that tribunal. But, being met together, as by common consent, and with one impulse, it was the unanimous impression that something or other, and no one seemed to know exactly what, should at least be attempted.

At length, Mr. John Wise, who was a prominent lawyer, and who had led the party in the capture of the shallop, rose up, and submitted to the court that some disposition

should be made of the articles taken on that occasion, as well as of the prisoners, some half dozen in number, now waiting before them. He likewise suggested that according to the usual custom in prizes, the captors were entitled to receive an equitable distribution of the proceeds of the sale of both the vessel and cargo.

His motion was seconded by young Harry Parker, who had been recently admitted to the bar, and supported by Mr. Thomas Cropper, a brother of John Cropper, who was an enthusiastic whig, and zealous advocate of the war.

But before any response was uttered by the court, Mr. George Scarborough, son of the aged Colonel, who occupied a seat upon the bench between Squires West and Seymour, rose up, and intimated a desire to express an opinion on the subject. In the first place he would have it distinctly understood that it was not his purpose on that occasion, to express any opinion in relation to the merits of the questions which formed the subject of the unhappy disagreement between the colonies and the mother country. They were not assembled before that tribunal for such a purpose. When it should become necessary for him to speak on that point, his sentiments would be freely and boldly declared. But at the present juncture, he deemed it his duty to suggest that the court had no jurisdiction whatever in the case presented before it. "What," he exclaimed, "would the gentlemen who have just spoken, have this court decide upon? A matter of exchange, or incarceration of prisoners taken with arms in open warfare? Are they the enemies of the country? To what nation, with which we are at war, do they belong? Why, they are our neighbors, most of them known to us, living and trading in our midst. What have they done? Bargained with the Governor of the colony, and the only Governor known in it, to convey a certain amount of freight a certain distance, for a stipulated sum of money. Can your honors decide a matter of this nature? Or if it must be submitted to your adjudication, can you determine the cause in the way the gentlemen have indicated? By what authority will you act? You are the King's justices of the peace. If you decide that the King's authority is null, what becomes of your own? You have not been commissioned by any of the conventions voluntarily assembled on the outer side of the bay, nor by the Congress sitting in Philadelphia. Clearly, then, I cannot conceive how your honors can hesitate for a moment to dismiss this proposition, at least as it regards your judicial capacity."

While the magistrates were conferring together, it became quite apparent to every one present, that the county court was not the

proper organization to determine such matters, and the stillness which had prevailed was succeeded by a buzz of voices, uttering various suggestions, in all parts of the room.

At length it was announced from the bench, that the justices had no authority to determine anything in such cases and under such circumstances. If it was a case of war, it was a subject for a military tribunal; if a civil matter, they did not see that any crime had been committed by the prisoners, by which they could be retained in custody.

During the delivery of this opinion, young Percy hastily separated himself from the ladies in the gallery, and having pushed through the crowd, stood up among the lawyers, and begged to be permitted to utter a few words.

"I hope your honors," said he, "before retiring from the bench, if such should be your purpose, will consider that inasmuch as no offence has been committed by these men, who were in reality under my command, and whose fate it was my purpose to share when I came hither this morning, it must follow as a matter of course, that a very serious offence has been committed by their assailants; an offence, I conceive, which clearly falls within the jurisdiction of the civil authority—that of PIRACY!"

Astonishment and rage were instantly depicted in a hundred faces, and words of passion were uttered from all parts of the house. Not far from the bold young man who had spoken such words, however, stood both Mr. Hewitt and Mr. MacCoshie the clergyman, who manifested their approbation of the speech. But the torrent of sentiment was too obviously in favor of the opposite side; and the magistrates, although staggered at the seeming rationality of the alternative presented by the handsome and youthful champion of the Governor, were silent from indcision.

Mr. Wise, however, sat perfectly still, until the agitation of the moment subsided, with a triumphant smile resting upon his face, and his clear eagle-eyes sparkling with extraordinary animation. His indomitable character was universally known, and from the workings of his features, every one near him, and especially the justices, anticipated an impassioned outburst of invective in reply. But they were somewhat deceived.

"Gentlemen!" said he, with constrained and impressive deliberation, "I am not about to reply to the silly words of that foolish boy. Matters of more importance demand our attention. If the court is not now sitting for the transaction of business in its judicial capacity, I would thank your honors to signify it: and with that view I move an adjournment!"

"The court is adjourned!" said Squire Seymour, after a moment's consultation with his brother justices.

"Then we, the People, are assembled in our majesty!" continued Mr. Wise, in a loud voice; "and I move that we organize the meeting by electing the magistrates, now on the bench, our presiding officers. Those who approve the motion, say ay." This was boisterously responded to in the affirmative.—"Now!" continued the orator, "let King George's *butcher*, or any of his minions, come on! I am in order, now; and this is a tribunal with ample powers to decide the matters we have come hither to discuss. Something must be decided, something must be done, if we do not mean to have our unresisting throats cut, and our houses reduced to ashes over our heads. For my part, if George III. was my father, instead of my King, I would arm myself to defend my home against his assassins. While we are standing here, who knows that the torch is not being applied to the dwelling he left this morning? Has not the monster Dunmore sent forth a fleet of barges and tenders to devastate our shores? Who did not behold the illuminations last night on the opposite side of the bay? I marked distinctly some twenty. The question is not now one of principle merely, or of right and wrong; but one of self-defence. If Lord Dunmore had no enterprise against us in meditation, why has he sent arms and ammunition among us? He knew there were many Tories in the county, and he designed to arm them against the rest!"

"Permit me to correct you," said Percy, very calmly; "I am assured his Lordship's purpose was merely to send them to a place of security, so that they could not be used at all."

"I deny that!" exclaimed Thomas Custis; "the object was, whatever he may have made this young man believe, to form a magazine here for the use of the King."

"He had a right to do so. These counties are part of the King's dominions," replied Percy.

"I repeat," continued Wise, "we are not now to discuss matters of abstract right; theory is abolished; at least for the present. I hold in my hand a letter from Colonel Woodford, just received, brought over by a schooner which ran into Pongoteague creek not two hours ago, and which must rouse the proper spirit in the breasts of all who have the hearts of men." This letter had been handed him just when he had been interrupted in his remarks, and he had glanced over it during the colloquy between Percy and Custis.

"Here," continued he, "is the letter:—'Hampton, Monday, Aug., 1775. Dear Sir—The British Captain Squires, at the head of six barges, attacked us yesterday. We beat them off without losing a man. At night

they came again, and we had it as hot as —. The air was a blaze of rockets, bursting bombs, and red-hot balls. We took two of their barges, defeated the rest and drove them off. Fifteen or twenty men on each side killed; I know not how many wounded. The houses are all riddled by cannon-balls. Your uncle lost all his teeth by a cannon-ball. Stir up the people. No time is to be lost. Yours truly, but in haste."

This intelligence spread a thrill of deep emotion throughout the assembly, and the conclusion of it, particularly, produced a general shiver among the numerous relations present of the individual who had been the special victim of specified cannon-ball named at the conclusion of the epistle.

"I can explain how old Mr. Wise lost his teeth," said Captain East, commander of the schooner just arrived from the neighborhood of Hampton; "I saw him this morning, and he told me how it was."

"Saw him? Told you?" cried several, and the nephew John Wise, could not avoid smiling, for East had already explained it to him.

"Yes," continued East, "I saw him, and he was quite well, but as savage as a meat-axe against the British and tories. A cannon-ball went through his house, and smashed the bureau where he kept all his teeth that have fallen out these thirty years. No person was in the house. The women were in the woods, and old George was shooting a musket twice a minute. When I left him his face was as black as a nigger's with burnt powder."

"But, you see, gentlemen," continued Wise, "war, war, is the word. Our towns are attacked, our friends and kindred slaughtered, and our property destroyed. Shall we look on quietly and fold our arms?"

"No! no!" cried a great many.

"D—— if I do, for one!" cried Waples, slapping his hands furiously.

"I am with you, Sam, to the hilt!" cried Thomas Custis.

The young ladies in the gallery became very pale, and were prevailed upon by Mr. MacCaskie to retire to the inn, kept by Dick Revel.

"Gentlemen!" said Captain John Cropper, "I have likewise a letter to read. If there has been no regular authority to act in the matters of prisoners and prizes heretofore, there is now, and will be hereafter." The letter was from Major Matthews, announcing that he was empowered by Congress to raise troops on the eastern shore, subject to the rules and regulations adopted for the continental service. He authorized Captain Cropper to organize a company immediately, to join the army, and to operate in the field under the orders of General Charles Lee, who was to command the southern army. He

said likewise it was General Washington's advice to the inhabitants of the counties on the bay, to organize militia companies for their own defence.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Wise, "which side are we on? I, for one, am resolved to defend my country!" This was responded to with boisterous shouts of approval.

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Scarborough, rising, "we, who occupy the chairs upon the bench, must be addressed by the speakers; and, according to parliamentary rule, we alone should put the questions to the vote. If we have no authority as magistrates in a meeting of this character, we may, at least, and I do, for one, claim the prerogative due the presiding officers of it."

"True, Wise, he is right!" cried several.

"I would not have you understand, gentlemen," continued the Colonel, "that I disapprove what is evidently the sentiment of my friends; but I desire to have our proceedings conducted in a correct and formal manner. You who are in favor of organizing a force to protect our lives and property against any foes whoever they may be, and whencesoever they may come, will signify it by saying ay!"

This was followed by an immense affirmative response.

"Those of the contrary opinion," he continued, "will say no."

A very few feeble "noes" were heard; but those who uttered them were not perceived.

"The ayes have it!" said the Colonel.

"Gentlemen," said Squire West, "my swelled and bandaged foot will prevent me from rising; but I must ask to say a few words on this occasion. As to arming the people for the preservation of their homes, and for the defence of their liberties, whether they be assailed by strangers or the instruments of the King, you may be assured the measure will have my hearty concurrence. We are free-born subjects of the British Crown, and are entitled to all the privileges that any others are, wherever they may reside; and in defence of my rights, I would as freely perish as the next man. It is true, he continued, smiling, "I am past the age for marching, or much shooting, unless shooting platoons of chalk-stones from my fingers and toes at the foe, could be of avail; yet in a just cause I might do something otherwise. But my object is to suggest to my friends and neighbors, that it may be the wisest policy for them to confine themselves, for the present, strictly to a defensive attitude. The King may not really sanction the violence of his agents; the ministers may be changed; and the governors and commanders may be recalled. Should these things happen, and I would wait a reasonable length of time to see, then I would prefer not to stand in an attitude of hostility to the monarch."

This speech was followed by tokens of approbation generally,

"May it please your honors," said Captain Cropper, "I would have it put to the sense of this meeting, if these men (pointing to the captives) are not to be considered prisoners of war?"

"I second the motion," said Mr. Wise.

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Scarborough, "you have heard the question. Those in favor of retaining these men as prisoners, will say ay!"

The response was so general, that the Colonel was on the eve of announcing it carried; but after a slight hesitation he demanded the noes or those of a contrary opinion. There was but one "No;" but it was uttered in a loud, firm tone, and attracted the attention of all. It was spoken by Percy.

"Then," continued Captain Cropper, "since such is the judgment of the meeting, of course Mr. Percy, by his own confession, must stand in the same predicament as those who were found on board the vessel."

"Undoubtedly, sir," said Percy, joining the captives.

"Hold! gentlemen!" said Squire West. "That young man is my guest. The laws of hospitality, to which none of you are strangers, must exempt him from molestation. Whatever may have been his relative position when on board the shallop, I conceive it to have been changed when he took up his abode under my roof. He was not engaged in any hostile enterprise, nor had he meditated any demonstration against the peace of the country."

"He had the whole cargo of arms and ammunition under his charge, and intended to land it in the night, as I can prove by his friend, Master Robert Wales, if he is present," said Thomas Custis. Master Robert was not present, though not far away.

"Thomas," said Squire Luker, "are you going to convert this meeting again into a court? Do you wish to examine witnesses? Methinks the statement of Squire West is sufficient."

"If it be deficient, hear mine," said Percy. It is true I had the cargo in charge. My orders were to find a place in which to deposit it, and to remain by it. I was not informed what uses it would be put to. But it is equally true that I declared in the presence of several, and that gentleman among the rest, previously to its being captured, the nature of my mission; and, moreover, being satisfied from certain intelligence, that it really belonged to the people of the colony, I expressed my determination to hold it subject to their order."

"That is true," said Thomas Custis. "But, nevertheless, as it is presumable your crew could be no better informed than yourself, of

the purposes of Lord Dunmore, I do not see why we should make flesh of one party and fish of the other."

"Very logical, Master Tom!" said Mr. Wise. "I think, your honors, as there can be no doubt that war actually exists, we may, at all events, hold the vessel and cargo as lawful prize."

"Stick to that point, Wise!" said young George Scarborough. "I think you are right. But as this is no legal tribunal, and as I can only speak as a lawyer, I have no opinion to offer."

"I move that the question be taken on it," said Lieutenant Handy. It was done, and decided in the affirmative.

"Gentlemen," said Squire West, now rising, and forgetful of his gout; "I desire that Master Percy may be permitted to retire, without the formality of a vote."

"I object!" said Captain Cropper. "I act under the authority of Congress, subject to the immediate order of my superior officers; and by that authority I claim him, and the rest of the captives, as my prisoners."

"If that is to be the determination of the meeting, I must leave the bench!" said Squire West, who had remained standing, but now descended and walked out of the house.

"Let him go, Cropper," said Wise.

"I will not go, unless my men go with me!" said Percy.

"You may all go upon your parole," said Captain Cropper.

"I will not give it!" said the young man.

"Then, sir, you remain a prisoner." All the rest, however, except one, who was Percy's footman, found no difficulty in embracing the Captain's terms, and were discharged.

SPIRITUAL DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE VIII.

AMPHION. BELLINI.

Fry's Lectures in New York—Rose de Vries—Leonora—Grecian Music—Alboni—Sonntag—Oersted—Schilling—Western Land Speculations—Thebes of the Mississippi—New mode of overcoming inundations—Yankee Doodle, &c.

W. the Elder. Venerated troubadour, this is an honor, indeed! Allow me to present to you, your brother-minstrel Bellini.

Amp. No occasion for so much ceremony, old gentleman. We are acquaintances of long standing, already.

W. the Elder. Indeed!

Amp. To be sure; in fact, ever since he left Paris. By the way, brother B, I saw you

at the lecture, last night. How were you pleased?

Bel. Very much. I liked both the man and his remarks. Didn't you?

Amp. I certainly did. Especially was I gratified at the manly, independent way, in which he vindicated the dignity of Art. Mook modesty and affectation are so common on these occasions, that it is really quite refreshing to hear a little home-truth told with such evident heartiness and good faith as he manifested. Some of his sentences, too, struck me as being very felicitous, both as to thought and style.

Bel. What pleased me most, was the unpretending but admirable way in which he illustrated his remarks, with voice and piano.

W. the Elder. Ho, ho! And so you were both at brother Fry's last night. I was in that crowd, myself.

Amp. Crowd, say you? It *ought* to have been a crowd. It don't speak much for the taste of you Gothamites, to allow such a treat to be presented to a hall only half-filled.

W. the Elder. But, my friend, you forget what an immense room it is; to say nothing of the host of counter attractions, that—

Amp. No excuse, no excuse. Had such a lecture, so illustrated, been delivered in Thebes, even in my day, we should have turned out in full force.

Bel. Perhaps our terrestrial friend was not so much impressed as ourselves. I should like to hear your verdict, my good host, on the performance.

W. the Elder. Well to tell the truth, I didn't hear more than a fifth part of the lecture.

Amp. Ah, just as I supposed. You merely came to have your ears tickled with the music.

W. the Elder. I beg your pardon. I was among the very first on the ground, and had a capital seat. But a young lady and gentleman, immediately before me, talked so very loud, and indulged in so many brilliant criticisms upon the bonnets and complexions present, that I was quite defrauded of those of the lecturer.

Amp. Why, you surprise me. It certainly seemed to me, as I looked down upon it, from the first circle, to be an exceedingly well-bred and refined-looking assemblage.

W. the Elder. I dare say. Well, well, such things are no novelties in our American audiences. It is very seldom that I can listen, either to song, speech or sermon, with any comfort. There are so many impertinent interruptions, so much absurd and ill-timed applause with rattans and umbrellas, so many rude boys knocking about in the galleries with heavy-heeled boots, such a rush for the door, before the cavatina, or even the benediction, is finished; in short, so much indecent

behavior of all sorts, that I get quite out of patience, at times. Such outrages wouldn't be tolerated a moment in Paris or London. Ah, Amphion, we Americans are but a semi-civilized set, for all our bragging and self-glorification; at least, in all matters of amusement.

Bel. My friend, I think you are rather severe upon your countrymen. But surely, you liked the singing.

W. the Elder. Oh, charming, charming. Rose de Vries's rendering of the boléro, from Leonora, was perfectly delicious.

Bel. And the music was worthy of the artist. Do you know, that I was very much surprised, after listening to such a specimen of it, to hear my neighbor say, that the opera in question, had been a complete failure?

W. the Elder. Failure? A most abominable misrepresentation. On the contrary, it was a signal success. But he took his cue, no doubt, from a statement to that effect, in one of our morning papers, a few days since. I saw the article, myself. It's disingenuousness was only equalled by its flippancy and conceit.

Bel. Well, I am glad to hear you say so; for I was thinking, at the time, that I should be very willing to have my name and fame identified with such a composition; and so, no doubt, would brother Amphion here, for all his laurels.

Amp. Yes, indeed.

W. the Elder. Well, under favor, Amphion, I don't think that, any very great compliment, myself; i. e. if the specimens which the lecturer gave us, of Grecian music, were genuine ones. They certainly seemed to me, far more calculated to disperse, than to draw crowds. How is it? Didn't he misrepresent you Thebans, somewhat, in this matter? Were those the bona fide strains of your day, or have we not yet got the hang of your notation? Be so good as to shed a little light on the subject.

Amp. I must confess that the specimens in question were frightfully near the truth. Our melodies were very different from friend Bellini's here. *Entre nous*, what little music I have picked up in my time, has been in other planets. The art was in a most aboriginal condition when I sang and twangled my lyre, in Boetia. Our tunes were hardly fit to slaughter hogs to, much less to accompany love-songs. Our greatest artists were those who could blow loudest and longest. Nine-tenths of the instruments in our orchestras, were instruments of percussion.

W. the Elder. What a sweet effect it must have produced!

Amp. To be first gong, in my time, was as great an honor as to be first fiddle now; and the man who could handle the cymbals

effectively, was pretty sure of an invitation to dinner, wherever he might be.

W. the Elder. Gongs and dinners are very apt to go together in our day.

Bel. In that connexion the instrument is not so bad; but it certainly is not the first I should select as the companion of my solitude, or the soother of my sorrows.

Amp. In truth, my dear friend, let me say, without going into any tedious details, that I have been alike surprised and delighted at the progress you mortals have made in the divine art since I was in the body.

W. the Elder. But how, in Euterpe's name, is it, Amphion, that you have got such a world-wide and lofty name amongst the children of men? We boys, you know, are accustomed to look up to you and Orpheus, and one or two others, as the great founders of song, the darlings of the Muses; the men who fascinated the very rivers away from their beds; who made the forests march after you in stately procession; who set the hills and mountains themselves dancing quadrilles and polkas, at your pleasure!

Amp. Ah, my friend, that's a matter that you and father Time must settle between yourselves. I am not responsible for his fibs; you know. But, Bellini, what became of you after the lecture? I stood in the corridor there, for nearly fifteen minutes, rap—rap—rapping with my ghostly knuckles, but you would not condescend to answer me.

Bel. I was summoned away to sup with some dear friends in Union Place. Where did you go?

Amp. I stopped in a few moments at the Broadway Theatre, on my way down to the Irving.

Bel. What were they performing?

Amp. The last scene of your own *Sonnambula*.

Bel. Ah, true. And, pray, how do you like *Alboni*?

Amp. I was delighted, of course. There were one or two little things, perhaps, that might have been mended. A little more pathos in the passages, just before waking, would have suited me better.

Bel. (*aside.*) She certainly is rather too round and jolly for tragedy.

Amp. That trill, too, of hers—full, strong, clear, sparkling as it was, beating any thing I ever heard before in earthly bird or female—nevertheless seemed rather inappropriate in a prayer. Still these were mere spots upon the sun. As a whole, it was a most charming version. You yourself would have been delighted with it, I am sure.

Bel. You prefer her to Sontag, then?

Amp. No, I don't say that. Each is delightful in her way. *Alboni* certainly has the advantage in youth and strength, and in the rare quality of her voice; but as to

method and culture, and personal attractions, most of the critics agree in conceding the palm to her rival. So, at least a mortal told me the other evening, at Niblo's.

Bel. There is quite a musical war going on in the town, they say, as to their merits.

Amp. I was sorry to hear it. Art is too sacred a thing to be thus made the theme of partisan warfare. Besides, the combatants, while they do no good to their cause, are only defrauding themselves of a great deal of genuine enjoyment, in giving way thus to their prejudices. Prejudices in art, indeed! I have no patience with them, any more than I have in religion. What if I find a good, warm, generous heart in a neighbor, am I to stop to count the articles of the creed he loves, before hailing its owner as a brother? No, no. And by the same rule, if I hear a good song, grandly sung, shall I not make the most of it, and applaud it, without stopping to inquire what particular planet or system it hails from? Out upon such narrow-mindedness, say I!

Bel. Spoken like the honest, old-fashioned musical ghost that you are.

Amp. But, confound it, Bellini, those *Sonnambula* times of yours were running in my head all night. Where did you pick up those spirit-haunting melodies? Do you know, I think that decidedly the finest of your earthly works.

W. the Elder. What, finer than *Norma*? Heresy, heresy!

Bel. You're certainly wrong there, Amphion.

Amp. Well, I supposed you would impeach my taste for the assertion. And yet, somehow or other, I am always more impressed by the other. Yes, that simple story of rustic love and grief, of truth and innocence, for a while cast down, only to triumph more sweetly at last—that old story, old as earth, to which every spectre-haunted village of every land hath borne witness from the beginning—never, never, till your day, was it wedded to such delicious strains. At least so it seems to me. It always goes right home to my old ghostly heart, I know. It takes me back to my early days, when I wandered, boy and lover that I was, among the groves of Boetia, listening to the singing of the birds and the gurgling of the brooks, and weaving posies for my true-love. And while birds sing, and brooks gurggle, and roses bloom, and hearts throb, will these same melodies of yours, my friend, be heard with rapture by mortals. Ah, Bellini, you were a lucky dog for being born when you were; when art could so multiply and scatter your sweet notes all over the planet. How different my destiny! I have, to be sure, a certain sort of traditional and mendacious fame, as my old friend here, said just now;

and I confess it is rather flattering to my ghostly vanity. But, after all, what signifies it? What record have I left behind me? What song of mine is any human being singing this hour? Not a line, not a note survives; while yours, where are they not heard? What highway or byway of the world is not familiar with them? In the palaces of kings, the saloons of jewelled dames, in every serenade of every city, out in the mid ocean, under the gentle moonlight, and along the borders of the obscurest streams—everywhere, everywhere are they welcome guests; and *will* be, my friend, while the old ball spins through space.

W. the Elder. Yes, indeed,

“Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
Or bosom sighs a vow;
Long as the wood-leaves rustle,
To cool a weary brow;

As long as roses blossom,
And earth is green in May;
As long as eyes shall sparkle,
And smile in pleasure’s ray;

As long as cypress shadows
The graves more mournful make,
Or one cheek’s wet with weeping,
Or one poor heart can break;”

so long will brother B.’s melodies be heard on earth.

Bel. Really, my dear friends, I am quite overwhelmed by the warmth of your language. It is far above my humble merits.

Amp. Not at all. We mean just what we say. But, my worthy host, where did you pick up those beautiful verses? Or are they of your own making?

W. the Elder. Mine? No, indeed. I saw them in a paper a day or two since.—They are part of a translation from the German, by a Boston friend of mine. He writes very sweet ones of his own, but has a particular penchant, when he stumbles over an exotic like this, to put it into English, for the benefit of his unlettered brethren. By the way, I saw in that same journal, if I mistake not, a discussion upon a point on which I should very much like, Amphion, to hear your views.

Amp. Ah, what is it?

W. the Elder. Simply this. Does the gradation in the scale of human intellect proceed from tone to color, or vice versa?

Amp. How’s that? How’s that?

W. the Elder. In other words, do you, with *Oersted*, class the visual sense above every other, and regard it as the recipient of man’s highest perceptions, or do you, with *Schilling*, give melody the precedence, and consider it the highest exponent of those same perceptions?

Amp. Well, as a musician, my prepossessions are, of course, with *Schilling*. As a ghost of truth, however, I am bound to tell

you that *Oersted* is right. But, my old friend, why do you trouble your head, at your time of life, with such subtleties as these? As if you mortals, too, *could* arrive at any valuable, satisfactory knowledge on such points! You are on the wrong side of the grave, my dear boy, for any such discussions. Better let them alone. Leave them to your hair-splitting, metaphysical German brethren. Stick to your good, old-fashioned, practical English notions. You’ll have to find out these mysteries, willy-nilly, before long. I might, if I saw fit, make some most startling disclosures to you on these and kindred subjects; but it would be neither becoming nor right in me, nor would it be for your own good. Such statements would only tease and excite you, and keep you awake; in a word, would quite unfit you for your appropriate duties and enjoyments here below.

W. the Elder. You decline any investigation of the subject, then, do you?

Amp. Emphatically, I do.

W. the Elder. Well, perhaps you’re right. All I got, I confess, by puzzling over the article alluded to, was a hot, throbbing brain, and little or no light.

Amp. And what better evidence could you have that you were wandering in forbidden paths? Take my advice, old friend, and abstain from all such speculations, unless you wish to spend the remnant of your days in an asylum.

Bel. Well, friends, I must be going.

W. the Elder. Why in such haste?

Bel. There is a choir of spirits waiting for me this very moment. I promised to meet them at rehearsal.

W. the Elder. What, a new opera on the tapis?

Bel. No, no. It is in reference to a hymn that I have just finished, and the composition of which, I assure you, has cost me no little labor. There is a *diminuendo* passage in it that I am particularly anxious about, and I wish to give my young friends some suggestions on the subject. And so, *addio amici*.

Amp. Wait a moment, Bellini, and I’ll go with you.

W. the Elder. Amphion.

Amp. Well?

W. the Elder. I have a little favor to ask of you. I hope you’ll not think my request an unreasonable one.

Amp. If it be at all practicable, my friend, I shall be proud to grant it. Let’s hear it.

W. the Elder. First then, let me tell you that I am the owner of property in the city of Thebes.

Amp. What, my old head-quarters? The deuce you are! You must be doing a large

business, to hold real estate so far from home.

W. the Elder. Hear me through, if you please. I am now speaking, not of the Egyptian, or the Boetian city, but of their namesake on, or rather, under the banks of the great Father of Waters.

Amp. Well, how am I interested in that fact?

W. the Elder. Have a moment's patience, my friend. The property in question, represented to me as a series of most eligible building lots, and having, indeed, a most cheerful and desirable aspect on the prettily colored map, from which I purchased it, has, nevertheless, one very bad feature about it.

Amp. And what may that be?

W. the Elder. Well, as I have already estimated, both it, and the adjacent Exchange, University, and Cathedral sites, have got into an awkward way of staying under water ninety-nine hundredths of their time.

Amp. That certainly is rather an unpleasant estate. But what good can I do in the premises?

W. the Elder. What good? Why, how dull you are, Amphion! I want you to apply your old-fashioned remedy for such complaints; to take that same magic lyre of yours, to the melody of which so many walls, and towers, and domes, and temples have risen, of yore, like exhalations, and proceed with it to the aforesaid property, and see if you cannot, by virtue of your sweet music, recall it to a sense of duty. I do not ask you to rear upon it a fac-simile of your own city, which would, of course, be out of place there; or even to put up a smart Western town on it; but simply to bring the land itself to the surface, and induce it, if you can, to remain, high and dry, the year round, and so, quietly come into market, and attract the attention of capitalists. Will you gratify me in this? Say you will, my dear fellow, and thus make, at once, your friend's heart beat lighter, and his porte-monnaie heavier.

Amp. I will, old boy—I will. Give me the directions, and I'll go to the spot instantaneously. Let me ask one little favor first, however, before taking my departure.

W. the Elder. Name it—name it.

Amp. Will you have the goodness to sing or whistle for me, the national air of your country? It may be of signal service to me on this expedition. Besides, I am curious to hear it, on other accounts. It is strange, by the way, that I have not heard it before, among the innumerable fine things I have seen and admired during my present flying visit. If it accord at all with your glorious lakes, your magnificent rivers, your world-feeding vallies, it must be a grand one. So, strike up, old gentleman, if you please.

W. the Elder. Most cheerfully. But, my

friend, you must know that there are two or three claimants for that honor. Of course, you would prefer to hear that which the people recognize most promptly, and applaud most tumultuously.

Amp. Certainly. So favor us at once, for I must not trifle any longer with brother Bellini's time.

(*W. the Elder undertakes to chant Yankee Doodle, but before he reaches the middle of the first stanza, both ghosts disappear most rapidly and unceremoniously.*)

THE CASE OF M. LIBRI.

The American Law Register published in this city is most ably conducted in all its features. The publishers, Messrs. D. B. Canfield & Co., determined, when they started, to make the *Register* the best thing of the kind ever published in the United States.—They have thus early, as we think, carried their point. We find in the pages of a late number a brief and pointed account of a most singular prosecution in France, which, by consent of the publisher, we present to our readers. It embraces the case of M. Libri, a distinguished French savan, member of the Institute, professor in the College of France, &c.

It seems that in 1846, the library of M. Libri, being noted not less for its size (32,000 volumes) than for its value, the *prefet de police* received two or three anonymous letters, charging Libri with two or three thefts of books from public institutions. A secret investigation was at once set on foot, which lasted till January, 1848, when it was discovered by him, and in an instant complaint of the indignity lodged with M. Guizot. The police authorities were called on to explain their conduct, and the result was a report to M. Guizot, which, it seems, that minister determined at once to dismiss, when unfortunately he was dismissed himself by the revolution of February, 1848. He fled to England, whither Libri, marked for popular vengeance on account of his adherence to Louis Philippe, by the advice of his friends, soon followed him. M. Arago, the head of the Provisional Government, had long been a consistent enemy of Libri, both on political and other grounds, and many of the party then in power shared the same feeling, without, perhaps, possessing Arago's magnanimity. At all events, the report was found among Guizot's papers, and on it was based a most violent persecution against the accused. His books, his property, his most private papers, were handed over to three experts, chosen from an association which (rightly or wrongly) Libri had never ceased to denounce in the most unmeasured terms.

As these gentlemen were paid by the day, they took two years and a half to make up their minds. As to the allegations of the anonymous letters, and the report thereon, they were found at once to be so ridiculously and malignantly untrue, as to compel their entire withdrawal by government. However, the experts at last got through their task, and the trial came on. M. Libri was dying in London, and he could not and would not appear. That is a matter of very little consequence, however, in French criminal jurisprudence: the presence of the prisoner generally serves only to disturb the unanimity of the Court, and in a land where the unities of the drama are so much valued, that is a very important thing. The trial went on very well without him, and he was found guilty of every thing alleged in the *proces-verbal*, and sentenced to a heavy fine and ten years imprisonment, with the usual *et ceteras* that are generally served up to a prisoner under such circumstances. The fine, we believe, was punctually collected: the government doubtless paid itself, for it had seized all his property; but Libri had received a summons to appear before a higher tribunal, and he died in exile, in poverty, and protesting to the last his entire innocence of the crimes laid at his door.

"To the weight of his protestations, most of the persons of eminence in Europe, whose opinions on such matters are worth having, have lent the weight of their convictions. An ex-chancellor of England has given his written opinion, not only of the innocence of the accused, but of the guilty conduct of the prosecution. We should be hardly credited, were we to detail the evidence on which he was accused of stealing books, which were still on the shelves of the libraries to which they belonged, and from which they had never been missing; of stealing books which had never been in his possession; of stealing books which never had any existence. Some of the allegations were most ludicrous. Libri was found guilty of stealing a translation of a work; evidence, he had a copy in the original tongue; he was charged with having stolen a quarto edition of a particular book; proof, he had a duodecimo. There were, it is true, other points in the case that were strongly urged against him; but they were triumphantly confuted; and there are very many features in his defence, that leave us utterly at a loss to imagine of what sort of stuff the heads and hearts of the judges could have been made. They must have put their syllogism thus: A has lost a cat; B has a cow; ergo, B has stolen A's cat.

"We disclaim any intention to treat this sad affair with levity. It is a little too serious for that. Setting aside the shocking picture of an innocent man, driven into a

felon's grave by the most wanton exertions of judicial tyranny, it has afforded us a sample of such French justice (which looks uncommonly like American injustice) as has caused us deep regret, and has displayed to us such an utter perversion of what we had always supposed to have been the first object of human laws, as we cordially hope never again to witness."

NIGHT AND MORNING OF THE SOUL.

NIGHT.

Night's inky pall hung o'er his soul;
All joy, all hope, with him had flown,
As slowly on the dark thought stole,
That he was in the world alone!
Ah, 'twas a dreadful state of woe;
Ah, 'twas a phrenzy wild and strong;
Ah, 'twas a grief but few can know,
That brooded o'er him deep and long.
In the still sadness of that hour,
Now dark, now light, with lurid flashes,
The throne of reason lost its power,
While tears congeal'd and turn'd to ashes.
Painful the present, sad and drear the morrow,
With none to share, with none to soothe his sorrow!

MORNING.

Yestere'en no ray shone far or near,
But like a tall oak lightning fired,
Mark'd with a black and withered sear,
He craved not life, nor death desired.
Just then, when gloom spread all around,
The softest sunshine pierc'd his soul,
Lifting his dull eyes from the ground,
Giving him joy beyond control
'Twas Magic, worked by Woman's might,
Whose sweet smiles marshall'd him to bliss,
Whose dark eyes shone serenely bright,
Rapturous past words whose kiss!
If words and kisses are but sound and breath,
Their mighty magic charm'd his hours till death!

ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

There are various reasons to conclude, that the ancient people who lived on the shores of the Red Sea were acquainted with an artificial mode of producing pearls; and this opinion is additionally confirmed by the method now in use among the modern Chinese, who retain, with a few alterations, the arts and customs of their ancestors. Pearl oysters, at certain seasons of the year, congregate in considerable numbers on the surface of the water, where they open their shells, and enjoy the influence of the sun. At this period, the Chinese fishermen throw into each of them a small string of beads, formed of mother-of-pearl, which, becoming incrustated in the course of a few months, present the appearance of real pearls. As soon as this curious process is supposed to be completed, the muscles are drawn up, and robbed of the treasures which they contain. The truth of

this extraordinary statement may be implicitly relied on; it is confirmed by the testimony of respectable travellers, and the result of various experiments; to which Professor Fabricius adds the testimony of having seen, in the possession of Sir Joseph Banks, several Chinese Chamæ, in the shells of which were contained bits of iron wire, covered with a substance of a pearly nature. These wires had evidently once been sharp, and it seemed as if the sagacious muscles, anxious to secure themselves against the intrusion of such unwelcome visitors, had incrustated, and thus rendered blunt, the points with which they came in contact. May not, therefore, the process employed by the ancients be still practised? And are we not authorised in conjecturing, that these bits of iron, which probably had slipped from the hands of the Chinese workmen, and remained in the animals, resembled the spikes noticed by Philostratus as being used by the ancient people who inhabited the banks of the Red Sea for the purpose of pricking muscles.

FRAGMENT TO ———.

Though my heart with anguish burn,
And my brow with dampness hang,
The music of thy voice shall turn
The torture of each rising pang.

Thou shalt be my angel guide,
O'er life's waste and desert drear;
Nor could I ask for aught beside,
My lonely pilgrimage to cheer.

Then, when on the grassy sod,
I lay my limbs at last to die,
Oh may my soul ascend to God,
And may my death-dirge be thy sigh!

BIZARRE AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY MEMORIAL.—The Harpers have recently published a royal octavo of 504 pages, with this title. It contains biographical and historical sketches, and is very beautifully illustrated. The heroes and heroines of the book are truly heroes and heroines; those who have devoted their lives, and, in many instances, given themselves up willing sacrifices to the best of all causes; the cause of the Cross. Then they are confined to no particular church; Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians, they struggled for one cause; and this record of their lives and services may be read with equal interest by all denominations. In other words, this is no sectarian book, but a book in which all christians can and should feel an interest. The engravings—by Lossing and Barrett—consist of thirty-three, and are executed in a truly masterly style of art.—There are also twenty-five fac-similes of

letters, &c., which constitute a very interesting feature. The volume was prepared by Rev. H. W. Pierson, while, as he states, detained at home by ill health from an African mission, to which he had been appointed. He well and prettily says, "I have gathered a nosegay of culled flowers, and brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them." Truly must his work have been delightful, at the same time it was, without a question, laborious. We could wish to say much more about this volume, but our limits forbid. Possibly we shall hereafter return to it again, when we will indulge in many thoughts which it has generated in our mind.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE, from the Fall of Napoleon to the accession of Louis Napoleon—part one—just published by the Harpers, lies before us in a pretty pea-green cover, and exhibits altogether a very handsome ensemble. It is the first portion of a large work intended to form a continuation of the "History of Europe" already before the world. As at present projected, it is to consist of five volumes, and will conduct the general history of Europe from 1815 down to the present year. This period is divided into five portions, each of which is to occupy a volume. The first commences with the entry of the Allies into Paris after the Fall of Napoleon, and terminates with the passing of the Currency Act in England, in 1819, and the great creation of peers in the democratic interest during the same year in France.—The second is to extend from 1819 to the French Revolution of 1830;—the third to embrace the Reform Bill agitation in England, and ending with the overthrow of the Whig Ministry in 1841;—the fourth to reach from 1841 to the great revolutionary movement of 1848;—and the fifth, to comprehend the development of that movement to the present year. The volume now published, treating of the period from 1815 to 1819, is composed of six chapters:—Chap. i. being a general and introductory "Sketch of the whole period from the Fall of Napoleon to the Accession of Louis Napoleon;"—Chap. ii., an account of the "History of England from the Peace of 1815 to the end of the year 1816;"—Chap. iii., an account of the "History of France from the Second Restoration of Louis the Eighteenth to the *coup-d'état* of September, 1816;"—Chap. iv., a continuation of English History "from the commencement of 1817 to the repeal of the Bank Restriction Act in 1819;"—Chap. v., a critical account of the "Progress of Literature, Science, the Arts, and Manners in Great Britain" since the Peace of 1815;—and Chap. vi., a continuation of French History "from the *coup-d'état* of September, 1816 to the Creation of Peers in 1819." Sir Archibald writes like a partizan as he is, and a partizan of the most

ultra Tory stamp. He sees nothing but through Tory spectacles, and as one may naturally expect, everything he talks about is tinged with Toryism. As a London critic justly says, "the present volume is essentially a Tory history of the years 1815—1819." He talks with real gusto of "the horrors of revolutionary passions" which the spirit of the present age is rather disposed to express in more proper terms, as the natural effects of natural progress, where despotism seeks to oppose its onward march. The style of this volume, like all those which have preceded it, is verbose, diffuse, as tiresome in elegant precision as a perfumed old bachelor dandy, who has devoted himself during a long life of leisure to a practice of unadulterated Chesterfieldianism; who has had nothing to do from his cradle upwards, but study artificiality of dress, manner, and conversation, and learn to behave himself with the most unscrupulous propriety. No one can help respecting the moral elevation of sentiment which the old beau exhibits, but at the same time he is a precious bore, with his everlasting, very proper bow, his smooth, monotonous, very correct speech, his fatiguing punctiliousness and exact etiquette. To say that there are not very interesting passages in the volume, would be absurd. The times spanned by the historian's pen demand the interest of the reader, and are treated of, often with decided power. What we have said of sentiment and particularly of style, must be understood as spoken in a general sense. Touching the general survey of literature and art, which is made in the volume, we agree with a London critic who says:—"What other historian than Sir Archibald Alison would have selected the year 1819 as the point in English History at which a general survey should be given of the progress of English thought and literature from the year 1815 to 1852—that survey including men and women, some of whom had not been born in 1819, and almost all of whom belong by their activity to our own epoch? What historian but Sir Archibald Alison would have given us, as appropriate and timely, after the history of the Currency Debates of 1819, a general view of English art and literature, including not only Scott, and Byron, and Paley, and Malthus, and Bentham, and Coleridge, but Grote, and Napier, and Lord Mahon, and Arnold, and Carlyle, and Mr. Warren, and Monckton Milnes, and Disraeli, and Professor Aytoun, and Sir Bulwer Lytton, and Miss Helen Faucit, all strung together, as if half-a-century of literary developement might be looped up anyhow, and the succession of eminent persons belonging to it hung double across the peg of any year taken at random?" Touching the tendency of things shadowed forth by the author, and bearing upon what he deems political errors, we shall

say no more than we have done. His surmises as to a second dispersion of the human race, may or may not be well founded; there is certainly reason to believe that the star of empire is rapidly coursing its way hitherward. Yet England is still destined, we opine, to hold for centuries her present magnificent power and prominence, despite Mr. Alison's bug bear, free trade.

HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION OF MONARCHY IN FRANCE.—We have read the third volume of this history, by Lamartine, and just published by the Harpers, and with unqualified satisfaction. It speaks out boldly and plainly, despite the hushing monitions of authority in France. Truly, in the language of another, "while the coteremporaneous literary voices of France are growing daily more subservient, or more silent, the bolder becomes the tone and moral accusation of Lamartine; the keener and loftier grows his historical judgment of the men who contributed to, and of the events which constituted the drama of Napoleon's fall. His pen is as fearless as if the press of France was free. He calls things by their right names, and does not stop to select the mildest epithets of denunciation. He is not one-sided, not French unreasonable; but he views causes and effects with quite an impartial eye." There is a rather romantic tendency in his description; but one readily strikes below the surface of this drapery and touches the substantial fact, which one seeks. Skillful drawing and rich coloring are equally characteristics of Lamartine. We see Napoleon as he was, now with irresolution and hourly change of purpose, and now with iron will, driving onward to the fulfilment of destiny. Truly, upon the whole, is this volume a most delightful one, and we regret extremely that we have not more space to devote to a notice of its brilliant features in the order of their development. Lamartine has clearly shown that he was never made for a politician, but as a beautiful thinker and close observer, as one who embraces all the characteristics of a fine historical story-teller, few if any now living surpass him.

MACAULEY'S SPEECHES—just published by Redfield, in two elegant volumes of some 400 pages each, form a most valuable addition to the library. They are now for the first time brought together, being reprinted in a connected and complete series from Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. They embrace the whole of the eminent orator's parliamentary course from 1830 to the present time. Among the best in the collection, are his speeches on the Reform Bill, in which it is well known he particularly distinguished himself, and in which he took bold ground in favor of the extension of suffrage, the principles of representation, and other questions of popular mo-



ONE OF THE LAURA MATILDAS
OF THE MAGAZINES.

ment. A preface, pointed and well-written, opens the volume in notice, wherein a brief sketch of the life of Macauley is given. Mr. Francis describes the personal manner of Macauley as a speaker. He says his voice is "monotonous, pitched in alto, shrill, pouring forth words with inconceivable velocity—a voice well adapted to give utterance with precision to the conclusion of the intellect, but in no way naturally formed to express feeling or passion." His face he describes as "literally instinct with expression; the eye, above all, full of deep thought and meaning." He adds, that in statue he is short and stout.

WOODWORTH'S AMERICAN MISCELLANY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE, is the title of a handsomely printed volume for young folks, which comes to us from Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston. The illustrations are many, and generally speaking, rather coarsely exe-

cuted; it answers well, however, we presume, to carry out the purpose of the author, which seems to be to give a little information about everybody and everything, with a picture to match, good when it may be found, and poor, if good is not handy. He enjoys no little reputation in his peculiar line, and we trust the series of which this is understood to be an initial volume, may be widely circulated.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS TIMES, by GUIZOT.—The Harpers have published a very handsome volume, embracing 360 pages, with this title. It is an essay on the life and works of Shakespeare, which appeared for the first time as an introduction to a French edition of the great dramatist's writings, published at Paris in 1821. This edition, M. Guizot states, was based upon the translation of Shakespeare's plays, commenced in 1776, by Le Tourneur, which gave rise to so much ani-

mated dispute in the literary world, particularly in the correspondence of Voltaire and La Harpe. Guizot has a full and perfect appreciation of the genius of Shakspeare. In this, however, his countrymen, as a general thing at least, cannot join with him; for no man, woman or child, who does not thoroughly understand our language, can fully appreciate the immortal bard of Avon.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE for February, is, if possible, an improvement on the January number, certainly as to the variety of its contents; and our periodical literature may well be said to be looking up, when such a classic work as this finds favor, as we understand it does. The age is not all given over to froth; there is still some taste for substantial. A feature in Putnam, by the way, which we greatly affect, is that portion of it devoted to editorial notes of foreign and domestic literature and art. Success to *Putnam*, with all our heart, say we. A word more, but touching publishers, and not magazine. They are enterprising, liberal, clever, just calculated to be popular both with the editorial corps and the public. Their books are beautifully executed in all respects, while they embrace the very best quality of authorship. The Semi-Monthly Library series, commenced by them a year since, has been completed; a second, however, will shortly be commenced, and no doubt will be received quite as favorably as the first. The design of the work is an admirable one, and has been sustained to the letter throughout its whole progress.

MY NOVEL.—The affecting, skilful, and just peroration of "My Novel," was alone required to establish it as one of the most beautiful, dignified, and healthful works of fiction that has ever been produced in any era or language. It is immeasurably superior to "The Caxtons," itself a remarkable book. "My Novel," in fact, we take to be the work of the age; though a fiction, it is as instructive as any essay upon life, morals, or manners, as has ever been written, whilst it glows at the same time with the most cheerful interest and salutary entertainment. Where the English language will be read, and so long indeed as any literature of the present or past ages, will survive the shoals of Time, we believe this book will be universally studied, and pronounced emphatically, indeed, by each reader, "My Novel."

THE EXPERIENCE OF LIFE, is the title of a story by Miss E. M. Sewell, author of "Amy Herbert," "Gertrude," and two or three other works of note. It is a well-told tale, and one may read it both with pleasure and profit. There are a few who, in order to obtain a knowledge of human nature, require to read experiences like the one in notice. Generally speaking, however, and particu-

larly in a country like ours, we all pretty well know the cares and anxieties, as well as the pleasures incident to making way in the world; and hence are well booked up as to life and its chequered scenes.

GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.—This is the title of a very excellent and useful little book of 408 pages, which the Appletons have just published, consisting of a collection of useful and familiar questions and answers on every day subjects, adapted to the minds of young persons. It is from the pen of Eliza Robbins, author of *Popular Lessons*, and is calculated to impart much very useful knowledge to the rising generation.

DAY DREAMS, a tastefully executed little volume, made up of thoughts and fancies of varied character, expressed in very chaste style, comes to us from Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of our city. The author is Martha Allen, and this is her maiden-effort, it would seem. It promises well for the future of the author, and will be received, we doubt not, with cordial welcome by the lovers of the style of works to which it belongs. It is pretty, really very pretty, both in thought and expression; and one passes over its smooth pages, picking here and there a sentiment of the choicest quality, while all along there is something to please the heart, if not to improve the mind.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.—This very handsome volume, from the press of Lippincott, Grambo & Co., we are happy to learn, is well received by the public. It tells the story of our glorious star-spangled banner, and in a most interesting manner. The author—Lieut. Schuyler Hamilton—hit upon a happy thought, when he conceived the idea of this beautiful little book, for it promises to become one of standard character; and his name as an author will thus be handed down to posterity in connexion with an object which all Americans love.

THE TELL-TALE, OR HOME SECRETS, is the title of a small volume of 262 pages, which Messrs. Philips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, have lately published. It is from the pen of the author of the celebrated story entitled "Sunny Side," a fact which must in itself ensure for it a ready demand.

HESTER SOMERSET, a reprint of an English novel, has been recently issued by A. Hart, of this city. We have not had time to read it ourselves, but those who have done so, speak of it most favorably. The scene is laid in London, and the incidents are of a stirring and varied character.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of our city, have issued the 20th part of the excellent Abbotsford edition of Waverley, containing the "Chronicles of Cannongate." They have also published, in beautiful style,

Mr. Moran's "Footpaths and Highways," extracts from which we have given in our pages while passing through the press. This work is destined to be received with the warmest favor. The author is a gentleman of fine talents, and the views he gives were gathered from the closest personal observation of all he talks about. We shall notice his book more at length hereafter.

The Illustrated News states that Mr. Geo. Tucker, of Virginia, but now living in our city, and best known since his retirement from the University of Virginia by his "Life of Thomas Jefferson," is engaged in the composition of a History of the United States.—The same paper gives the following rather spicy hit at a humbug which we have also noticed as it deserved; not, however, without receiving evidences of the "distinguished consideration of the publishers," in the shape of highly complimentary messages, &c.

"The National Portrait Gallery, first published some eighteen years ago in this city, is being reissued in Philadelphia, under the editorship of a person without any capacity for his duties, and with little honesty. The biographical sketches, which were written in the first place by men of high character, are altered without judgment, and a shameless system of literary thieving leaves the reader in continual doubt as to the authorities upon which he is expected to receive the statements of events, and the opinions which the book contains in its present shape. Some ridiculous additions are also made to the subjects of the biographies. It is to be regretted that the reputation of such a work should be thus ruined."

The London Athenæum says that a far greater number of volumes of American literature have been sold in England during the year 1852, than of English literature in America. In 1834 the publications of English and American works here bore the relation: 198 English to 260 American. In 1852 the relation stood as follows: English, 247; American, 690. Thus the American originals have nearly trebled, while the reprints remain very much the same in number as they were nineteen years since.

The gentleman who reviewed New Themes for the Protestant Clergy, and who was answered by its author, is preparing a review of that review, which will shortly be issued from the press of Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co. New Themes has brought out a vast deal of talent in its defence, as well as in its condemnation. Uncle Tom himself will be outdone, at least so far as our own atmosphere is concerned, if the fever excited by New Themes continues.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe has lately received, from her publishers, Messrs. Jewett & Co., of Boston, the sum of \$10,000, this being her

second payment as copy-right on Uncle Tom's Cabin, making upwards of \$20,000 received by her in nine months! That Uncle Tom has been worth a whole plantation of negroes to his mistress.

The gentleman to replace Mr. Empson in the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*, is Mr. George Cornewall Lewis—long the Whig Financial Secretary at the Treasury—and on three occasions the unsuccessful candidate for election into the present Parliament.

A. Hart, of this city, sends to our table, numbers eight, nine and ten of his cheap republication of the "Waverly Novels." We publish in our pages a spirited extract from a new revolutionary story which this worthy publisher has in press, and which we think is destined to make a noise.

"Fun and Earnest," lately published by John S. Taylor & Co., New York, from the pen of the writer of the admirable series of Spiritual Dialogues in our pages, is very favorably noticed by the press, in all parts of the country. The *North American* of this city highly commends it.

Graham and Godey for February are superb numbers. The former contains an article on Uncle Tom, literature by the editor, entitled "Black Letters," which is remarkably spirited. We thank the latter for its very kind notice of BIZARRE.

G. P. Putnam & Co. of New York, are to publish an Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition of Industry of all Nations, shortly to be opened in New York.

A new work, by the author of "Jane Eyre," is announced in London. It will be caught up with great greediness.

An amusing work, forthcoming in London, under the title of "Autobiography of an English Soldier in the United States Army," will shortly be published in this country.

Putnam's Magazine is down very hard upon Mr. William Furness' "Land of the Caesar and Doge." No harm done to critic; a little wind knocked out of author.

MULE TRACKS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

No country in the world is at present more interesting, whether in a political, geographical or commercial point of view, than this same South America, whose history is all modern like our own, and unlike our own, in that its destiny is yet to be revealed. As a nation we are more interested in it than most people may imagine. The eventful crisis when we shall tell upon the conformation—so to speak—of its government and its people, has yet scarcely arrived. All political conjecture is involved in uncertainty; but for obvious reasons we are entitled to entertain

very sure grounds of speculation. We look to a continued series of causes already beginning to operate; to the decadence, in this hemisphere, of the influence and control of three predominant powers of Europe; to the inseparable connection, commercially, of South America with ourselves, and to the exaltation of its people and the more full development of its resources through this unforced alliance. No pacific system of government is yet known to these American States; their moral and local circumstances interfere with their advancement or aggrandizement. A temporary enthusiasm, in one day excited, in one night repressed, is the chief though unacknowledged directive influence. The origin and foundation of this enthusiasm is in romantic expectations; no desire for or appreciation of real blessings. The taxes imposed in South America, under its various governments, though little more than nominal, are really high. The tendency and nature of their taxes, is to impoverish further a people already impoverished. Projected revolutions, desperate endeavors to effect these, absorb all the money that can be collected, all the proceeds of bonds disposed of, whether in good or bad faith. Such a country and such a people! Vigilance that would make timely, but poverty that cannot make formidable preparations against exterior or domestic enemies, in its governments! Patriotism displayed on the volunteer system of going over to the man most likely to succeed! Almost the utter impossibility of any one enemy permanently succeeding in the project of invading and subduing any large tract of country, demonstrated from consideration of obvious circumstances, yet however limited and incomplete the conquest, a conquest ruinous to the lower classes of the people. The name of South America is leagued in our minds to embarrassments that in themselves cannot be more than temporary, but that, in uninterrupted succession seem perpetual. When will the effects of commerce be exhibited in its general improvement? It is trade and commerce alone, on a vast and unprecedented scale, employing all available effort, and opening up to view a real and prosperous future, that, in combination with existing organizations, can maintain internal tranquility, and effectually resist foreign aggression. Never was a country so susceptible of improvement. In place of barren rocks, rude and extended alluvial plains; in place of dry and scorchy deserts, rivers that flow almost from sea to sea, with branches that look to the physical geographer like the world's great arteries. Our steamers already are moving up the magnificent Magdalena; the Venezuelan vessels on the Orinoko already give way to paddle wheels and screws; the Amazon, that

giant of streams, already heaves under the pressure of our good pine bottoms, and a favorable opportunity presents itself for the exertion of hitherto latent national energies. We shall see what we shall see.

The region of country, which, on all accounts, seems to demand the greatest interest, is the Caraccas, a large mountainous district in Venezuela. Our landing in boats is effected with some inconvenience. As on the ports of the Indian ocean, our boat is lifted on a high beating surf, and borne towards a parallel line of stairs, on which, at each approach, one or two of our company succeeded in landing; borne off and on, we are all presently assured of a firm hold upon Caraccas. Earthquakes, sliding mules, precipitate ascents and descents, the attacks of guerrillas, the impostures of cicerones, the bites of snakes, and the annoyances of government officials are our own look-out. Reals, medias and quartillas are in requisition for custom-house, for portage and for muleteering. Make up further your mind to travel for some two thousand miles; with your diet, and all utensils of cooking, on a mule's back. Get who you can to go with you. Some Sancho Panza is sure to offer himself, and now, heigh-ho! the saints befriend you on your perilous journey! Through the numberless short streets and narrow lanes of Laguayra, you push your way; your *newness* presumes opulence, and you must almost be out of sight before free from importunate solicitations of all kinds. You reach the last postern gate, where the broad-shouldered, muscular, oval-faced guards, with collars, cuffs and short facings of yellow, blue and red, demand from the *Sénor*, out of their leather caps and lean, lank hair—*una real*. At this moment your guide gives your animal a thwack which jerks you at a nimble pace on to the high road to Maguieta—a little village in a little cove, the site of which is delightful. An evening here with musical performances, and the civilities of a people as graceful in their attentions as they are in dancing, may reconcile you, in some way, to the jagged path beyond. To avoid the heat of day, we set out at midnight. Intrepid riders, as we are, we take the mountain road, now over rocks, and now over a moist and slippery clay, indented by the mule track. Hold back! An awful chasm—sixty feet down. Like fairy-work, a light draw-bridge starts under our feet at the very moment when our animals seemed pawing the unfathomed gloom. Were day to light up this tremendous ravine, you would see it clothed with verdure, as though the opened earth might disclose but huge layers of rich vegetation, or—to use a highly figurative expression—life on the very verge of death. Northward we hear the roll

of ocean, and on the heights palm trees repose against the leaden sky. Springs of limpid water, coffee plantations, scattered forest trees, and natural hedges, compose the scenery till we reach the Venta Grande, 3,800 feet above the level of the sea. Art thou a scholar in Castilian, and thou shalt enjoy thy repast. Void of it, even to thy hungry stomach what taste can have chocolate, coffee, fruit, sweetmeats, and cakes? But wine! There you have it. In virtue of the nectar held by these tall, slim glasses, one may forget all his deficiencies, and drink with glistening eye to the manes of Bolivar and liberty. A thousand feet are yet above us. Our guide has tales to tell of this spot. Descend the mountain, we shall get a new view of Caraccas. A beautiful spectacle! Stretching from the mountain foot to the lowest part of the valley, wide streets crossing at right angles, lofty buildings throwing out their shadows in the face of the rising day, fields of yellow sugar cane and waving barley, orange grove, and meadows of green maize all around—a stream of sweet waters, having their source in neighboring vales, running near, and a hill on the right bank of the Guayra, clothed with verdure to its very top—all this, two thousand feet beneath us, is worth the sight! What are you doing up here, most grave ecclesiastio, with your silk cassock and broad-brimmed hat? Here is a taste to your reverence of a flask of brandy. How far are we above the level of the sea? Two thousand feet!

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM PATRICK HENRY.

We have been favored with a peep into the portfolio of autographs of one of our most indefatigable collectors. Its richness consists not in an innumerable host of *signatures*, but in its assemblage of long, perfect, and deeply interesting (and, moreover, *in-edited*.) letters of distinguished historical characters. Enough valuable and new matter is embodied in these MSS to form almost a foundation for a new history of the United States. The owner of these rare literary treasures, has generously accorded us permission to make certain extracts therefrom, and we commence immediately, by now first presenting to the public an original, authenticated, and *hitherto unpublished* letter of PATRICK HENRY. It will be followed soon by a long and most extraordinary letter of JOHN QUINCEY ADAMS.

LETTER FROM PATRICK HENRY TO RICHARD HENRY LEE.

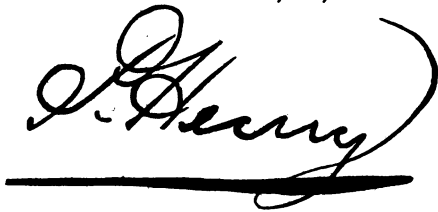
Williamsburgh, July 16, 1778.

My Dear Sir—I very sincerely thank you for yours of the 9th. Your correspondence

is indeed highly pleasing and profitable to me, at all times, but more especially so at a period so critical and interesting as the present. I can repay you in news only by telling you of the report here.

On the 5th instant, a firing commenced at sea off our eastern shore, and continued until four o'clock in the morning. It is said that 16 French ships took two English men-of-war, sunk two, and run another on shore. A second report says that eight French ships engaged two English, and took one only. But it is confidently said the French are gone to New York, hearing the enemy have abandoned Philadelphia, and took pilots to conduct them there. Is not this the Count D'Esclaine?—and will he not be in danger when the British are reinforced by their ships on the American station? What pity we have not fortified harbors! I am extremely sorry that I advised the captain of the Lion (from Connecticut) to suspend his purchasing tobacco till the return of my express, who, by the bye, I can hear nothing of. Although 10,000 dollars was all Congress might know they owed him, yet his whole cargo was sold to their agents, whose bills he has. I tremble to think of the consequences of such an influx of money. Pray, try to avoid it, and encourage the barter, which I pray for Capt. Mitchell's account, as well as the States. Tobacco will get up above all reason, the trade be discouraged by the long detention, charges, &c., and our money be worse than nothing. Mr. Trancy can't carry out one half the tobacco he has, and must leave that he gets from this State, or that he has from Congress. All our quantity engaged for him at present, is ready. Farewell, my dear sir.

Yours, &c.,



EDITOR'S SANS-SOUCI.

—Thackeray's last lecture in our city, on Saturday the 29th ult., was delivered to a larger audience, if possible, than any which had before greeted him. The course has generally given the greatest satisfaction. Approval has not been without exception; on the contrary, we have heard some persons denounce the lecturer and lectures in the most emphatic manner. A gentleman—learned of course—told us that "Smollett;

Hogarth and Fielding" was common-place; while "Steele and the Times of Queen Anne," was "twaddle!" Twaddle, thought we! Ah! we should delight to write such twaddle. How decidedly our critic might rise in everybody's estimation but his own—he can't get any higher in that—if he could only just deliver himself of one instalment of such "twaddle!" Twaddle becomes excellent good sense, when sealed with Thackeray's sign-manual. We cannot understand twaddle as twaddle, when fathered by Thackeray. It might be genuine with Tupper for a progenitor—Tupper, whose name seems to be the synonyme of tuppenny—but never was twaddle, *genuine twaddle*, when it ran away, in heavy strokes and hair strokes, from the pen of the author of "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis." Thackeray has been dinnered, suppered, and continually during his sojourn among us; we presume very much to his satisfaction. At some places he has naturally got more canvass backs and terrapins than brains, while at others the preponderance has been decidedly in favor of the brains. Fortunately Thackeray can appreciate either. We have heard of his giving offence to a party of the former stamp, by what has since then been boldly pronounced "a rank piece of snobism;" but we shall not say how or where, more specifically than we have done.

—The adulteration of wines is carried on to a large extent at Cette, in the south of France. As Mr. Reach says, in his "Claret and Olives," a Cete industrial will write with the greatest coolness over his Port Chochere—"Ici on fabrique des vins"—here wines are made; all the wines in the world, too. You can order Johannisburgh or Tokay, the Falernian of the Romans, or the very nectar of Olympus, and your order is answered, honored, and yet dishonored. The people of Cete are great chemists. They use as the basis of their operations, the wines of South Spain, inferior Bordeaux, and the hot and fiery Rhine wines. Reach says, they will doctor you up bad Bordeaux with violet powders and rough cider, color it with cochineal and tumsolo, and vow to you that it is Chateaux Margeau, vintage '25. Champagne they make by hogsheads. No doubt our markets are well supplied with these vile concoctions of the Cete people.

—Sir D. Brewster, at a late scientific meeting in England, said, it might be mentioned, as a fact, that different parts of the body fall asleep at different times; and it might, perhaps, be argued by analogy that different parts of the brain fall asleep at different times. It was a fact equally well known, that different parts of the body get intoxicated sooner than others. First, the eyes begin to glaze, then the tongue to get

flabby, then the muscles begin to give way in the arms, then the limbs, and so on.—Experiments have also recently been made to ascertain the different sensitiveness of various parts of the human body, by means of a pair of compasses. At a distance of only one-eighth of an inch between the legs of the compasses, the two points will be distinguished on some parts of the body, whilst on the back the effect will be that of only one point, unless the compass is stretched several inches.

—Moustaches may now be worn in our army, as will be seen by the following:

"GENERAL ORDERS."

Head Quarters of the Army, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, Jan. 6th, 1853.

Paragraph 218, of the 'Regulations for the Uniform and Dress of the Army' (General Orders, No. 31, 1851) is amended as follows:—The beard to be worn at the pleasure of the individual, but when worn, to be kept short and neatly trimmed.

By command of Major General Scott.

S. COOPER, Adj. General."

—The Austrian Government has given orders that whenever a serious accident shall occur on any of the state lines of railroads, a daguerreotype shall be immediately taken of the train and all its circumstances, so far as these can be copied pictorially. For this purpose, the needful apparatus will be sent to every station on the lines. The object of the picture caught at the moment, is to know who is to blame.

—The "Luigia Miller" of Verdi has succeeded but moderately at the Italian Opera of Paris. Among the musical pieces which are the most commended, is an unaccompanied *Quatuor*. The singing of Mdle. Cruvelli is praised, and her acting is credited with some expressive pathos and more violence. Signori Valli and Susini are animadverted on as having sung very badly.

—Francis Madiat, imprisoned with his wife at Florence, on the charge of reading the Bible, has died in the galleys. The *London Times* thinks Madiat was poisoned; for some time before his death, he indicated an impaired intellect. His wife still remained in durance. This is the nineteenth century, they say!

—William Empson, (better known as Prof. Empson, and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*,) died on the 10th instant, at the East India College, Haileybury, in his sixty-third year; the immediate cause of his death being a ruptured blood-vessel.

—It is stated that tickets for Ole Bull's concert in Norfolk, sold as high as \$8, and the principal seats quickly commanded \$3 and \$4. The Norwegian certainly wears well.

—Letters from Palermo announce that the eruption of Etna had entirely ceased.—Since the night of the 17th of November the crater has exhibited only a faint light.

—The skaters have been out in crowds lately, on the Schuylkill above Fairmount, and many of our citizens have gone out there, to witness their sports. Skating is a delightful and health-giving amusement. The tumbles which one now and then gets, are punctuations in the chapter of incidents, rather bad to take; but, nevertheless, quite useful in creating a striking variety. Lake skating in the interior of New York State is truly exhilarating, for there you have some times a sixteen or twenty mile sweep in which to flourish. We recollect once to have seen a certain gentleman of our size, cutting up all sorts of antics on one of those immense sheets of ice, when, *horrible dictu!* his feet slipped out from under him, and he came down upon his back. Then was there a shock felt the whole country round. Some thought there had been an earthquake. The individual who caused the shock, saw many stars, even though it was mid-day. They twinkled with provoking distinctness.

—“Schnapps,”—everybody is talking about the wonderful Schiedam Schnapps, and its universal curative qualities. It is considered the very medicine of all medicines. All diseases yield to its influences. Dr. Jenkins declares it has kept off his gout; Mrs. Goodfidget knows it has cured her “neurology;” Miss Spinstewick hasn’t had a chill since she took the first wine glass full; Capt. Steady’s “tremulosity” is quite overcome by it; the Rev. Mr. Mainelaw talks all day long of its wonderful effects in cases of *mania a potu*. Everybody praises Schnapps. Our great-aunt Kesiah, says it does her more good than anything she ever took. It sets her right up. She couldn’t get on without a thimble full or so, every hour or two. She sweetens it with the best loaf sugar. “Deary me!” exclaimed she one day, “I never saw a medicine which made me feel so good; it destroys pains in the stomach, head, feet, hands, everywhere, so quickly. Old Mernangahela, the real Conyhaek, comes nearest to it, except the real Hollands; and that’s the very thing itself!” Wonderful Schnapps!

—The Philharmonic Society gave their second concert on Monday evening, when Mrs. Georgina Stewart, Mrs. Laura Jones, and Signor Arnoldi were introduced to the public. The two former were strangers to Philadelphia—the latter has often sung in opera and at concerts. The orchestra, under the accomplished B. Carr Cross, acquitted themselves admirably, and the whole entertainment was highly agreeable. We have heard much better singing, but let that pass. Your Jenny Linds, your Sontags, your Albonis, your Salvis, and your Benedettis, cannot be always at hand. The managers of the Philharmonic deserve credit for the excellent variety of artists which they in-

troduced to us. For our part, we thank them cordially—Col. Waterman, the admirable President, included—for the pleasure which they have afforded us.

—The great features of Signor Perelli’s last soirée, were the accomplished brunette contralto, to whom we particularly alluded in our notice of a previous entertainment, and a well-known soprano, who has again and again been complimented for her genius and taste. These young ladies are certainly the most finished amateur performers in the city, if not in the country. The former repeated the Polka aria from “*Le Tre Nozze*,” which she rendered so exquisitely at the first soirée; while the latter treated the company among other fine selections, to Carl Eckhart’s Swiss Song. Both of these it will be remembered Sontag sang, and most divinely. We missed the charming blonde of the west bank of the Schuylkill; she of whom more than one young admirer can say,

“My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up—” while the lovely and spirituelle Philadelphia Lind, as she has been called, was a spectator and not a performer on this occasion.

—We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Warden, the clever ballad singers, so often noticed by us in connection with the exhibition of Perham’s Seven Mile Mirror, propose concertizing throughout the country during the coming few weeks. We trust and believe they will do well. The gentleman has a sweet voice, which he manages well, while the lady sings in good taste whatever she attempts.

—A writer tells us that the plural style of speaking (“we”) among kings, was begun by King John of England, A. D. 1119. The German and French sovereigns were first to follow the example of King John, in 1200. When editors commenced saying “we,” we do not know.

—A writer in one of our city papers signs an article advocating reforms in the Navy, “Steti”—which a friend at our elbow intimates may in future contributions be changed to “Statum;” as the arguments offered are well calculated to start ‘um—that is, the public—in favor of the points assumed. You who can conjugate a Latin verb, may laugh!

—Among the multitude of advertisements relating to the Duke of Wellington in the *London Times* was the following:—“The widow of a clergyman, possessing several genuine letters of his grace, is open to an offer.” This is very delicately put, and should lead to something definite.

—Paul Jullien has, it is said, accepted an engagement for two years to return to Europe, and to perform in London early in May next.

—An Egyptian museum is now on exhibition in New York city, the property of Dr. Henry Abbott, which embraces unquestionably one of the largest, as well as one of the most curious collections in the world. Among the curiosities are the following:—Bricks made without straw, by the children of Israel—the stone head of the Pharaoh of Exodus (Thothmes III. of Egyptian history;) the iron helmet and part of the scale armor of Shishak, who reduced Jerusalem under Rehoboam, as mentioned in 2 Chronicles, Chap. XII., the iron being the only authenticated specimen in any museum; a hawk-head vase with the name of Zerah, the Ethiopian King, from the plain of Zoam, 2 Chronicles, Chap. XIV.; the necklace and ear-rings of Menes, the first Pharaoh of Egypt, who flourished 2771 years before Christ; the gold signet-ring of Suphis, or Cheops, who built the great pyramid 2352 years before Christ; beautiful specimens of papyrus preserved so well that the writing is perfectly legible, every kind of household and domestic implements, fruits, seeds, &c., glass of the finest texture, the stylus with which the Greeks wrote, and the tablets upon which they used them; mummied hands and feet; mummied birds, and three huge bulls, the Egyptian Apis, mummied; every variety of charm and image, cloth woven thirty centuries ago, beautiful jewelry, and a little bronze group of two lizards fighting, the remarkable workmanship of which could not be surpassed at this day. The poet who was inspired so happily, by the sight of an Egyptian mummy, would have gone stark, staring mad, under the influence of an imagination whetted up by a visit to this collection of curiosities.

—The following picture of a Glen—whether Glen-Anna at Newport, or Glen-Mary, at Owego, Willis's late country home, does not matter—is pretty, isn't it?

"It was a little glen—a solitude—

By Nature fashioned in her gayer mood:

There was so much of sunshine in its shade:

Such pleasant music from the brook, that made

Its way o'er pebbles, shining white, like pearls

Amid some royal maiden's raven curls.

It had no distant prospect: The blue sky

Closed like a dome o'er the sweet sanctuary;

And forest trees, like pillars, girt it round,

Whose branches, summer tapestry, swept the ground;

And then there was a little open space,

Enough to mirror on the water's face

A glimpse of the bright heaven. Upon its banks

Grew the sweet thousands of the harebell's ranks,

Amid white daisies, that, like light and air,

And hope and love, are common everywhere;

And like a couchspread the voluptuous heath,

Scenting the air with its Arabian breath."

—Prince Pückler Muskau assures the public, through the *Augsburgh Gazette*, that he has not turned Catholic, and is not dead. Hear him:—"In the beginning of this year I read in a newspaper with deep emotion, that

the Prince of Pückler Muskau had died in his palace at Branitz. To-day I learn, by two other daily papers, that the same prince has joined the Roman Catholic Church, a statement which is doubted by other periodicals. To avoid all mistakes, I hereby inform my numerous relatives, friends, and acquaintances, officially, that in reality circumstances have not yet permitted the Prince of Pückler, viz: myself, either to decessate or to turn Catholic, although I do not wish to deny, by this declaration, that both these events may, according to different human views, have their saving sides; only, as it appears to me, they ought to have taken place in reverse order."

—Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of our city, are getting up a new and complete Gazetteer of the United States, which will furnish the fullest and most recent information respecting the Geography, Statistics, and present state of improvement, of every part of this great Republic, particularly of Texas, California, Oregon, New Mexico, &c. It will be issued as soon as complete official returns of the present Census are received. This work will be followed by a Universal Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary, of the most comprehensive character, which will be compiled from the best English, French, and German authorities, and published the moment that the returns of the present census of Europe can be obtained.

—Sontag and Alboni are variously estimated in opera by various New York critics. The latter is pronounced, however, pretty generally superb in all she has attempted, while the former is thought as generally to have passed the time, at least, for such parts as "Lucrezia Borgia," and the Vivandiere in "La Figlia." Two parties existed during their appearance—the one at the Broadway, and the other at Niblo's—and a perfect battle of white kids and opera glasses was waged. There was the same feeling in this city during the famous Biscaccianti and Truffi days, which resulted in a drawn battle. Truffi was, in other words, declared to be the handsomest woman, while Biscaccianti carried away the palm as a singer.

—Mr. John Pennington—Fourth street above Chestnut—is constantly receiving foreign books, many of which are of exceedingly rare quality. He continues to order from the English, French and German catalogues.

—A friend complains of tickets for concerts being thrust upon him; that is, sent through Blood's Despatch, with a request that the recipient *will return them if he does not desire to use them*. This is a regularly sponging process. Circulars inviting attention to an enterprise, musical or otherwise, are well enough, when the postage is paid;

but a system which forces tickets upon citizens, merely because they have money and are liberal in contributing to enterprises reputably managed, and with reputable objects, ought to be discountenanced.

—Rev. Silvanus Judd, author of "Margaret, a New England Tale," "Richard Edney," and other works, died at Augusta, (Me.) on the 26th ult. The *Age*, of that town, says of him:—"In the walks of literature, Mr. Judd had attained an honorable distinction, not limited to the shores of his native land. He was devoted and efficient in his calling as a pastor. His Christian graces had attracted to himself the most respectful and kindly regards of all our citizens."

—The Trade Sale of Messrs. Thomas & Sons, as appears by announcement in our pages, commences at their rooms, in our city, March 9th. The invoices received from all parts of the country, are numerous and large. Catalogues are already preparing, and there is every promise of a most brilliant occasion. Philadelphia is eminently the point for the principal book mart of the country, which it once was, and will be again, we suspect, under the administration of the Messrs. Thomas. Certain it is, that their admirable business tact, and the large ideas which govern their dealings with the trade everywhere, have earned for them the most unqualified favor.

—"Have we a Bourbon among us?" So asks a writer in Putnam's *Magazine*, and then he goes on to prove, as we think, pretty conclusively, the affirmative. But who is this illustrious Bourbon? No other, we reply, than Charles Louis, third child of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. He is now known as the Rev. Eleazar Williams, a missionary attached to the Episcopal Church, and settled at Green Bay, Wisconsin Territory. But read the article.

—We visited the library of a distinguished literary friend, the other evening, where we feasted, but not to our heart's content—the hours sped away so rapidly—upon his rare books, illuminated missals, and curious autographs. We saw also some very superb specimens of binding from the workshop of Messrs. Pawson & Nicholson, Minor street. There was also a miniature Hebrew Bible, most exquisitely printed with the pen, on the finest vellum. It was bound in a style both rich and unique, and the time expended in writing it must have covered from forty to forty-five years.

—Louis Napoleon lately gave a grand ball at the Tuilleries, when he appeared in the uniform of a general officer, with the ribband and star of the Legion of Honor. He wore shoes with small diamond buckles, and white silk stockings with diamond knee buckles. The Ministers, and several other

public functionaries, were similarly habited. So then the glories of short breeches and silk stockings are to take the place of long pantaloons and *bottes à l'écuveré*. The card for this ball of the late London special constable was as follows:

"Par ordre de l'Empereur, le Grand Chambellan a l'honneur de prévenir M. — qu'il est invité à passer la soirée au Palais des Tuilleries, le Mercredi, 12 Janvier, à 9 heures. "DUC DE BASSANO.
"On est prie de remettre cette carte en entrant."

The papers state that there were two sets of tickets—those of a rose color procured an entrance by the Pavillion floor, and were set apart for the members of the Diplomatic Corps and the higher functionaries of the State; while white tickets served other persons, who had access by another entrance on the same side. It is not stated whether these cards were perfumed; but it is likely that they were.

—It is stated in the French papers that Auber, who, by the way, is writing a new opera to Scribe's libretto, "La Fiancée du Brigand," is about to be made a Senator. What an honor for the great composer to be a Senator of Louis Napoleon's making! To be known as the composer of "Massaniello" would be preferable to us. But then, as William Cox said, the reader will recollect, the human race should be understood to be divided into three classes, viz: Men, Women, and *Frenchmen*.

—Several new books await notice at our hands—among them, "The Lofty and the Lowly," from the Appletons, and the Quarterly Summary of the Transactions of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, from Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., containing a memoir of the late Dr. Morton, which is accompanied by an admirable likeness.

—The *Paris Journal pour Rire* was made to laugh, the other day, on the wrong side of its mouth, having been seized for making some rather broader political grins than usual. The mode of confiscation was ingenious: 8,536 copies of the paper were seized and, a fine of 55 francs inflicted upon each, making the total fine 470,000 francs.

—Eugene Sue; who is now in Savoy, has commenced the publication of a new tale, entitled *Le Lac d'Annecy et ses Environs*. It appears in a Savoy paper.

—THE whole country has been shocked by the untimely death of the little son of the President elect. After all, what are vain, empty world-honors, for securing unalloyed happiness?

—A private letter from London gives assurance that Grisi and Mario will come over in the spring, for an Operatic campaign. Good news this. All the great artists of Europe will soon be domesticated with us.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

VOLUME II. }
No. 23. }

FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1853.

{ SINGLE COPIES
FIVE CTS.

THE DOUBLE MASK.

One cold winter's evening, four young dandies, all members of the Parisian jockey club, were assembled at the Café de Paris. After talking of steeple-chases, horses, and a thousand other of the amusements of wearied spirits, one of them rose and proposed going that night to the opera. Emile de Beaumont and Anatole Devrille concurred; the exception was Raoul.

"Raoul, you do not answer. Will you go with us?"

"You know, gentlemen, I have abjured fancy balls;" and Raoul's countenance suddenly assumed an indescribable sadness.

"And are you about returning," inquired Jules, "into the same spleen in which you were buried last year? Really, you would no longer be recognized. Since your brilliant success, which ought to have rendered you so merry, it seems you have renounced all the pleasures of the world. However, that eventful morning is over, and the remembrance of whatever relation you have lost— aunt or cousin, (I know not which,) must be now pretty well effaced from your mind."

"You think so, said Raoul, musingly, and with a sigh; but are you not aware that there exist such things as remembrances, which cannot be effaced?"

"But if these affect you too much, you must endeavor to drive them off," replied Jules.

"It is not, at least, in seeing again the places that recall them." Raoul spoke slowly, and tears dropped from his eyes.

"Somewhat intelligible now," said Anatole. "Astonishing that the grief should be so deep, nothing can distract you from it! Could it be an unfortunate love, forgotten, betrayed? Could you have met a Lucrèce in the light costume of a seducing bayadere?" In saying this much, Anatole, the great talker, made a whirligig worthy of a dancing-master, whilst his companions were laughing to their heart's content. Raoul, angered, was about to depart, when Jules detained him.

"Come," said he, "we shall not be angry with each other for such trifling things; it would be best in you to reveal the cause of melancholy, for which, if we cannot banish it altogether, we can at least console you."

"Yes, in mocking me as you have just done," said Raoul, with a bitter smile.

"No, no, no!" cried all at once. Since it is something serious, we will engage to make no observation that can hurt you. Besides, friends do not quarrel thus between each other."

These few words decided the matter.

"It is not yet nine o'clock, gentlemen," said Jules, "and I will proceed to narrate the event which has exerted so powerful an influence on my life and character. Short it will be; but mark! I will not suffer the least raillery."

"Two years since, immediately after attending on a soirée given by Mme. la Comtesse de Pradelle, I went to the opera ball. The crowd there was so dense, that soon it was impossible to stir in the green-room, whence I observed two women dressed in black dominoes, seeking to make their exit. 'I am fainting,' said one of these; 'I am dying.'

"So much of grace beautified the form of her that spoke, and her voice sounded so sweetly, that I was attracted sufficiently to offer my services. These were accepted, and having succeeded in dragging my companions out of the crowd, I conducted them to a box where they could breathe freely. Examining them attentively, I found that one, the one whose voice first struck me, seemed rather there in the office of a maid of honor than a friend. The other expressed herself with great elegance and facility, and with a disposition something reserved, was yet sparkling and gay.

"So far, chance had wonderfully befriended me. I ventured several times to take hold of a darling hand well covered with a glove, which was smilingly abandoned to me, and with all the candor of a child that is playing. My happiness could not be exceeded. Neither of us spoke of parting. The moments passed with a mysterious

charm, which threw me into a delicious reverie. My little domino was ravishing with her liveliness, and the finesse of her observations. It was the first time, she said, she had borne part in such an entertainment, and nothing could equal her astonishment at the crowd of people swaying to and fro before us. The boldness of the women, especially, shocked her, and she compared them to beautiful fruit that fade after having been handled. As for myself, I was gradually losing my presence of mind, having the greatest desire to see the face of one who had seduced me, simply by the charms of her language. Imagination is always ingenious in embellishing what the mind admires. In unuttered apostrophes, I was indulging conjectures. Never, however, was envelope more complete; so attached was the camail that nothing could be seen; over her eyes hung a black veil."

"I would have lifted up the mask," said Anatole.

"Yes," replied Raoul; "but it was extremely long and attached to her robe, the sleeves of which were buttoned over the gloves, these also appearing longer than ordinary."

"That is quite vexatious," said Jules; "it was without doubt a poor, persecuted woman, who would have profited in the absence of a jealous husband, or some modern Bartheloping to see a fancy ball."

"Or one of those beauties too well known," replied Anatole, "who hides herself, not for modesty, but for shame."

"Wait for the end," said Raoul.

"After having remained in the box till four o'clock in the morning, my mysterious companion wished to retire, and appeared to be quite embarrassed to get rid of me. I had already made several useless solicitations for conducting her home. I entreated permission but to accompany her to my carriage, and thence bear her home."

"Mine waits me, sir," she replied."

"Oh, oh, an equipage!" exclaimed Jules. "Nothing is required now but a coat of arms."

"All solicitations were vain. We would meet elsewhere, she said, and to my enquiry as to the place, answered 'at the next ball.' One condition, however, was attached—that I should in no way seek to discover who she was, as such a discovery would separate us for ever. What could I do but comply. Herself and her companion then rose, and both disappeared."

"Ah, sounds!" said Emile. "I would not have let her escape thus. I would have followed her against her will."

"I," said Raoul, "preferred to wait. The cup of happiness is ever too soon emptied. To be entertained by illusions, to be met with obstacles, is the price of every victory worth the winning. A presentiment, I know not

what, still chained me to the place. It was, perhaps, a vague fear that the wished-for discovery never could be made, that I was about to lose or gain everything for which life was worth. In a word, I made not a step to know that which she wished to hide, and I left to her own will the drawing us nearer to each other. At the appointed evening, I was the first at the rendezvous. At midnight, my beautiful unknown, accompanied by the same domino, entered the box. I was full of joy at seeing her; her presence indicated good faith, as well as a sympathy which flattered my self-love. We talked long and intimately, and with a pleasure no less active than at the first interview. We were like two friends who meet after a long absence. She dissimulated no impression that she felt, and appeared sincerely happy."

"Do you know," I enquired, "that you have not told me your first name?"

"Oh, for that, I will tell you; it is Nelly."

"This name for me was sufficiently attractive."

"Then, dear Nelly, this much revealed, I may now hope to see your charming face."

"She shuddered, and replied: 'What! always the same idea! let us speak no more of that.'

"Then the mystery will be eternal."

"Probably."

"And are you altogether free?"

"Yes."

"Then no human power shall separate us."

"At this moment, I felt Nelly's hand trembling in mine. A silence elapsed. She wished to speak; her voice altered; she was weeping."

"Listen to me, Nelly. I know not with what sentiments I inspire you; but this I know, that I love you, and am assured that this love is not misplaced. If you imagine that one day you may respond, avow it without fear. This mask, which hides your features, will serve your timidity. I would not see you blush. Pray speak!"

"Nelly replied to this earnest entreaty with coolness: 'That I am not a woman unworthy of your esteem, the rendezvous I have appointed may serve to show. This is all the answer I can make to your demand. The love you offer would render me happy and proud; but we are separated by a cruel fate; you will never see me.'

"Nelly, Nelly. Pronounce you these words in the presence of supreme happiness. But what matters it? You love me; you have said it; I no longer quit you."

"Mercy," she exclaimed. "Are you already wearied of your happiness?"

"No; no—but I wish it to be complete. This morning I will conduct you home; I will be at your disposal for the return."

"Her agitation was extreme."

"I suffered the more my curiosity was excited.

"Well," she said at last, with desperate resolution, 'you may come, but not this morning. This evening, at seven o'clock, le rue Persigny, No. 23. You will ask for Madam de Rumigny. Nothing more! Give me your word of honor!'

"Overwhelmed with joy, I promised everything. For the rest of the night, she was silent and sad: sometimes taking my hand and pressing it to her heart, 'As long as I live,' she murmured, 'my heart is yours; but this life, I fear, will not be long.'

"It was impossible for me to comprehend why so much grief should be joined to so much liveliness.

"Nelly's head was bent over my shoulder, and her hands were enclosed in mine.

"The opera ball lasted longer than usual; but we remained until the end. It was now necessary we should separate. I conducted her to her carriage, to which were attached two magnificent steeds. Each saying to the other 'au revoir,' we parted."

Anatole and Emile agreed that the history was becoming interesting.

Raoul sighed, and doubted whether he should continue.

"When I arrived at the appointed hour and place, I think I had the fever. Before me was a magnificent hotel, and I asked for Madame de Rumigny. I was introduced into a superb salon, where having waited for about five minutes, a woman whose voice I recognized as that of the companion of Nelly, bade me follow her to a room, in which I soon found myself alone with Nelly, still dressed as a domino, and her face still covered with a mask. The air of the room appeared to be perfumed. A lamp of alabaster, suspended from the ceiling, cast a feeble light that only added to the mystery of our interview. 'Confess,' I said to Nelly, 'that you have put my patience to a rude trial. We are no longer at the opera ball, and you will permit me, I trust, to remove a mask which hides me from happiness.'

"I stretched forward my hand; but Nelly drew herself back, exclaiming 'I pray you a few moments more. As soon as this mask falls off, you will fly me.'

"Varied conjectures flitted across my mind. Composing again my thoughts, the thought struck me that this lovely Nelly was one of those lost beings, whose heart, long neglected, at last abandons itself to love; but who, in the consciousness of degradation, torments herself with the idea of the contempt awaiting her, especially when this comes from a beloved one. Then, recalling our conversations, I thought of her divine candor, the purity of her language, the nobleness and elevation of her soul; and, thinking thus, I

was angry with myself for dishonoring her with a suspicion. I then said to myself, she must be extremely ugly. Nelly, unmovable before me, had the appearance of a victim awaiting her condemnation. She placed herself at my side, as I took a seat on the sofa.

"What are you thinking about?" she said. Oh! how unhappy I am.'

"You must be very ugly," was my only response.

"On the contrary," she replied; 'I was always told that I was handsome. But then there are so many kinds of beauties. For you, perhaps, I will be ugly; and if you loved me more—'

"I would not permit her to proceed, 'Whatever you are, I will love you,' I exclaimed impetuously. 'This is suffering too long; I must see you.' And saying this, I tore the mask. Seeing nothing yet but black, I concluded that for fear of a too great surprise, she had covered her face with a veil, and prepared accordingly to vanquish this new obstacle. But, oh! horror! Placing my hand on her forehead, I felt the coldness of the skin. All my life I had had a hatred for negroes; but now, I uttered not a word; I was annihilated. As for poor Nelly, perceiving the disagreeable effect the discovery had caused me, she threw herself on her knees, covered her face with her hands, and uttered heart-rending complaints. I raised her hastily. She remained for some time seated by me without speaking. My embarrassment was extreme. Nelly was the first to break silence.

"Raoul," she said, 'why have you not acceded to my prayer, we might otherwise have still been happy. Now you hate me, do you not?'

"Child," I said to her, with a gaiety that I was far from feeling, 'are you not always that amiable woman whose mind and angelic sweetness had so much charm for me? You have lost nothing; I have been surprised, that is all; but my feelings are the same. Believe it!'

"Nelly thanked me with a smile so full of melancholy, that I saw she was not convinced of the sincerity of my words.

"You have not many things to learn about me," added she, 'for I would wish you to know how it is, that born under such a different climate, I have the education and manners of the women of your country.'

"Speak then, I entreat you," was my answer. 'Whatever concerns you gives me interest.'

"And this is her narration: "

Conclusion in No. 24.

Major Burns—a descendant of the poet—has his patent of nobility made out, and will shortly be gazetted as Baron Ellisland, the name of Burns' farm.

THREE MONTHS IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

THIRD AND LAST PAPER.

Saddening as are, perhaps, the majority of the scenes witnessed in a lunatic asylum, yet they are not all such. One may occasionally be met, which is not less amusing than unaccountable.

It may have been three weeks after my admission, that I was one day accosted by a patient, who asked if my name was not —, and if I did not formerly live in —? "Yes," was my reply to both questions. He then told me his name was Townley, that he was distantly related to —, a client of mine, with whom I was intimately acquainted from having transacted a great deal of business for him. I then asked of my querist, in turn, how he chanced to be here? With tolerable frankness, though after some hesitation, he informed me, that at long intervals he was liable to drink to excess, and that the frequent consequence of such excess was an attack of lunacy, lasting from three to six months, a period he had several times spent in this asylum. This self-introduction of his led to a pretty free interchange between us afterwards. I found him, as his first appearance had indicated, to be a good-natured and well-intentioned man enough; but of a decidedly mediocre intellect, and uncultivated and illiterate to a degree quite uncommon. He was the very last person from whom you would have expected a flight of fancy, or a thought or word of any other than the most common-place description. For most of the time, he was totally free from all lunatic symptoms, and was very efficient in the performance of menial services about the establishment. But, perhaps, once a fortnight, he had an insane outbreak, in which he was perfectly good-humored and harmless, and never known to perpetrate any sort of mischief, but in which he was transformed into a being as different as could possibly be conceived. According to some previous suggestions, madness seemed not to confuse and bewilder his mind at all, but to elevate all his faculties to an immeasurably higher plane, and to summon into vivid action faculties before unknown either to others or himself. For, again and again, on these occasions, I have heard him talk original verse as rapidly as his tongue could move, for the quarter or half-hour together—verse in all the most difficult species of metre, and terminating with the most difficult sorts of rhymes. I have myself been accustomed, from childhood, to make verses; but I always regard it a severe task to write any considerable number of lines, ending in what the Italians call "female rhymes"—that is

rhyming words of two or three syllables each. And yet I have repeatedly listened to that man, while he spoke out at least fifty rightly measured couplets, each closing with two or three syllabled rhymes! I have read of marvellous performances by the Italians in improvisation; but the performances of this lunatic, all things considered, struck me as more inexplicable than any of these traditional Italian feats.

One inference, however, I drew from these facts, which seemed to be impregnable, and it was, that all men, however deficient in mental powers they may seem, do yet possess the germs of every quality belonging to the most gifted of the race; also, that, at some stage of their being, these germs will all blossom and bear fruit. For in this humble, sparsely-endowed man, the poetic faculty evidently existed, and though lying dormant in his ordinary state, was roused into manifestation by the abnormal excitement of insanity.

I witnessed another case in some respects resembling this. It was that of a physician, once holding a reputable position; but who had now, for several years, been an inmate of the asylum, and classed among the "incurables." Ordinarily, he was moping and silent, and seemed gradually approaching that saddest stage of lunacy where it passes into idiocy. But at times, for no discernable reason, he would start up and continue for hours in a most vivacious mode of life and action. The coming on of these moods would be the signal for a throng to gather about him whom he would long keep in a roar of laughter, by declamations, and gestures, and positions the most irresistibly comic and ludicrous I ever witnessed, either on or off the stage. The movements and grimaces of our drollest Ethiopian minstrels would bear no comparison with those exhibitions of his, and very likely the stimulus of a disordered brain stirred into activity a humor, which, in his years of sanity, may have been entirely latent.

There was another patient who caused me a good deal of speculation, as well as no little annoyance. He had been a western merchant, quite illiterate, but apparently endowed with a large share of native energy and enterprise. His lunacy showed itself chiefly in two ways. He, first, believed himself to be every great man he read of or heard named. He was Washington, Wellington, Napoleon, Alexander and Cæsar. Nor did this mad error stop here. He also proclaimed himself Jesus Christ and God Almighty, and did so in all seriousness and faith. Again, he called himself the owner of every article of property he saw and heard mentioned. Thus, the asylum buildings and grounds were his; the steamers passing on the river were his; in short, the whole world and all it

contained belonged to him in fee simple. These singular tendencies gave me the impression that he must have been, by temperament, intensely acquisitive and ambitious, and that his lunacy must have sprung from an excessive, morbid action of these propensities. He used to annoy me outrageously by reading aloud by the half hour together. We had a reading-room, furnished with a tolerable collection of books, and several of the daily city papers. Every morning, this man would seat himself at the library table, with a newly arrived paper, and read aloud in that slow, stumbling, mispronouncing way, which becomes well nigh distracting to the listener even in five minutes; and yet, unless called away by some very urgent cause, he would read on thus a whole forenoon, nor could all the measures tried ever break up this practice.

But the poor fellow's life came to an abrupt close during my stay. On the evening of a day when he had been confined to his room by some slight indisposition, an attendant carried him some bread and butter and tea, and left him alone. On returning, twenty minutes after, for the dishes, the attendant found the lunatic stone dead, with a large lump of soft bread sticking in his throat! It was habitual with the maniacs, especially with those most disordered, to stuff their mouths so full in eating, that the beholder would suppose, every moment, they must inevitably choke themselves. And probably this man fell a victim to that alimentary rapacity, which he was not sufficiently rational to control.

There was one patient who gave me the "glooms" every time I looked at him, and yet he was hardly ever out of my sight. For all day long, of almost every day in the seven, he traversed from end to end the hall, into which my room opened, rarely sitting down or stopping, accosting no one, noticing no person or thing, and showing that he possessed a tongue only by a sort of incoherent, savage-sounding muttering. He was a tall, brawny-looking man, with a surly, disagreeable face, and an ominous-shaped head. I never heard him utter a word, or manifest the least token of fellowship during my thirteen weeks' stay, though he would sometimes give an unmerciful kick with his elephantine foot to a patient who crossed his track. The doctor found it excessively difficult to reduce him to obedience on his first arrival, and was only able to effect it by a barrel or two of cold water administered to him in the shower bath. This application never fails, even with the most violent or stubborn.

Among the most melancholy spectacles, there were the epileptics, of whom were several in very different stages of the malady. One of these was a captain of dragoons in the

British army, not over thirty years old, and one of the most elegant looking men in face and form I ever saw. He was immensely wealthy; of high social standing; with a beautiful young wife and two lovely little girls. And here he was, a drivelling idiot, unable to dress or feed himself, or even to speak, more than an infant. In spite of all medical effort, he grew daily worse, and the best solace, under the circumstances, was that his remaining life must evidently be brief.

There was also a youth of nineteen, in an earlier stage of the malady, yet already so far shattered by it, as to be little else than an imbecile both in body and mind. He would often drop on the brick floor in a fit, as suddenly as if shot through; and as he lay writhing there, with eyes rolled up and frothing mouth, I thought I had had never witnessed so ghastly a spectacle. It is a marvel how the human frame can survive, for long years, repeated shocks of a disease, which wears an aspect so fatal-seeming as this. And the tale seems hardly credible, that both Julius Cæsar and Peter the Great should have been subject to these hideous attacks, and yet have retained such supreme vigor of both mind and body, as they appear to have done to the last.

Perhaps the reader will now tolerate a brief account of some personal ills, which I was fated to suffer. Some five weeks after entering the asylum, I was attacked with fever and ague, which he, who has had it once, never desires to have again. It commenced with a "jumping" head-ache, which transcended everything I had hitherto supposed a head capable of. The doctor, in mercy, gave me a single bedded room, that I might be out of hearing of my chattering companions. For nine times twenty-four hours that head-ache lasted with but little intermission, and the main perceptible effect of the doctor's nauseous, poisonous drugs, was to add to the original pains new and different ones. Never shall I forget those dreadful, interminable winter nights, when, after resting my head on the pillow, till its throbs, which seemed like sledge-hammer blows, became intolerable, I would rise and traverse the cold gallery till I could no longer hold myself upright. I would then lie down, only to be again called up, a few minutes later, and in this alternation of up and down, the long, dark hours were spent perforce.

At last the head-ache subsided, and was succeeded by a pleasing interchange of burning heats and freezing chills. No amount of cold external appliances would rectify the former, and no amount of garments or ignited coal would counteract the latter. Of course I became extremely debilitated, and was obliged to keep my bed a great portion of the time. By consequence, the remaining weeks

of my stay dragged on tardily, wearily and drearily. I could not read, nor could I take the slightest interest in the many things, which had excited my curiosity and made the time pass tolerably before. I would still attend the periodical "balls," and, strangely enough, the occasion would so enliven and invigorate me, that I could dance for hours, though I had been able to sit up hardly at all through the day. But enough of this. Suffice it to say, that it was nearly two years after, before I had recovered the full measure of strength, of which I had been spoiled by these few weeks' illness.

I might describe scores of other patients, but I fear the reader's interest, if he has felt any, is already exhausted, and I will therefore close by a few miscellaneous suggestions and remarks.

There are seasons when most of the patients, —especially those whose lunatic attacks are only intermittent,—are dreadfully weary of their confinement and would get away if they could. And why do they not get away? How is it, that half a dozen attendants are able to control a hundred men, four-fifths of whom, perhaps, are physically as strong, if not stronger than themselves? If the patients, or even a score of them, could harmonise and combine, they might bind and gag every attendant, take their keys, unlock the doors, and make their escape.

But the simple fact is, lunatics cannot combine for effecting a common end; this is one of the most marked features of their malady. A single maniac may employ a great deal of cunning and dissimulation, and is capable of carrying out a complicated and lengthened series of measures for accomplishing some purpose of his own. But when two or more of them attempt to unite their forces and confer on some plan to be executed, they either cannot agree at all; or, if they agree for a short space, one or another is sure very soon to betray the rest, to disclose their intents, and perhaps help to defeat them. So that, practically, each lunatic stands alone in opposition to the whole number of attendants and cannot rely on the slightest aid from the scores of his mad companions. So striking is this feature of lunacy, that we may well regard it a providential arrangement, which deprives of a terrible power of working mischief those who have lost their capacity of self-control.

Something of the same conservative providential arrangement is witnessed in the case of the criminal and vicious. They cannot rely on each others' fidelity, but are ever ready to betray each other, and rend in pieces the very schemes they have aided in forming, and have sworn to help execute. By this means, society is preserved from the measureless evil which might be done by a combination

of men, with all their intellectual powers in full vigor and on the alert, and totally free from the restraints of conscience and principle, if, at the same time, they could hold together and be as true to each other, as the virtuous part of mankind. But evil is self-explosive and self-defeating, as well as lunacy, and Heaven be thanked for both these ordinations.

There exists in such asylums one liability to abuse, which should be carefully looked after and counteracted by all having the care and supervision of them. I noticed, that most of the attendants were illiterate, of a rather low order of scull, with the animal organs, especially those of combativeness and destructiveness, unusually large. Now the lunatics sometimes break out into violence, and then they, perhaps, may assault each other or an attendant. Of course it is right the maniac should in such case, be subdued and placed in a condition, wherein he can do no mischief. But it is not right,—it is outrageous, that this poor, bewildered wretch should be treated precisely as if in full possession of his reason and acting from malignant intent. And yet I have seen him thus treated. More than once or twice, I have seen two or three attendants fling themselves upon the maniac, throw him down, and pound his head on the brick floor till his strength was paralyzed or he was nearly, if not quite, senseless! They did this, too, in high wrath. They were evidently provoked, precisely as though their assailant were a sane man, and they acted with vindictive, retaliatory feeling, and not with the feeling of a nurse towards a delirious patient.

The same abuse is prevalent in our sick-hospitals. I was told by two attendants in such a one, that their method of quelling delirium tremens patients in their violent fits, was to thump their heads on the floor, till they became insensible!

Surely it is the duty of the Supervisors of these establishments to root out such abuses. The forlorn inmates are at the mercy of their attendants, and those, whom God has smitten, should at least be sacred from the cruelty of man!

A PIG POSSESSED.

In a book which is read less than it should be, we are told of some three thousand swine into whom a legion of devils, who had been cast out of a man, had entered, lead them to make a sudden and short sea voyage, to the no small annoyance of their owners. My object is not here to enquire why it should take as many devils to manage one man as would drive three thousand swine into the sea, or whether pigs are even possessed with

devils at the present day, as some suppose; but merely to tell a story with which I was much amused when I heard it.

When in Western New York, some time since, a gentleman whose guest I was, said that he had recently been in the town of C——, where the following facts had just occurred:

A man named Barney Bluff, who lived there, was one of those simple, credulous creatures who are always the butt of all around them. He resided some distance from the village, in a small house, where he and his wife Peggy managed to live a half-laboring and half-loafing kind of life, depending mainly for meat on the pig which they fattened each year.

As the pen had recently been emptied by the slaughter of its inmate, Barney bought another, and on his way home with the youngster, he left the bag in which it was, at the door of a store in the village, where he stopped to loaf and gossip as he was in the habit of doing, dwelling largely on the merits of his new pig.

While thus employed, the merchant, who was somewhat a wag, slipped out, and having emptied the pig from the bag into his own pen, put a large gentleman cat in its place. He then told Barney that the breed of pigs to which his belonged were very spry, and if he was not careful, it would jump out of his pen, and get away, when he put it there.

"I'll risk him," said Barney; "for my pen is all kivered over with boards, so that he can't git out if he tries."

As this happened in the evening, it was late when he reached home, and Peggy having gone to bed, he called out to her to get up quick, and help him; telling her that he had brought home the most courouset pig he ever seed, and mighty spry, too—so that if they wasent keerful it would git away from them, and run off. Having lifted the bag up over a hole in the cover of the pen, he told Peggy to untie the string, when the cat, badly frightened, instead of dropping into the hole, struck on a board which covered the pen, and moved off, in double quick time.

As it was dark, they thought that it was the pig that had made such leaps through the snow, and filled with wonder, they made up their minds that the animal was possessed, like those which were drowned in the sea, and being afraid to sleep in their house with such a dangerous animal around, they went to a neighbor's, half a mile distant, and spent the night.

The next day, Barney, full of wonder, told his story all through the village, where every one knew the trick that had been played upon him, and could, with difficulty, keep from shouting with laughter, while listening

to him. At length he came to the store of the merchant who had taken his pig, and had just turned it loose in the street, where Barney was greatly surprised at finding it; and having carried it home, he carefully covered the pen with boards, and laid stones on them, to hold them down. He still tells the story, however, and says that no mortal pig ever made such mighty long jumps as that did, unless he had the devil in him.

THE ROMANCE OF BLOCKLEY.

NO. VI.—THE COLORED WARDS.

"Shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it."

No picture can legitimately claim the appellation of complete, unless the canvass presents alternate touches of light and shadow. We must have the dark ground to impart vividness by way of contrast to the warmer and more cheerful coloring. An artist will never dissent from a doctrine which is the substratum of drawing and painting, nor will he censure us, we are confident, if adopting his principle and conforming, disciple-like, to his model, we give to our Romance a deeper tinge, and mix the colors which impart a more sombre hue.

Reader, we drop our sententious illustration, and without further ceremony, introduce you first to the colored medical ward. Ascend the magnificent stairway, pass the second floor, and come out upon the third, a little fatigued perhaps by patronizing such an ascending series, and you are fairly at the portal of the capacious ward."

"Will de gemman walk in to see de corps of survivors?"

Such are the euphonious and classical syllables which fall bewitchingly on your ear as hat in hand you stand peering into the long-drawn passage, or directing your gaze within the large quadrangular room, with its tiers of couches, each of which is graced by a lineal descendant of Ham, the father of Canaan. The salutation is altogether so unanticipated that you instinctively incline your body a little to the speaker, by way of gentlemanly deference. Your eyes at once rest upon the captain of the ward, (such is the official designation, which is as highly prized by him who bears it, as though it were tantamount with that of the Bashaw of Tripoli,) and you recognize in him the legitimate cicerone of the department whose history you have come to examine. Politely he shows you through the premises, discourses learnedly on the ventilation of the room—shows you, with an air of consummate dignity, the glass case which constitutes the receptacle of his drugs and medicines, and which, by the way, might remind you of the

Patent Office on a diminutive scale—solicits your attention to his detail of the various diseases which are now prevalent—comments in terms of glowing panegyric on the untiring labors of the medical staff—and finally asks you “to walk round to de patients, and view de manifest comfort which is marked on de countenance.” All these fast-coming topics are dashed off in an equestrian style. They are discussed sententiously, a little after the order of Greek or Latin aphorisms. (All functionaries have a propensity to deal in laconics.) “De room is ventilated, de gemman will observe, wid proper ’tention to regular tactics; de drugs, and other nostrums; on de gemman’s left hand, in de glass case, are under your humble sarvant’s particular jurisprudence; fine doctors, bred to de ole school, honors to de profession; some fevers, more consumptions, a few scattering cases of both mixt.” And as Rodney thus graphically and with lightning speed, touches upon all the collateral topics of his function, to impress you with the fact of his importance, he is stepping from bed to bed, adjusting a pillow, handing a drink, examining a blister, and discharging similar offices, with an ad captandum grace, truly captivating and indisputable.

We cannot introduce you, dear reader, to old Uncle Harry, for he no longer resides on this side of the house; but he *was* a character with an emphasis. We think that on the whole he eclipsed Rodney. He was indeed a veteran. The snows of fourscore winters had descended noiselessly on his brow, and his limbs, once vigorous, were tottering beneath him. Unable to attend to any manual employment, and never having been taught to read, (which his unimpaired eyesight would have rendered a most pleasurable and morally productive pursuit, had he boasted of the acquisition,) the poor old man struck out for himself an orbit of usefulness, and embarked his efforts in a noble cause. Thoroughly alive to the importance of religion, and himself a pleasing exemplification of its transforming and enlightening influence—with a heart through which the milk of human kindness coursed its unobstructed way—and with an earnest purpose to accomplish good in a practical and simple method, old Uncle Harry became the self-constituted spiritual adviser of all the patients. Nor was his ministration purely one of genial tenderness. If a case occurred where downright indifference was manifested by a sick man, with reference to his eternal welfare; or if to indifference profanity was annexed, and the sufferer profusely mingled execrations with his conversation, then the sable patriarch abjured the mantle of a son of consolation, and wrapped himself in the shaggy hide of a son of thunder. He had not only the skin of

the Nemæan lion, but his unquestioned roar. Barnabas was metamorphosed into Boanerges. With his old hickory staff in hand, an emblem of those inflexible principles whose sturdy advocate he was, would he stand by the bed of his patient, and bring it down upon the floor with emphasis, as he shouted, “Set thy house in order, I tell you, and listen to de voice ob de prophets!” Grotesque as were some of his movements, and most singular in point of illustration some of his harangues, there was about him such a heartiness of manner, such a whole-souled decision, such an unvarying determination to let no occasion pass which could in any method be improved to the spiritual amelioration of his fellow men, while at the same time he extended frequently the office of nurse with a tenderness as touching as it was rare, thus proving incontestibly that no fanatical impulse influenced his actions, that we could not withhold the homage of our bosoms from this plain, unlettered, but holy man. Here was the primordial element of the noblest philanthropy, though the sphere of its exercise was necessarily circumscribed. The same overpowering sentiment might under other circumstances have led him to the occupancy of a position where his ministrations would have savingly benefited an entire territory of his heathen fatherland, and his enlightened intellect been a discriminating coadjutor to his warm and impulsive heart. We have frequently been amused at some of Harry’s illustrations. His similes were veritable curiosities. They would be gems of the first water in an edition of Ethiopian rhetoric.

“Parson”—he would say, as he sat upon his rickety stool, pressing heavily at the same time on that hickory staff, which enforced his arguments as well as sustained his feeble frame—“Parson, I have been telling dat man to set his house in order; but de son-in-law of Lot mocked de old fellow when he axed him to leave Sodom in de suds and escape to de city of refuge, and I guess old Harry no better dan old Lot. People give de world de tallow and de devil all de wick; and de Lord may be put off for his share wid nuffin but de snuff ob de candle. Dat’s not de honest way to do business, and I takes notice, parson, dat de man who acts so scaly never dies easy. Uncle Harry always pays particular ’tention to dat branch ob de science ob theology.”

This really excellent—man, our pen had almost written—this unquestionable genius, has been transferred to another wing of the building, and is now a worthy and honored occupant of the colored superannuated ward. On a genial day, such as will sometimes come even in mid-winter, like a graceful episode of the weather, Uncle Harry will

bring his stool out upon the walk, where he can watch the hands of the clock which measures off the hours from the summit of the wash-house. Shall we fathom the meditations of the good old unsophisticated African, as his aged eye thus contemplates the monitor to him so eloquent of departing time? Ah, he is communing with the Father of Eternity! He is anticipating, by the exercise of a child-like confidence, that bright and blessed era when hours for him shall cease forever—when, life's fitful fever over, he shall sleep well, in the sure and certain hope of the Resurrection of the Just. Old departing Christian, we love to dwell on those virtues which nestle in the heart which is near its last pulsation. They are virtues which dignify humanity, and fling a halo of light, more sparkling than Brazilian gems, around the brow of the lowliest and most unnoticed of earth's children. They constitute an enviable peerage. They make their possessor, in the face of every influence calculated to weaken his title to mere worldly position, "a little lower than the angels." They put around the neck of even the badged pauper the medal, not of knighthood, but of sainthood, and they build a road direct and open from the Almshouse gate to the gate of the Celestial City. Would that such virtues could find an impartial chronicler, however insignificant (as man computes significance) be the individual in whose breast they glow with undying constancy. When Mammon shall cease to guide the pen, and Rank compels not obsequious homage—when honest worth is appreciated, though divested of purple garniture, then will the class of humble men of whom old Uncle Harry is the type, be rescued from the obscurity to which iron circumstance would appear to have forever destined them, and be exhibited as models for universal imitation. Come the day when we can appreciate the merits of the picture without being influenced by the plainness of its encircling frame, and detect the solid gold though it has been melted, and assayed, and cut, and stamped, in that mint of which Providence is chief director—the mint of Poverty.

Shall we now introduce you to the female colored ward? As we approach the capacious room, we meet in the long hall the worthy Matron of the building, who unites to decision of character all the elements of an amiable and gentle disposition, and under whose efficient management the entire household economy is wisely and judiciously adjusted. She is engaged in conversation with that old female, whose towering white bonnet indicates pre-eminence of some order; and you can see by the confiding way in which the latter communicates her wishes, that the governess and governed are on the

most amiable and pleasant terms. The Matron listens kindly to the loquacious harangue of the decrepid female, for she is one of that limited class who sacredly respect the feelings of all who are related to her in the bonds of a common sisterhood; and if we listen likewise, we shall catch the burden of the theme which so engrosses the mind of the superannuated speaker.

"Matron, we want a leetle extry meetin' in de ward to-morrow, if it be pleasin to de civil 'thorities. It is to be of de nature of a love-feast, and we 'spect some of de colored brethren from de city to come out and help us roll on de ball. Will de Matron signify her mind in de case, and give us de liberty to hold de meetin'?" "Well, Dinah," says the Matron, while a benevolent smile lights up her countenance, "I am afraid that if permission is granted, you will be rather too boisterous in your devotions, and disturb some in the next wards who prefer to worship God in a more sedate and orderly method. If you thought you could keep quiet, I will take the matter into consideration." "Matron, we go 'cordin to de Scripture," responds old Dinah, kindling into unaccustomed enthusiasm, in finding that the religious performances in which she has long engaged, are thought to be too noisy in character; "we go 'cordin to de Scripture. If de floods clap dir hands when they hab'nt got any, so may we. Doesn't de prophet say dat if we bring all de tythes into de storehouse, which signifies bringin all our prayers togeder into de ward, de Lord will open to us de windows of Heaven, and pour us out such a blessin dat we shall not be able to contain it. Dat means he will pour into our hearts such fine feelings, such rejoicings of de free sperrit, dat we can't hold in; we must give a little vent to de rapture, or else we must bust."

The colloquy ceases, and Dinah traverses the hall, to bear back to the committee who have delegated to her the important trust, the issue of the interview with the civil authorities. The religious instinct flourishes in a kindly and generous soil, where no adventitious influences combine to impair or stint its development. When religion is separated from its concomitants of costly churches and elegantly furnished pews, and appears in unadorned habiliments, its very simplicity adds to its majestic mein, its unalloyed and noble grandeur. Then the entire feelings are surrendered to its supremacy when earth is shut out from the senses, and fashion and art are but a non-existence. Nor must we censure if the excitable temperament of the African induce him to patronize a devotion more noisy in its elements than that to which from childhood we have been habituated. His exuberant religious feelings may lead him to some excess, it is true; but if the

head be not very clear in its recognition of etiquette, we may rest assured that the heart is in the right place. Never has the writer experienced sensations of such unquestioned delight, as when listening to some spiritual song, as its long-drawn and doubly-emphatic cadence came rolling out from the ward devoted to the exclusive occupancy of the colored females. It would seem as if the very souls of the choristers were borne upon sacred songs on a chosen vehicle, upward and onward to the throne of the Omnipotent. And when the swelling chorus, which alluded to the mystic Jordan of Death, and the Elysian fields, in reversion for the good and true beyond the stars, was sung by the entire assembly, you might almost fancy them to be a band of conquerors who were setting the grim tyrant at defiance, and taking possession in advance of that better country, on whose raptures they were so emphatically descanting. Often have we been borne along in concert, and found our feelings a little too unmanageable for our cooler and more calculating judgment. Often has the sacred song, compared with which Italian trills are tame, unlocked the fountain of sensibility and urged the teardrop from its crystal cell, to testify the subdued feelings of a heart which would not remain impervious to such an influence. And when in her graphic and simple style of expression, some old disciple has acknowledged that she has been "stonishingly blest under de singing," we have heartily assented to the probability that her honest soul has indeed experienced an accession of spiritual enjoyment, and that peace and serenity and hope, have flown like so many birdlings from the branches of the Tree of Life, to nestle in her bosom.

We now will leave this wing of the building, and step over to the Insane side, for the purpose of handing a prayer book to one of the colored patients. Ah, Hetty has laid down her piece of sewing, and is advancing to meet us. Did you ever see a more tidy, well-mannered person, in the entire category of mental disease. There is a courtly politeness about her which savors very strongly of the chivalrous South, that region of our beloved country so pre-eminent for the warmth and cordiality of its social usages. Ask Hetty if she was not raised in the South, and then watch the radiant smile passing over her face, as she curtsseys most gracefully, and commences her accustomed speech about the Palmetto State. Yes, she is a whole-souled South Carolinian, as wedded to her native spot as though she yet breathed the atmosphere of imperial Charleston. She experiences a peculiar delight in reverting to the memory of that excellent Episcopal prelate, Bishop Dehon, who confirmed her, years ago. She lights up with

enthusiastic ardor in sketching the histories of the distinguished families of that ancient State which gave her birth, in some of which she has occupied positions of domestic importance, and to all whose members, dead or living, she is faithfully attached, and ever will be while life endures. Nor is she useless in her present situation. In that department of female industry, where the bright and shining needle sways a regal influence, and where towels, pillow-cases, and quilts, pass under the sceptre of the steel, without whispering a syllable of dissatisfaction. In that spacious room, where spools and scissors, in emphatic tones, speak of the manufacturing interest, if not of the whole country, at least of the whole house, and appeal to the government with noiseless majesty for a judicious protective tariff, there Hetty is a tower of strength. Among the tribe of pins and needles, she is a virtual queen dowager. She marshals the silk and cotton to her rescue with as much of authority as Calhoun or Robert Y. Hayne called forth their arguments to support the cause of State rights in the Congress of '31 and '32. Her scissors sweep through the calico like the three-decker through a smooth sea. She makes a frock spring into existence almost by a magic influence, and as she sits with a bevy of subordinates and auxiliaries all bent upon the subjugation of the raw material, she retains that dignity of demeanor which results from the appreciation of her responsible position. If she incline her head in answering a query, you may rest assured there is precision and stateliness in the inclination. If she puts a veto on a measure, it is done with the air of old Hickory when he removed the deposits of the National Bank, and refused to renew its charter; and if a subordinate merits her esteem, she bestows a smile, as bland as it is encouraging, to her agents and factors; a smile which illumines the entire orb of her sable face, and bids her row of ivories emerge from the show-case, like the rank and file of a pale-faced army. Such is our friend, Hetty, a decided Episcopalian, eschewing camp-meetings and loud singing, but tenderly attached to her prayer book, and enjoying to the full her religious privileges, a pattern of domestic excellence, an example of faithfulness and integrity, a signal illustration of the excellent moral training of the South, and a standing evidence of the result of those refining influences which impregnate the very atmosphere of that region of our country, where all that is high-toned and chivalrous attains a full and free development.

But we must close this, to us deeply interesting topic, and leave our heroine in the undisturbed enjoyment of her domestic avocations.

SKETCHES OF NEWPORT.—FIRST.

"Putnam's Monthly" for February, contains an amusing article on "Newport in Winter." It is not presumed that a description of this place in the summer season, can possess the charm of novelty for the readers of "BIZARRE;" yet even those who have explored its numerous beautiful localities, and have mingled in the throng of fashionable visitors at the hotels, may not object to have some of these scenes recalled to their remembrance.

Travellers who go to Newport by the direct line from New York, leave that city at 5, P. M., in a spacious and splendidly furnished steamboat. The first object is to secure a state room, if possible; and this is, for many, a vain attempt, as these desirable accommodations are often pre-engaged for days, and even weeks. The unfortunates who are obliged to take berths in the crowded cabin, may congratulate themselves, however, on the superior comfort of their situation, compared with that of the occupants of rocking-chairs, settees, and the floor. The large saloon on the upper deck, is furnished luxuriously; and on a calm night, one can easily imagine himself spending an evening at home, with a social party. The piano, which stands in the centre of the apartment, is sometimes made to produce sweet music, to beguile the passing hours; and a fair songstress delights the company by her vocal performances; whilst, at intervals, numbers of voices join in the chorus. The saloon is gradually deserted; the lamps are extinguished; and the loungers on the sofas retire to their cabins or state rooms. If fortunate enough to sleep, the time flies quickly, until a thundering and prolonged knock arouses the passengers for Newport; warning them to prepare for landing. Great is the bustle and confusion among the uninitiated, who imagine the boat to be just nearing the wharf; and, therefore, the utmost exertions are made in collecting various articles of luggage; in order to be in readiness for instant disembarkation. The company assemble on the deck, with shawls, umbrellas, and carpet bags, in their hands; whilst their trunks are placed in a pile, ready for landing. The morning is raw and foggy, and it is yet too early for the sun to penetrate the mist. Soon the light-house becomes visible; and a horn is sounded at intervals from the shore, to aid in guiding the boat to the wharf. After advancing and receding a number of times, this desirable end is, at last, accomplished; the plank is thrown, and both passengers and luggage are safely deposited on shore. The lanterns carried by the coachmen, together with the advancing day-light, enable you to perceive a muddy landing place, on which

stand numerous vehicles, in almost dangerous proximity, whilst you are on all sides solicited to patronize the different hotels of the town:—"Ocean House, sir!" "Stage for the Atlantic;" "Take you direct to the Bellevue;"—are the sounds which greet the traveller: who, perhaps, prefers, as we did, a more retired lodging; and seats himself in a carriage for the "M. House." As he is whirled through the narrow streets, and past the strange old houses, he wonders "what can be the attraction which brings so many annual visitors to Newport!" For his part, he cannot "see anything beautiful or interesting about it." These reflections are cut short, by the stage stopping before a very imposing looking building, which stands a little distance from the street; and the driver informs the stranger that "this is the M. House." Trunks and carpet bags are quickly unstrapped, and deposited in a sleeping apartment; and as there are some hours yet, before the first gong sounds, this time is appropriated to slumber.

On awaking, and looking from the window, a very different scene is presented to the view. The sun has risen in splendor; the waters of the bay sparkle in the distance; and the schooners and boats give a charming variety to the scene; whilst, in the immediate vicinity of the house, the eye rests upon lofty trees and luxuriant shrubbery;—all the more beautiful from the refreshing shower of dew which they have received. After breakfast, commences the important business of unpacking trunks, and stowing away some portion of their contents. Bathing dresses are prepared for use; and arrangements made for enjoying a dip in the salt water at 11 o'clock. Vehicles are at the door in good season, and are quickly filled with sun-bonnetted ladies, and gentlemen in loose coats. As you approach the beach, it presents the appearance of a village of huts, with fantastically dressed inhabitants surrounding them. The convenient little dressing rooms on wheels, often number several hundred; and being painted in a variety of tints, present a curious spectacle. Mr. Goff, the proprietor of the largest number of these cars, was the first settler on the sands, which have since become so thickly populated. The success of the first projector has, in this case, as in most other enterprises, induced competition; and we now see the names of "Oman," and "Tew and Crosby," as solicitants for patronage. The advantages of these private establishments are highly appreciated by those who have been at bathing places where none such exist; and the small sum demanded for their use, is cheerfully paid. It is a matter of much surprise, that no accommodations of this kind are furnished at Cape May. Each tenant must be careful to remember the

number of his car; or he may find himself on coming out of the water, several hundred yards from the spot where he entered; or else he may find that he is an intruder in the castle of another bather. The metamorphosis produced by entering the cars, reminds one of the rapid transformations effected by magicians. The grave, plainly-dressed, gentleman, who shuts himself up in his temporary dwelling, soon issues forth, radiant with scarlet, or in a harlequin suit of yellow and blue. His equally sedate and respectable-looking wife appears from an adjoining vehicle, habited in a suit of red and green, and a hideous oiled-silk cap on her head. There a few of the young and pretty, who look charming even in a bathing dress. We have seen such, with their eyes and cheeks brightened by the exercise of combating the waves, and their dark tresses hanging around their shoulders; whilst the coquettish little hats, and beautifully contrasted colors of their costume, add much to the loveliness of the picture. It is not unusual to see some of these fair creatures gracefully swimming, or calmly floating on the water; while others, too timid to perform such feats, cling to their brothers and friends, as if in immediate danger of drowning. The surf at Newport has been often disparagingly contrasted with that of Cape May; yet, certainly, both for pleasure and safety, the comparison is in favor of the former. There is nothing very delightful in being taken off your feet, and repeatedly submerged in salt water; and then the number of accidents which have occurred at Cape May, cannot but cause an unpleasant degree of fear to mingle with the comfort of bathing. Those who looked strangely on entering the water, are not improved in appearance on their return; and afford the spectators much amusement, as they toil through the sand towards the cars. But we must reserve descriptions of other scenes until a future number.

SPIRITUAL DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE IX.

ROSCIUS. KEMBLE.

Sir Thomas Lawrence—Mr. Kemble as Hamlet—Roman Drama—The ladies theatre-goers—Roscius' crack parts—Kemble's Coriolanus—Immense audiences—Wm. Niblo—Cicero—Roscius in Comedy—How old is the Drama?—Roscius in a new part—James Wallack—Burton—His coarse vulgarity—Placide—Miss Keene—Mrs. Mason, &c.

Ros. Why, of all the ghosts in the universe, you are the very one I most wanted to see. My dear John Philip, how d'ye do, how d'ye do?

Kem. Brother of Rome, I reciprocate this warm greeting with all my heart, I assure you. But how in the name of wonder is it, that we haven't met oftener? Why, do you know, Roscius, that with the solitary exception of that brief and somewhat formal interview at Brother Fletcher's, this is the first time that I have had your ghostly hand in mine?

Ros. Even so. Well, well, here we are at last. We might be in worse quarters, too, than this quaint, cheerful, little library of our host here.

W. the Elder. An humble apartment, gentlemen; but from this hour forth, I shall consider it classic ground.

Ros. Very prettily said, old gentleman. But, halloo, what have we here? By Jove, what an admirable likeness!

Kem. Of whom, pray?

Ros. Why, of your own blessed self, to be sure; Hamlet, the Dane.

Kem. Ah yes, I see; Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait. Not a bad thing, certainly; rather flattering, though; eh, brother?

Ros. Well, I don't know. Step aside, my dear spirit, for a moment, and let's compare notes. Ah, that's it; the very attitude and expression. I declare, he has hit you off to a T. Now, then, complete the illusion, if you please, by repeating the speech itself. Let's see, how does it begin? *Alas, poor Yorick,—*

W. the Elder. The speech, the speech!

(*Kemble repeats several passages from the Church-yard scene.*)

Ros. Bravo, bravissimo! Ah, John, we had very little such declamation as that, in my time; and certainly, no such writing. Hamlet was your crack part, here below, was it not?

Kem. So the public said. I myself preferred my Cato. But what was yours, Roscius?

W. the Elder. Ah yes, do tell us all about it.

Ros. Well, do you mean the one that brought the most denarii into the treasury, or the one that set the women crying easiest?

W. the Elder. Women?

Ros. Certainly, the women. Pray, what makes you look so astonished?

W. the Elder. I ask your pardon, Roscius, but I certainly *did* have a vague impression, that the ladies didn't go to the theatre, in your day.

Ros. Poh, poh; what put such an absurd notion as that in your head?

W. the Elder. Well, there are pretty strong authorities leaning that way. Festus, Suidas, Hesychius, Eusebius, Heinsius, Bentley, Porson, Parr, Cleveland, Adams, Anthon—

Ros. Pshaw, what care I for a string of names? You might go on, in this way, till you had filled a metropolitan directory: that

wouldn't alter the fact, you know. The idea of keeping strong-minded females away from the play-house, in any star, or era! Ridiculous! We had any quantity of them, both before and behind the scenes.

W. the Elder. What, female performers, too?

Ros. Most assuredly.

W. the Elder. Enough said, Roscius. Of coarse, a plump statement like this, direct from head-quarters, ought to weigh down a Bodleian Library of musty treatises to the contrary.

Ros. It only shows you, my New England friend, what a mass of worthless fibs and conjectures all classical learning is. It was just so when I was a boy. Our school-books were full of the same abominable mis-statements, about the manners and customs of the Egyptians; and no doubt, when Moses was a youngster, the Egyptian scholars swallowed just such thumpers relative to the social arrangements of the Chaldeans.

W. the Elder. I dare say. Meanwhile, I feel very much like throwing that infernal Lempriere into the street, for misleading me in this atrocious manner.

Kem. Oh, don't be so absurdly flighty and impulsive. My dear Roscius, go on with your narrative. You were about telling us of some of your favorite personations. I confess, I am quite curious on the subject.

Ros. Well, I was going to say, that I was most sure of crowding the house, in the *Elder Brutus*, in Ennius's *Last of the Tarquins*. Not that it was his best play, or my best part, by any means, though there were some stirring passages in it about liberty; but the theme itself always went right home to the hearts of the people. As a work of art, I was far prouder of my *Numa*, in a play of that name, written by my dearly beloved and ever-illustrious pupil, Cicero. It never drew like the other, though, and indeed, was somewhat deficient in exciting incidents; but it was full of lofty sentiments, put into the most exquisite verse. My *Coriolanus*, too, used to be cried up vastly, by a certain clique, though the public generally did not relish it much. The fact is, *Pacuvius* did not do himself or his hero justice on that occasion, and his play is not to be mentioned in the same universe with its Shaksperian namesake.

Kem. I should think not. What a play, what a play!

Ros. And what laurels you won in it!

Kem. Ah, my dear Roscius, you are now touching a tender chord. Do you know, that was my last part, on earth, and under what circumstances of mingled pride and sorrow, I performed it? Oh, with what painful vividness does the scene rise up before me even now!

Ros. I am really very sorry, my dear

friend, that I should have called up any such unpleasant associations. Forgive—

Kem. Not at all, not at all. Go on with your story.

Ros. Well, I was just about cutting it short, by saying, that on the whole, my *cheval de bataille* was *Epaminondas*, in Ennius's masterpiece, so called. That last scene, where the hero perishes so gloriously in the arms of victory, at Mantinea, always brought the house down, with more fervor and *furore*, than any thing I ever did. That, by the way, was the piece, with which we first opened Pompey's magnificent theatre. I played the part, on that occasion, to an audience of fifty thousand of the finest men and women in Rome.

W. the Elder. Fifty thousand! What would William Niblo have said to such a house? Pretty busy times among the ticket-takers, in those days! May I venture to inquire what the receipts, in such a case, would amount to?

Ros. Oh, how should I know! Confound this Yankee passion of yours for statistics. We had all prices, of course, from a sestertertium down to a denarius; or as my friend John here would say, from a ten-guinea box in the dress circle, down to a shilling peep in the upper lobbies. The last benefit I took on earth, if I remember right, netted me about fifty thousand of your American dollars. The poorest house I ever knew, in Pompey's theatre, strange to say, was when I was playing that very same part of *Epaminondas*. There were hardly five hundred persons present.

Kem. Indeed; and pray what was the occasion of that?

Ros. Ah, that was an exciting day for Rome; the very day, *Kemble*, that that traitor Cataline was driven away from the city, amid the execrations of the people, after that scathing speech of Cicero, which was too much, even for his desperate effrontery. I was so much absorbed at the time, I remember, in my professional duties, that I was not aware of what was going on in town, though, of course, much surprised at seeing so slender an audience. The moment the news reached us we disappeared, to a man, without the slightest regard to dramatic propriety. I was exceedingly annoyed afterwards, to find, that while I had been strutting and fretting on the boards, to so little purpose, I had been cheated out of the most magnificent burst of oratory, that was ever heard within the walls of Rome. But, friends, it will never do for me to grow thus garrulous, while dwelling on these old reminiscences.

Kem. Don't say so; go on, go on. By the way, Roscius, you never ventured on comedy, I believe.

Ros. I ask your pardon; I made some most palpable hits in that line.

Kem. In what pieces?

Ros. Let me see. It is so long ago, and I have had such an infinity of engagements since, that I can't recall these things so readily as I used to. Ah, yes; my *Young Velox*, in Afranius's *Speed the Sword*, was considered an unqualified success, and filled the house for fifty successive days. My *Cratinus* in *The Two Gentlemen of Carthage*, was well spoken of by the critics. My *Corvus*, in Plautus's glorious old play, the *Midsummer-Day's Dream*, and my *Popilius*, in the *Conquest of Numantia*, were both highly popular. Julius Cæsar himself, I remember, wrote me a very gratifying note, commendatory of the latter performance. I recollect making a decided hit, too, in Terence's favorite comedietta of *Fish out of Water*.

Kem. What, what, what?

Ros. I say, in Terence's *Fish out of Water*.

Kem. Ah, that won't do, Roscius. The idea of passing off as Roman as genuine an English farce as ever was written!

Ros. How's that?

Kem. I repeat it; the idea of trying to make out my old friend, Sam Savory, a native of the Eternal City, won't go down.

W. the Elder. No, indeed. I should as soon have pitched upon Communipaw, for the birth-place of Coriolanus.

Ros. Savory? Savory? That's not the name of the hero in the piece to which I refer; but *Camillus*, a fine, young, dashing fellow, but most frightfully impulsive, who falls in love with every pretty girl he meets, and gets into all manner of scrapes in consequence.

Kem. Ah, that's not *our* man, certainly. *His* loves and troubles were of a very different stamp. I see; a mere coincidence of title. I ask pardon, my dear friend, for the interruption. Go on with your enumeration.

Ros. But wherefore, Kemble? Why dig up all these dead and gone plays, and players, and play-houses? It surely can't interest you much, and it only makes me melancholy. Ah, dear! to think that of the myriads of sparkling, pungent comedies that were in vogue in my day, hardly a baker's dozen have descended to posterity! And that of such a host of superb actors, and delicious actresses, as I knew, and who had their full share of plaudits and laurels, in the flesh, my own humble self alone has been snatched from oblivion. Out upon the injustice of time, the mockery of fame! And so let me drop the subject, by simply saying, that on the whole, I took far more pleasure in, and will be far longer remembered by, my buskin-parts, than by anything I ever did in my socks. And that, my friend, I take to be your case.

Kem. I suppose so. And yet, my dear friends, Lamb and Reynolds (rare critics

they were, too,) could see a good deal to like in my Joseph Surface, and even in my Benedict.

W. the Elder. "Pride of the Roman Stage."

Ros. Well, my whimsical old host, what is it?

W. the Elder. You were remarking, a few moments since, that there was little or no reliance to be placed on one's books, in regard to antique matters generally! Allow me, therefore, to go to the fountain-head, and ask your ghostship a question or two, while I have a chance. And first, Roscius, do tell me how old is the Drama? Where and how did it begin?

Ros. What! the acting Drama? Well, I always supposed it came in about the same time with grape-juice. How is it, brother manager? Am I right or not?

Kem. I should say so. I have always dated it from Eden, and considered our first parents the first *Dram. Pers.* on record.

W. the Elder. And the written drama—how is that?

Ros. Why it began, of course, immediately after the organization of the alphabets of the different nations.

W. the Elder. And when do you think they will become obsolete?

Ros. When green fields do, and birds, and flowers, and the bright eyes of woman; when tears and kisses give out, and *amo* ceases to be a verb transitive; in short, when the last man alive draws his last breath.

W. the Elder. Your answers, my friend, are rather more comprehensive than definite. They chime in, however, most agreeably, with my own sentiments. And yet, we are wrong, my ghostly brethren—we are all wrong in this, or else certain great critics of the metropolis are.

Ros. What great critics?

W. the Elder. Well, it was only yesterday, that I was reading an article in one of our world-searching periodicals, (or rather, essaying to read it, for the document was so surcharged with opium, that notwithstanding three precautionary cups of strong green tea, I fell asleep, before reaching the third page thereof,) wherein it was contended that the theatre had always had a very precarious foothold in the literature of the world; had been a miserable exponent of the popular mind, even where it most flourished; and that the tendencies of the present century were most emphatically against it; in short, that there were agencies now at work, all over the world, and more particularly in our own republic, that would result in making the drama a thoroughly obsolete idea, long before the year 1900 hove in sight.

Ros. Why, what an infernal old fool! I ask pardon, though; I should not have

spoken so abruptly, or uncourtously. And yet, what an acute observer and profound reasoner must the compounder of the opiate in question have been, to have arrived at such conclusions!

Kem. Monstrous absurdity! The Drama obsolete, indeed; Shakspeare obsolete, so long as human eyes wink, or hearts beat! I will not insult my own good sense by arguing such a point. But come, brother Roscius, give an account of yourself. What parts are you studying now? What star have you been starring in recently?

Ros. Well, my last performance was in the somewhat heavy part of *La Fayette*, in an historical play, so called, by one *Wiggins*.

Kem. Whereabouts?

Ros. In an old foggy of a luminary, some few millions of leagues off to the southwest of us. I've been in town, though, for the last three weeks.

Kem. Indeed; and whose roof have you been honoring?

Ros. Brother *Wallack's*.

W. the Elder. The deuce you have! Then, of course, you know all that's going on in the dramatic world.

Ros. I am pretty well posted up, I believe, in your New York theatricals.

W. the Elder. Have you been to *Burton's*?

Ros. Oh yes, several times.

W. the Elder. How did you like him?

Ros. I was exceedingly pleased. He is evidently a master of his art.

W. the Elder. What rôles have you seen him in?

Ros. In the impersonations of *Sleek*, *Squeers*, *Acres*, *Toodle*, the *Elder Rapid*, and *Missess Vanderpants*.

W. the Elder. A pretty wide range, that.

Ros. Yes; and it seemed to me that he filled them all, with a singular fidelity to nature, and an evident attention to details. Some of his faces were, not only overwhelmingly funny, but most careful studies, such as *Theophrastus* himself might have written from. At least it struck me so.

W. the Elder. Didn't you find him rather coarse at times?

Ros. Well, I was annoyed once or twice, by a tendency that way. I regret to add, however, that the audience generally seemed to encourage and relish those very blemishes, far more than they did the more elaborate and artistic parts of his acting. There was another performer there, who made a most delightful impression upon me. He played old *Grandfather*—

W. the Elder. *Whitehead*—*Whitehead*.

Ros. The same; a most delicious bit of pathos. I couldn't stand it, I confess, but blubbered like a boy.

W. the Elder. Have you seen *Jesse Rural*?

Ros. To be sure I have.

W. the Elder. A miserable humbug, wasn't it?

Ros. Yes; just about as stupendous a failure, in its way, as brother *John's Macbeth* here was in its, or his kinsman's *Benedict*. I wouldn't have missed it for a great deal. We had no such character on the stage, in my day, and, (to confess the truth,) though there were plenty of good men, and good women, and happy firesides, in *Rome* then, we had do such religion out of which to make it.

W. the Elder. Do you know, *Roscius*, that the critic, to whom I before referred, actually objected to the introduction of this character on the boards, as a piece of sacrilege?

Ros. Why, what an infinitesimally small-minded creature he must be!

Kem. Yes; I should as soon think of leaving *Parson Adams* out of *Joseph Andrews*. But, friends, how do you reconcile all this admirable acting with said critic's allegation of the rapid decadence of the drama?

Ros. True. If you had been at *Wallack's* last night, too, I think you would have inferred, both from the quality of the audience and of the performance, that there was some little life left in it yet.

Kem. Ah, what were they doing?

Ros. Playing the *Lady of Lyons*.

Kem. And who was the *Claude*? Some vulgar, brawny, ranting, thigh-slapping creature, I dare say.

Ros. Oh no, no, no; tout au contraire; one of the most handsome, refined, intelligent actors that I ever saw; anything but a ranter. Indeed, I thought he was too quiet in the earlier scenes. At the close of the fourth act, though, he gave us a glorious burst of passion, that quite took the house by surprise.

Kem. And the *Pauline*?

Ros. When I say that *Miss Keene* played it—

W. the Elder. Ah, isn't she sweet? I'm quite in love with that girl.

Ros. How dare you talk about being in love, landlord, close alongside of the grave, as you are?

W. the Elder. Well, I can't help it; there's something so gentle and lady-like about her—such a pleasant mixture of archness and pathos. I haven't been so pleased with any performer since *Mrs. Mason* left the stage.

Kem. Well, friends, I can't stop here, listening to any more of your criticisms. My time's up.

Ros. What hurries you?

Kem. Well, I'm hard at work on my great part of George Washington. I'm very anxious about it, I confess. I wouldn't fail in it for all the gold-dust in the system.

Ros. If agreeable, I'll go with you. Pray, who's the author?

Kem. No less a bard than rare Ben himself.

Ros. Indeed! Well, let's be off. Adieu, landlord.

W. the Elder. One word, Roscius, before you go. Do you happen to know of any authentic bust of yourself? If so, I confess I should dearly love to add it to my little collection here.

Ros. I'm afraid you'll not find such a thing on the planet. There are a few stray ones, scattered about in other luminaries. There may be some at the bottom of the Tiber. If the Pope were willing to let you Yankees drag the river with him, on shares.

W. the Elder. We've asked him. He won't agree to it.

Ros. Then you'll have to do without the article. Farewell.

W. the Elder. Good bye, boys.

(*Exeunt.*)

OLD CUDJO'S STORY.

H. Hooker, of our city, has a new work in press, called "A Choice of Evils, or Thirteen Years in the South: by a Northern Man," which we are sure will be read with pleasure. It treats of the subject of Southern Slavery, and by facts, as well as good reasoning, places the institution in its true light. The publisher has permitted us to present a chapter of this forthcoming book, to our readers, which is an excellent specimen of the whole production. The object of the author is to show the true condition of negroes in their native Africa; and he does so, we think, pretty effectually.

It was in the far-off South. On the elevated bank of a noble river, and in full view of both shores, stood a beautiful edifice, erected for the worship of God. In the cool of a Sunday summer morning, with a few white people of both sexes, there were assembled about an hundred blacks, of ages from under five to over sixty. They had come to receive religious instruction in a Sunday School which had been lately instituted for their special benefit. More than with mere willingness—gladly had they assembled, to meet their beloved and devoted teachers. An affectionate address was made to them on the important object in view—their improvement in Christian knowledge and happiness.

In plain and simple language, suited to their intellects, they were made to under-

stand what was required of them; they were told what advantages and comforts would accrue to them, if they acted well their own easy and delightful part.

I suppose that the outlines of Christianity, as a Divine system of grace and morals, known only to such as so receive it, are not often better delineated than they were on that lovely morning, to those children of the sun. The great truths of the gospel are seldom put with more simple skill of familiar illustration, than they were by the superintendent, or head teacher, of that negro Sunday School. Nor have I ever witnessed an apparently more kindly and feeling reception of them.

They were all slaves; and to help them thankfully to accept of the good which was offered them, in the form of religious instruction, that they might in some degree appreciate it, so as to insure their continuance in well-doing, in the pursuit of the best knowledge, it was thought desirable to induce their thankful contentment with their condition. In no condition of life will the restless and discontented make much progress in either mental or moral improvement.

They were questioned about their knowledge of their origin, and of how they came to be in their present condition. With the exception of a few old people, who were born in Africa, and brought away in advanced youth, or maturity, they seemed quite in the dark on the subject of their origin, and of the land of their ancestry. In language adapted to the occasion, a brief general account was given them of their progenitors coming from Africa, sold into slavery by their own countrymen.

"And now," said their friend and teacher, "we will see if we cannot make this matter more plain and interesting to you. For this purpose, we will try to get the story of his coming to this country from one of these old men, who was born in the country of your forefathers.

Addressing himself to a happy-looking old African, the teacher said, familiarly, "Daddy Cudjo"—as he was usually called—"will you tell these people and children the story of your leaving Africa, and how the people live there? It may be good for them to know how they happen to be here, and that they are better off, as you have before told me, than are the people and children of Africa."

But Cudjo was not accustomed to public speaking on such occasions; and instead of complying with the request, he would doubtless have blushed, had his complexion allowed of such an exhibition of modesty. Therefore, to get at what was wanted from the old man, a conversation, in this wise, was entered upon and pursued. Cudjo had never learned well to use the English tongue.

Some Africans never do. Like instances are found among other foreigners.

"Cudjo, how old were you when you come from Africa?"

"Dön' know, mas'r."

"Do you think you were fifteen, Cudjo?"

"Don' know, mas'r—mebby so."

"Well, how big were you?"

"Bout's big's dat boy Sam, dar'."

"Very well, and how old are you, Sam?"

"Mose fourteen, mas'r," said Sam, at the same time showing about that number of the whitest kind of teeth.

"Then, Cudjo, you were about fourteen, perhaps?"

"'Spose so, mas'r."

"Then you can remember very well about your home, and how you came to leave it?"

"Yes, mas'r; 'member *bery* well."

This was said with a strong emphasis on what he meant for very; and it aroused the wakeful attention of all present, and especially the younger portion, whose curiosity was excited with the expectation of something wonderful.

"Cudjo, did you live in a village, or in the country, on a plantation?"

"Lib in big town, mas'r. Nobody lib in country dar'."

"Why not live in the country, Cudjo?"

"Enemy all roun' 'bout."

"And what sort of town was it that you lived in, Cudjo? Tell us something about it and the people who lived in it."

"Bery big town, mas'r. King lib in it, all he big men lib in it, an' all he fine lady; an' great many spearmen; an' great many poor people 'longing to king an' big men. Bery, *bery* big town."

According to Cudjo's description of the town, or kraal, and from his comparison with towns with which he was acquainted, as Charleston and Savannah, it may have contained several square miles. Of the town, or kraal, of the Zoola chief in Eastern Africa, Mr. Isaacs, who was often in it, says, "I should think it would exceed three miles in circumference, and includes within its space fourteen hundred huts. The King's palace is situated at the head of the kraal, on an eminence, and comprises about one hundred huts, in which none but girls live, as men are not allowed to enter the palace"—or harem.

The Zoola chief, with a powerful savage army, and in possession of thousands of square miles of territory, from which he had nearly exterminated the former possessors, and held the residue in bondage, had no occasion for large walled, garrison towns, like Cudjo's King, who was surrounded by ferocious enemies.

"But, Cudjo, if all the people live in the town, how do they get provisions to eat?"

"Ebery one grew sweet tater, an' cassada, an' groun' nuts, an' melon, an' quash."

"Do all the people live on vegetables, then?"

"Yes, mas'r, 'cept king an' big men, 'an soger. Them go out an' fight, an' get slaves, an' cattle, an' fish, an' game."

"And how came you to be taken from such a town, Cudjo? Did an enemy get in and steal you in the night?"

"O no, mas'r; town strong—fence all roun' wid brick."

"With brick, Cudjo? Was the big town walled round with brick, such as we have in this country?"

"Not zactly, mas'r. Not little red brick; big brick, bake in sun, mas'r. Wall bery tick, bery high; brier and prickly pear on top. Nobody get ober."

"Then you were outside when you were taken?"

"Yes, mas'r, outside."

"But how came you outside and unprotected?"

"My uncle, my mudder's brudder, say, 'Cudjo, come go see my brudder.' Him lib in fort little way off on de ribber, an' catch fish for de king. So me go wid uncle. In bush, big man wid long spear jump up hine log, ketch me—carry me off."

"But where was your uncle at this time, Cudjo?"

"Him run away."

"Cudjo, did you never suspect that your uncle had sold you to the big spearman, and took you out to him to carry you off?"

"Me hab some time bin tink so, mas'r. Me tink him steal me from my mudder—him bad man—him sell him own chillen an' two wife."

"And what did the big spearman do with you, Cudjo?"

"Him take me off two tre night, wid more boy—sell me to nudder black man wid much spearman wid him. Him hab many, many boy, an gals too."

"And what did these new masters do with you and the rest of the boys and girls?"

"Dem ear' us off, long, long, way tow'rd sunset, an' day sell us to white man in big ship."

"Cudjo, had you ever before seen white men?"

"Nebber, mas'r, nebber."

"Did you know there were white men before you saw him you were sold to?"

"No, mas'r, nebber hearn o' one."

"And what did you think of him, Cudjo, when you first saw him?"

"Me been tink him de debbil, mas'r."

"And what did you think the white man was going to do with you?"

"Me tink him gwine eat me, mas'r."

At these answers all the white teeth pres-

ent were shown, with other demonstrations of merriment."

"When you were first taken from your uncle, what did you think the spearman would do with you, Cudjo?"

"Me tink him gwine to sell me to him King, or some udder big man."

"Why did you think so?"

"Case, mas'r, my King, and him big men, buy boys, an' girls, an' people."

"And what did they do with the people they bought?"

"Make 'em work, an' make 'em fight."

"Were many of the people slaves there, Cudjo?"

"Mose all, mas'r, 'cept de King an' him big men."

"And were not the big men slaves to the King?"

"Spose so, mas'r. King make em kill one a nudder, sometimes, when him angry."

"How did the masters treat the working and fighting slaves? Were they kind to them, and did they feed and clothe them well?"

"No, no, mas'r. Bery hard work; bery little eat; no clo'es—plenty lashing—some time kill."

At this, all the white teeth are covered, and some sighs and groans heard from the old women. The teacher proceeds with affectionate solemnity:

"Well, we have no more time now for Cudjo to tell us about Africa. You have all been quite attentive. And you have learned that you have no reason to be sorry that you are here, and not in that wicked land, where there is no Sunday—no rest for the poor—no peace—no safety—no hope of a better world beyond the grave. At another time, perhaps, Daddy Cudjo may tell us about the bad, and foolish, and cruel superstitions which they have in Africa, instead of the blessed religion of the Gospel.

"And now, my friends—now, children, we are to worship the good God, our Heavenly Father; and you must be very sober and attentive, and pray for the poor heathen who know nothing of a Great Father in heaven. Pray that they may learn to know and love Him. And I hope that you will be very thankful that your lot is fallen in the pleasant land where the blessed Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ, is King."

"Yes, mas'r; tank de Lord! tank de Lord!" ejaculated a venerable old African woman, in a neat, clean dress, and white turban.

"Tank de Lord! tank de Lord!" How its thrilling tones appealed to all hearts to be thankful! In my mind's ear it is sounding still.

The exercises of the Sunday School were closed by an appropriate hymn sung by the blacks. With the aid of the female teachers, principally their young mistresses, they had

thoroughly committed it to memory; and with their teachers, they sang it heartily, and not without taste. I have never since been more pleased with anything of the sort, than with that negro Sunday School. The impression it made, it is most pleasant and profitable to revive—deepened, too, as it was, by the public worship that followed.

In age, how the memory of the heart loves to dwell on the oases in the general desert of life, as guide-marks through the wilderness, to the green fields and living waters beyond!

BIZARRE AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

LADY BIRD is the title of a new novel of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, which has lately been issued in beautiful style, by the Appletons of New York. It is powerfully written; but, at the same time, its incidents are rather forced, if not improbable. One may sit down to the book with a cheerful heart, but one cannot rise from it in the same mood. Every body is miserable in it, and every body must be made unhappy who reads it. The heroine, a singular mixture of romance and fact, marries a young musician who loves her to distraction; but whom, because another possesses her heart, she does not love. The musician—Maurice—might, had he chosen, allied himself to a sweet creature, literally dying for him; but he prefers to renounce her for a woman who warmly prefers another. The name of the other is Adrien. The marriage of Lady Bird and Maurice is a miserable one, of course; particularly, as among the other distressing features, it causes the former to be disowned by a vile old father. The pair start for America, and, singular coincidence, in the same ship is Adrien. Now happen some very exciting and rather naughty scenes; but still nothing absolutely prejudicial to the wife's honor. The husband gets sick, and the wife ministers to his wants most assiduously. By mistake, she gives him laudanum, and for a time the sick man is in a critical state. The wife reproaches herself with the accident, and nearly goes mad at the supposition of his death, and her being thereby free! But Maurice does not die. On the contrary, he seems to have a perfect understanding as to the exact feelings of his wife towards him, and towards his rival. There is then a compromise between husband and wife and lover; indeed, the three become, vulgarly speaking, as "thick as three in a bed." Then the ship takes fire, and Maurice loses his life in saving those of his companions, and the "happy family" is broken up. Lady Bird goes back to England, is forgiven by her father; while her husband becomes a priest. The young girl who loved Maurice so dearly, and gave him up to a

woman who loved somebody else, joins the Sisters of Charity. We repeat everybody is miserable, and the author must have written the book in the midst of the megrims. We confess that we do not like such stories, and we believe the tendency of them is pernicious in the extreme. Why will ladies hatch up such unhappy incidents? Life presents wretchedness and misery enough, one would think, without dwelling upon fancy to make the scene even darker.

FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY.—This book embraces the travels of Mr. Benjamin Moran, through every county in England but two. We have noticed it, and given several extracts from it, while it was passing through the press. Nothing in its way of a more decided character has been published for some time. The author goes right into his subject, and talks about it like an honest, sensible man as he is. If the question before him be plain, and matter-of-fact, he so treats it; if it is associated with exciting tradition, or circumstances be they what they may, his language warms up to the standard required. We have hence a variety of moods according to the variety of scenes and incidents through which our traveller passed; and all are emphatic. He talks out plainly of the exceptionable features he encountered, induced whether by a general or particular policy, and you are forced to conclude that he tells you what he truly believes in the premises. Mr. Moran is a purely self-made man. He came to our city from the country when a mere boy; and the knowledge he has, was obtained while daily laboring for a livelihood at the printer's trade. His reading has been very extensive, and he has added to this knowledge from books, a knowledge gathered by close observation of men and things, without the latter, the former would have been of no avail in making him the practical, substantial, useful man which he is. What's the use of sails, boat, and mast, if you have not a true rudder? Mr. Moran is at present one of the editorial corps of our city. He will be heard from again, we doubt not, hereafter; and heard from in even a more commanding attitude than that which "Footpath and Highway" has given him. Let us add, that his book is elegantly printed, and that it is dedicated to the man of all men, deserving the honor. Thousands are there, who know and value John Grigg. He stands among us, a glorious ensample of the power of genius, industry, and integrity combined. Most fit person was he, to be honored with the dedication of such a book as the one in notice, and from such a man as its author.

THE LOFTY AND THE LOWLY, a very clever book, from the pen of Miss McIntosh, recently published by the Appletons, of New York city, has been for some days upon our table. It is an exceedingly interesting story,

and one, too, which is well calculated to heal up wounds created by extravaganzas like Uncle Tom. The author has done a glorious work in writing her book, and we cordially commend it to the public. She is well known to readers, through the medium of previously published productions, among which "Charms and Counter-charms" may be particularly mentioned.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.—The Harpers have published the third volume of this elaborate work, by Agnes Strickland. It is devoted to the life of 'Mary Queen of Scots,' and treats of her unhappy career with unusual power. Mary's history does not close with the volume, but is brought up to the death of her half-brother, Lord John Coldingham. We have always read everything which related to the Queen of Scots with the intensest, but at the same time, the gloomiest interest. As may be imagined, her story gathers new claims to attention, when presented by the graphic pen of Agnes Strickland.

A HERO, AND OTHER TALES, from the press of the Harpers, embraces three stories of decided merit. They are from the pen of the author of "Olives" and the "Ogilvies." The second of the series, namely "Bread upon the Waters," records the doings of a governess whose whole life appears to have been an humble copy of Him who went about doing good. Nothing but benefit can accrue from the reading of such stories as this; indeed the whole series is excellent in thought, style and interest.

LIFE AND WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.—The Harpers have published the fourth and last volume of Chambers' Life and Writings of Burns the poet, a book without which no library can be said to be complete.

RESTORATION OF BELIEF.—H. Hooker, of our city, has just published a volume with this title, which is understood to embrace the two first parts of a series now passing through the London press. A peculiar importance is imparted to the work, by the new aspects in which the author presents Christian evidences in connexion with the new forms of unbelief that mark the time. The British reviews are unanimous in favor of the ability of the author. The "Quarterly" says, "whoever he may be, he is a man of mettle, and well trained and equipped for the encounter to which he has committed himself." The "Critic" pronounces the book "plain and intelligible, but yet powerful and eloquent—a true Christian spirit pervades it."

THE OBLIGATION OF THE SABBATH.—A discussion between Rev. John Newlin Brown and William B. Taylor, on this subject, has lately been published by Mr. A. Hart, of this city. We have hastily glanced at the con-

tents of the volume, but we shall read it attentively, and notice it perhaps somewhat particularly hereafter. Meantime the impression we gather of the book is, that Mr. Taylor is mastered by his Reverend opponent. It should be stated, however, in hazarding this opinion, that our sympathies are all with the latter, and that the wish may have thus, in a measure, been a father of the thought. The book is a duodecimo of about three hundred pages, and has been got out with paper cover, as well as bound in cloth, gilt; the former at 37½ cents, and the latter at 75 cts. the copy.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

In our last, we spoke of a remarkable manuscript Bible in the collection of a friend. Since the publication of the paragraph on the subject, we have received from a correspondent the following minute description of the curiosity, which we transfer with pleasure to our pages, thanking him heartily, both for ourselves and our numerous readers:

"Mr. Editor:—I send you a brief account of the very extraordinary manuscript of the bible—alluded to by you generally in your last number. It is justly accounted a most interesting and valuable relic of the days when the "ancient scribe" did the work of the modern printer, and pressmen, compositors, proof-readers, and—excuse me, I had almost said editors, also—were unknown. By dint of almost incredible perseverance, the scribe achieved the task of writing the whole of the bible, together with the books of the Apocrypha acknowledged by the Church of Rome, and the third book of Esdras, rejected by both Protestants and Romanists, in the small space of 900 pages, or 1800 columns, of fifty lines each, (90,000 lines) each column measuring only 3 15-16 inches in length, by 1 3-16 inches in breadth. It has been computed that the time consumed by the scribe, in erecting this wonderful monument of patience and perseverance, was from thirty-seven to forty-five years. (This, of course, is a mere surmise; it was probably done in a much shorter time.) A diligent examination has failed to discover a single blot. It is in the abbreviated Latin of the middle ages and after; written probably about the years 1250-1300; although an earlier date has been assigned to it. The vellum is of exquisite softness, and very thin. Its measurement is:

Length—5½ inches.

Breadth—¾ "

Thickness—1½ " about.

Yet in this *tiny* volume is such a mass of matter contained! Of course its owner values it highly. Truly yours, BIBLIOPHILE."

The New York *Illustrated News* lately published a paragraph touching the *National Portrait Gallery*, which we transferred to

our pages, merely to sustain an opinion which we had expressed regarding certain features of that work. We certainly had no wish to cast a single personal reflection upon the reverend editor. We make this statement on his account. The opinions *we* have expressed as to certain new features of the *Gallery*, added by its present publishers, remain unchanged, and so will they continue.

The *Athenæum* says, on the occasion of the *Dublin University Magazine* completing its twentieth year, its proprietor, Mr. M'Glashan, was presented at Dublin with a testimonial, in the form of a tea and coffee service, in silver. Mr. Charles Lever, the novelist, was chosen as spokesman of a large circle of gentlemen of opposite politics and creeds, who joined in the testimonial.

Samuel Phillips has received from the University of Göttingen, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Mr. Phillips—in his youth a student at Göttingen—is known to English readers as the writer of literary essays in the *London Times*, and as a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*.

A great scientific Expedition is about to be sent by the Russian Geographical Society, into Eastern Siberia and Kamschatka. The Expedition comprises twelve young men who have been trained by the Society expressly to the duty of taking astronomical, magnetical, and meteorological observations. It was further stated, that another Expedition would be despatched to examine the condition of the Fisheries in the Caspian Sea; and a third, to explore, in a geological point of view, several regions of European and Asiatic Russia.

We agree with a London editor that the historian of the literature of the nineteenth century will not have occasion to lament the smallness, either in value, or perhaps in extent, of his materials. "Already," he says, "we have had Lives of Byron, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell, Cary, Jeffrey, &c. Lord John Russell is giving us the Memoir and Diaries of Moore; and one of the publications of the present year, though as yet not publicly announced, will be a Life (though a brief one) of William Lisle Bowles,—containing his early correspondence with Coleridge."

The romance of Napoleon, in *Harper's Magazine*, is as much admired as ever. The Reverend author is rapidly achieving the highest position as a writer of fiction.

A correspondent, signing himself "P. C. M.," informs us that the beautiful lines, published by us in a former number of *BIZARRE*,* entitled "The Dry Leaf," were translated from the French, and originally appeared in the Paris *Moniteur* of August 13th, 1816. We think they are much more beautiful in their

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original French, than they were even in the admirable translation which we gave. However, of this the reader may judge for himself:

LA FEUILLE DESSECHÉE.

De ta tige détachée
Pauvre feuille desséchée,
Ou vas tu ? Je n'en sais rien,
L'orage a frappé la chêne
Que seule étoit mon soutien
De son inconstante haleine—
Le Zéphir, ou L'aquillon
Détruis ce jour me promène
De la forêt à la plaine
De la montagne au vallon,
Je vais ou le vent me mène
Sans me plaindre, ou m'éffrayer,
Je vais, ou va toute chose
Ou va, la feuille de rose
Et la feuille de laurier.

"The Dakota Mother's Lament for a Daughter," by Mrs. Mary H. Eastman, came too late for the present number of *BIZARRE*. The accomplished author will accept our thanks for the favor. It shall appear in our next.

Mr. Cooke has resuscitated his *Drawing Room Journal*, and it will appear early in the coming month. We have had a glance at the outside pages, and they indicate a paper which in beauty of typography and general mechanical tastefulness, will surpass everything of the kind in the country. Touching Mr. Cooke's ability to make a refined and sparkling sheet, the old *Drawing Room Journal* has established that point. We wish brother Cooke abundant success.

We have received from Messrs. Appleton & Co., "English Items, or Microscopic Views of England and Englishmen;" from Putnam & Co., "Miseries of Human Life"—new series Popular Library,—and "The Deck of the Crescent City;" from Redfield, "Light and Shade," and "Trench on the Lessons in Proverbs;" from Lippincott, Grambo & Co., "Charity and the Pulpit," and two more numbers of Waverly, containing "Anne of Gierstien" and the "Fair Maid of Perth."

EDITOR'S SANS-SOUCI.

—Reader, never indulge in poetical or rhetorical expressions, in your common-place course of life. Use the very word that expresses your idea, without resorting to fashionable imperfect substitutes. Learn from an excellent anecdote how the indulgence of tropes may become an expensive luxury. It seems the partridge was the favorite meat of Dominique, the celebrated Trivelin, of Italian comedy. One day, when he was to perform at Versailles, he was permitted to dine with the King, who always enjoyed his company greatly. A dish of partridges being

offered to Louis XIV., he said, "Nol this dish is for Dominique." "And the partridges on it, sire?" asked the comedian. The monarch nodded assent. His metonymy had cost him a massive dish of silver.

—Apropos of partridges, a delicious bird, we recall an anecdote in which turbot tongues, another delicacy, was the foundation of much merriment at the table of Cambacères, who was a terrible sensualist. One day a gigantic turbot was served at his table—a turbot worthy brother of that which had the honor of dividing the Roman Senate—and the Arch Chancellor said to D'Aigrefeuille, his faithful friend and companion; and carver at his table: "Send me the tongue of the fish." D'Aigrefeuille opens the mouth of the monster with the point of the carver, and replies that there is no tongue there. "That is very disagreeable," replied the prince, and the matter ended there. The same thing having occurred, however, a second and a third time, Cambacères could contain himself no longer, and sent in great excitement for his *maître d'hôtel*. "How happens it," he asks of him, knitting his brows, "that all the turbots you serve me have no tongues? Are you so ignorant as to throw them away?" "Your Excellency will pardon me," murmured the poor devil, "I have only obeyed the instructions of M. D'Aigrefeuille, which were to detach the tongue and place it under the tail of the animal, where your Excellency may convince yourself it now is." "Let us see," and Cambacères, seizing the dish, lifts up the turbot's tail, beneath which lay truly the unctuous tit-bit. "Well, well," he added, swallowing it, "in future serve your turbots as they are formed by nature, without heeding M. D'Aigrefeuille—I don't like these surgical phenomena."

—The High School Commencement exercises, at the Musical Fund Hall, on Monday the 10th instant, were exceedingly interesting. The elocution of the speakers we remarked as being particularly excellent, while the compositions were many of them of a high order.

—Jules Huel & Co. have opened their new store in Chesnut street above Seventh, and a magnificent establishment it is. Crowds are daily gathered about the doors and windows; and everybody looks within upon the marbled floors, the rich plate-glass counters and cases, the superbly decorated walls, the indeed incomparable ensemble, with staring delight. Huel is the last agony in Philadelphia. He fills our public thought and public vision. All the magnificence which he launches upon us, is the fruit, too, of his own genius, and industry, and enterprise. He began in a humble store, on Third street; and by well-conceived and well-

executed appeals to noses, cheeks, and heads, he has built up the dazzling monument which forms the subject of this paragraph. Long may Eau Lustrale, Nymph Soap, and the hundred of extraits, of which Haul is the author—long may his dyes and depilatory powders, retain the power which they have won.

—The amiable, and the admirable editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, in his last "Table," says that in Albany, recently, Mr. Dempster returned over two hundred dollars at the door, to persons for whom there was not room in the large hall where he gave his concerts. Unhappy people, who were obliged to return home, without hearing the May Queen in three parts!

—Mr. Walter Scott Lockhart Scott, of Abbotsford, the only son of Mr. Lockhart, and grandson of Sir Walter Scott, died, unmarried, on the 10th instant, at the early age of twenty-seven.

—The new Empress of France—the Countess of Tiba—is 25 years old, a blonde, and grand-daughter of a late American Consul at Malaga. Her mother was a Scotch woman, named Kirkpatrick, descended, it is said, from an ancient family. Her sister is duchess of Abba. Her father was the younger son of a Spanish family, who, by the death of his eldest brother, succeeded to the titles of Count Montego, Duke of Tiba and Penamando.

—The poets have put wings upon the shoulders of love—they should have put them on the feet!

—"I am going to the New York exposition." "You might say the Philadelphia exposition." "Why the Philadelphia?" "Because on thus beholding New York's enterprize and wealth, you would exclaim—Behold Philadelphia's ex-position."

—Mr. A., whose general ill-health kept him nearly always within doors, allowed himself—the day being fine—the sad consolation of following his deceased wife to Laurel Hill. The same evening a friend condoling with him, begged him not to be low spirited. "You must distract yourself: in your state of health, more exercise would be a good thing." "It is true," replied A., "and my little excursion this morning did me a great deal of good."

—A detestable singer of the opera troupe, who consoled himself with fancying that he was the image of Bettini, was swagging at Pelletier's one day, when Joe Reed said to his companion: "I will bet you a supper that I will kick that fellow—somewheres—and he will be delighted." "Delighted! you had better be careful: if he sings confounded badly, he knows how to handle his punchers." "No matter—I repeat my offer." The bet being made, Joe approaches

the chorister, gives him a tremendous kick, and at the moment when our artist turns to punish his assailant, Joe, with a low bow, exclaims: "Oh, sir, I beg a thousand pardons; I took you for Bettini: the resemblance is so striking!" "Oh, if it was a mistake, there is no harm done," said the singer triumphantly.

—"Pittsburg," said J. P. W., "is a detestable dirty place, with its smoke and coal dust—in a fortnight a shirt becomes intolerably dirty."

—The death of Mr. William Peter, the late British Consul, in our city, has deeply impressed a large circle of friends, as well as the community at large. He was a pleasant gentleman, and a man of decided learning. He was born at the family seat of *Harbyn*, in *Cornwall*, (Eng.) on the 22d of March, 1788. He studied law at one of the Inns of Court, in London; then acted for several years as Deputy Warden, Deputy Lieutenant, and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions of Cornwall; and subsequently was elected to Parliament where he took warm part with the whigs. He was appointed British Consul of our city in the year 1840, and has resided here with short intervals ever since. He is the author of several volumes which were published in this city, among which are a translation of *William Tell*, from the German of Schiller, the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus*, and a volume entitled "Specimens of the Poets and Poetry of Greece and Rome," with very instructive and agreeable prefaces and notes. Mr. Peter's funeral was solemnized on Thursday week, the body being accompanied to the grave in St. Peter's church-yard by a large body of citizens. Mr. William H. Crump, a gentleman of fine address and superior scholarship, has been talked about as the probable successor of Mr. Peter in the British Consulate.

—Dr. Pereira, author of "Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics," died at London, on the 20th ult., from some internal organic disease, at the age of forty-nine. His death is a loss to the medical world.

—Mr. Cobden has in the press a pamphlet entitled "1793 and 1853," in which he traces the causes of the last war with France, and compares the policy of England towards France then and now.

—Mr. Ingersoll, our Minister to England, has made a donation of books, &c., to the free public library at Manchester.

—M. Flotow's new opera "*Indra*" appears to have gained a success beyond all its composer's former successes on its first production at Vienna. At the first representation, M. Flotow was called for ten times:—out of thirty-three musical pieces which the work contains five were *encored*. The London *Athenæum* from which we obtain this item,

adds:—"The excitement caused at Rome by the production of Il Cavaliere Raimondi's oratorio of oratorios, 'Joseph,' appears to have brought the *Maestro* again into request."

—There is something exceedingly beautiful in the following anecdote which we extract from the last "Gossip" of the *Knickerbocker*:—"A little boy stood watching from a window a sunset, a few evenings ago. As he gazed, he saw a golden-edged cloud rest upon a hill-top in the far-off distance. The cloud seemed to repose there for a time, as if hushing the winds to sleep in its bosom. Suddenly turning to his mother, the little fellow exclaimed: 'Mother! is God in that cloud?' 'Yes, my dear.' 'Couldn't I climb up there?' 'Oh no!' 'Oh yes, I could! I would put a ladder on the hill and rest it on the cloud, and then I would climb up, up, till I came where God was, and then I would put my arms around His neck, and kiss Him, and give Him an apple!'"

—The following songs by Charles Jeffrey, lately published in England, were all suggested by the everlasting Uncle Tom's Cabin:

Eliza's Song—"Sleep, my Child." George's Song—"My Wife, my Child" Eva's Parting Words—"Come near me all." Poor Tom—"Mas'r, I can tell you nothing." Topsy's Song—"I am but a little Nigger Gal." Sambo's Lament—"Keep the Wife and sell the Husband." (Music by Tully.) Duet—Tom and Eva—"The Sea of Glass." Duet—Emeline and her Mother—"Mother are you weeping?" Also, now ready, the Fourth Thousand of Tully's "Topsy's Polka," with the Portrait, by Louis Corbeaux. "Tully's True Topsy Quadrille."

Another Uncle-Tom-is-m abroad in this country is a pattern of pager-hangings, representing in compartments, the most striking scenes, from Mrs. Stowe's work. Eliza dresses in the latest Parisian fashion, and the male slaves are portrayed in the costume usually worn by Don Juan's luckless man Leporello.

—Madam Sontag sang at the new hall in our city on Saturday evening last, and of course delighted everybody. The arrangements of the entertainment were good; and upon the whole, it was an occasion which will long be pleasantly remembered. The orchestra, directed by Carl Eckert and led by Dr. Cunningham, embraced evidently some of our best performers. Madame Sontag was assisted by Badiali, Rocco, Anoldi, and that wonderful boy, Paul Julien. The new hall is an elegant one, and may also be a good one for music, when filled. On the night in notice, the audience were scattered; and to this cause, perhaps, may be attributed a want of compactness and rotundity, which voice and instrument ever have at the Musical Fund. However, the Musical Fund is universally pronounced one of the best music halls in the world, while it is unquestionably, as it ever promises to be, the best in Philadelphia. The lessee of the new hall, Mr. Andrews, is an

honest, industrious man, and we wish him all the success he can desire. We notice he has for an assistant, Mr. George Russell, a most worthy and efficient man. We intended in our notice of the opening concert at the new hall, to speak somewhat minutely of its features; but we find we have not the space requisite properly to do so. We were indebted to Madame Sontag's agent, Mr. Helmsmuller, for our card of admission, a fact which places BIZARRE under new obligations to him. Apropos: we learn that the Madam comes to Philadelphia with her opera troupe next month. That she will be warmly welcomed by the lovers of classical music cannot be doubted.

—Dean Swift had a presentiment it would seem, that he should die of a head affection. This is evidenced by numerous incidents of his life, one of which was as follows:—He was walking out with Dr. Young, the author of 'Night Thoughts,' and several other friends, about one mile from Dublin, on a certain occasion, when he was suddenly missed. Dr. Young turned back to discover the cause of his absence, and found him gazing at a lofty elm, whose head had been blasted. Upon Young's approach he pointed to it, saying, 'I shall be like that tree; I shall die first at the top.' It was in November 1731, that the Dean wrote the memorable and prophetic verses on his death. Among which were the following singularly descriptive of his condition at the time:

'See how the Dean begins to break
Poor gentle man, he droops apace,
You plainly see it in his face;
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead;
Besides his memory decays,
He recollects not what he says."

—The *Saturday Evening Post*, according to its own story, at the instance of several Laura Matildas, takes up the cudgels in defence of Mr. Dempster, and in condemnation of an opinion we expressed lately of both singer and songs. The burden of this defence is, that we are an ass, while Dempster is a Nightingale! Good. We trust the Nightingales may be as much honored by the comparison, as we humbly think the Asses ought to be—our interesting long-eared brother of the *Post* included.

—A late decree of Louis Napoleon, makes the following nominations in the household of the Empress, viz:—The Princess of Esseing, Grand Mistress; the Duchess de Bassano, Lady of Honor; the Countess Gustave de Montebello, Mme. Feray, Viscountess Lezay-Marnezia, Baroness de Pierres, the Baroness de Malaret, and the Marchioness de Las Marismas, Ladies of the Palace; Count Tascher de la Pagerie, Senator, Grand Master, Count Charles Tascher de la Pagerie, First

Chamberlain; Viscount Lezay-Marnesia, Chamberlain; and the Baron de Pierres, Equerry. M. Auber has been nominated Chapel Master to the Emperor.

— Since we made up our "Literary and Scientific Gossip," we have received a package from the Harpers, through Mr. A. Hart, of our city, containing the following late books: "Coleridge's Works, vol 1;" "The History of the Adopted Child;" and "Castle Avon," by Warren. All these will be attended to hereafter, with a long list besides, of which, notice has already been given.

— A continuation of "Mule Tracks in South America," will appear in our next number, with several articles from new contributors, as well as from our old and much-valued coterie. An original and never-before-published letter of John Quincy Adams, will appear with an autograph.

— It pleases us to know that Mr. Whitcomb, teacher of vocal music, at Ninth and Arch Streets, is meeting with great success. His schools are held on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Mr. W. teaches private classes during the week. Communication may be had with him by applying at Ferret's music store, Tenth below Chestnut.

— We have every confidence in the Five per cent. Saving Fund of the United States Company, the office of which is at Chestnut and Third Streets. We think, indeed, that if we ever get more money on hand than we can ourselves take care of, we shall deposit it in the same. Sums of and under \$100 are withdrawn from this fund without notice, while larger sums may be had on a very short notice. An advertisement of the company may be found in our pages, to which we call the attention of our readers.

— Louis Napoleon has invited Baron Lionel Rothschilds of London to his wedding. The Baron may be acted the part of an "uncle" to the Emperor when he lived in the British metropolis, and was a little straightened for "rhino." Or perhaps he is looking ahead to a loan, should he again find himself in a tight place, and that he will be in such an one, very soon, is highly probable. He never deserved to repose upon the bed of roses which the French people have spread for him, and which they wouldn't be French if they did not soon transform into one of thorns.

— We heard of a very pretty little incident the other day, which we cannot help relating. A young lady of the South, it seems, was wooed and won by a youthful physician, living in California. When the engagement was made, the doctor was rich, having been very successful at San Francisco. It had not existed six months, however, before, by an unfortunate investment, he lost

his entire "heap." This event came upon him, it should be added, just as he was making ready to come home and claim his bride. What does he do? Why, like an honorable, chivalrous young fellow, as he is, he sits down, and writes the lady every particular of the unhappy turn which had taken place in his fortunes, assuring her, at the same time, that if the fact produces any change in her feelings towards him, she is released from every promise she had made him. And what does the dear, good girl do? Why, she takes a lump of pure gold which her lover had sent to her when in prosperity, as a keepsake, and having it manufactured into a ring, forwards it to him with the following bible inscription engraved in distinct characters on the inside:—

—"Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die; and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

The lover idolized his sweetheart more than ever when he received this precious evidence of her devotion to him, both in storm and sunshine. We may add, that fortune soon again smiled upon the young physician, and that he subsequently returned to the North, to wed the sweet girl he loved, and who loved him with such an undying affection. Nay, more, the happy bride and bridegroom passed through our city, not long since, on their way to the home of the latter in the golden state. Reader, this is all true. Young ladies who read the bible as closely as the heroine of our incident seems to have done, are pretty sure to make good sweethearts, and better wives.

— The new style of hat, "Le Printemps," which has just been issued by the New Hat Company, is superb; one of the prettiest things, indeed, we have seen for many a day.

— A letter from Mr. William C. Richards, announces that he has forwarded to our address, care of a publisher in Philadelphia, the first number of the new volume of his magazine for girls and boys, called "The Schoolfellow." The work has not been received by us, and hence has not been noticed. We trust any further favors of our friend will be placed in a more reliable channel. Touching "The Schoolfellow," in the editing of which Mr. Richards, it seems is assisted by the charming "Cousin Alice," it is highly commended, and we have no doubt is well deserving of all the good things which are said of it.

— M. Dayres, one of the most distinguished professors in France, who was transported to Algeria, died a few days since. His son, 19 years of age, who was transported with his father, has petitioned to be allowed to return.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

VOLUME II. }
No. 24. }

FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1853.

{ SINGLE COPIES
FIVE CTS. }

THE DOUBLE MASK.*

"I am eighteen years old. My birth-place was Saint Pierre, of the Martinique. My father and mother were slaves belonging to the Count of Rumigny, one of the richest colonists of the island. My father having acquired, by a faithful devotedness, all the confidence and friendship of his master, was set free on his marriage, together with the lady he espoused, who was very beautiful. He afterwards received the title of manager. In this capacity he surveyed the labor of the slaves, assisted M. de Rumigny in the improvement of his grounds, and became generally esteemed. My mother, on the other hand, never quitted the Countess. I was hardly four years of age when a series of tragical events took place, changing my destiny completely, and preparing me, as it were, for endless suffering.

"It was in one of those beautiful nights, so bright and pure. The waves were almost soundless as they flowed on the shores of the island. Suddenly, like an outbreak of thunder, horrible cries were heard. Several bands of revolted negroes were roving amidst the hitherto quiet habitations, burning, plundering, and slaughtering the poor whites, now fallen into their power. The disorder was at its height. Blood was shed on all sides. Nothing was visible but scenes of desolation. As these wretched beings penetrated the dwelling of M. de Rumigny, he seized upon a sword, and throwing himself into the midst of them, tried to keep them back, assisted, meanwhile, by several servants, together with my father, who had been the first one to give the alarm. But scarcely had M. de Rumigny made his advance, than he fell, overwhelmed with blows. My father wishing to succor him, was himself mortally wounded. There was little now to restrain the ferocious horde. Rushing within the habitation, they plundered it of all on which they could lay their hands. Madame de Rumigny, almost dead with fright, escaped at the very commencement of

* Concluded from No. 23.

the tumult by a secret way, and sought refuge, though not without some danger of being massacred, in the hut of a poor negress, who received her at once with my mother and myself. Presently means were found for the establishment of order on the island. The Countess returned to her dwelling, where still lay the corpse of her poor husband. Her grief was great, but she preserved a calmness and resignation which sprung from religion.

"As to my mother, whose feelings were ardent and impassioned, she was plunged by the death of my father into a dreadful despair. At the sight of his corpse, she uttered heart-rending shrieks. It was impossible, whilst these remains were above ground, to remove her from the sight. A fatal revolution seemed afterwards to take possession of her. Her tears ceased; her looks became gloomy, almost wild; she often took me into her arms with strange vivacity, and placing me on the knees of the Countess, looked on her too with a mysterious air, once saying, 'Never abandon my little Nelly, for I will soon lie down to sleep forever.'

"This state of excitement rendered Mme. de Rumigny quite uneasy; she apprehended a new misfortune, and those apprehensions did not delay long to be realized. One day that she had not seen my mother at the usual hour, she looked for her, and found her laying lifeless near the cradle in which I was sleeping. As they raised her, they found a kind of swelling on her breast. On withdrawing the linen a satchel was discovered filled with venomous plants, the smell of which are sufficient to give death. My mother had poisoned herself!

"Here Nelly stopped, and her tears flowed abundantly. Then opening a closet that was alongside of her, she took out of it a small silver box.

"'Look,' said she, 'that satchel is in this box. Mme. de Rumigny had preserved it. I keep it, also, as a mournful remembrance.'

"Wishing to accomplish my mother's vows, the countess had me educated with care, and as her own child. A governess

was brought from France, to commence my education. They taught me music, painting, the Italian and English languages. I made rapid progress, and at the age of twelve years I was quite advanced.

"The health of Mme. de Rumigny had declined since her misfortunes. She was advised to go and breathe the air of her native country, and, having decided on removal, everything was prepared for our departure. At this news, I felt chagrined, and a singular adventure increased my sadness.

"The day previous to embarkation, I wished, for the last time, to cover with flowers those two beloved tombs which I was, for so long a time, to leave. On my return from this pious duty, I met on my way an old negress, who pretended to be possessed with the art of divination. This woman stopped me, roughly, and taking hold of my hand, she said:—"Look at these fine palm trees, whose fruits you so often eat, and this beautiful sky under which shine the silver stars. You will see them no more, for at your return from the white people's country your eyes will be closed." At these words, said in a manner that scared me and made me tremble, I escaped from the arms of the old woman, and ran as fast as I could, crying, to the habitation. Mme. de Rumigny, to whom I repeated the words of the sorcery, caressed me, and, as the child's grief is soon effaced, I soon forgot my oracle of misfortune.

"As we embarked, my looks were turned to the island as long as it was visible. As soon as we lost sight of it, I shut my eyes, and tears rolled down my cheeks. At this moment a shivering, like that which I had felt when listening to the old negress, took possession of me; but after a few hours' fatigue I fell asleep.

"During the night, I was awoke by several claps of thunder. A severe storm was forming, and at the extremity of the masts could be seen one of those fires called an ignis fatuus. This meteor is always beheld with alarm by sailors. It consists of a flame almost white, and remaining fixed at the end of the masts. All kinds of superstitious anecdotes are told about this phenomenon, although it is caused but by the continual movement of the masts in an atmosphere filled with electricity. The sight of it is really ominous, being always accompanied with a rough sea, a dark night, and the moaning of the wind.

"This storm frightened me dreadfully. I thought we would all have perished. Soon after, a fearful explosion took place above our heads; the lightning had struck the deck; the steersman, half-stunned, was thrown far from the rudder; sailors hailing each other in the midst of darkness, found that two of

their number had been carried away. Words are insufficient to describe the scene.

"The clouds disappeared as the day advanced; the wind changed its course, and the sea became calm. We continued our way peaceably, and soon set foot on the shores of France.

"Presently, we arrived at Paris. Mme. de Rumigny took up her abode at this hotel, which was then her own. Soon after, they placed me in a convent to continue my education. There I met with many sufferings on account of my color; but, as I often went out, I found consolation in the arms of her who loved me with a maternal affection. Four years thus passed away. Mme. de Rumigny, whose health was not recovered, suddenly fell into a dangerous illness. One morning she sent a message for me, and when I was come, she said:—"My child, I am going in my turn to leave this world, where you will remain alone, without either guide or support. Many misfortunes are, perhaps, awaiting you; but bear them with courage. Life would be too much regretted, were it always fortunate. God has given us suffering, in order to help us to accept death. You have received a brilliant education: this treasure is more valuable than any other, and with it you will be independent of all others, for I adopt you from this day. You will hereafter take my name, and I leave you an immense fortune. The titles you will find at M. Dutacq's, my notary. I advise you to sell what property you have in France, and return to your country. I have accomplished all your mother's wishes. Always think of me when your thoughts recur to her. Adieu, my Nelly, my beloved child! I bless you!" She raised herself a little; but her head fell heavily back. I placed my lips on her forehead; my heart was rending. Thinking this but a weakness, induced by her efforts to speak to me, I pressed her hand in mine; but, alas! that hand was motionless; the countess had ceased to live!

"It is two years since I lost her, and since that time I have lived quite retired. A mere distraction, mingled with some curiosity, led me to the ball where I met you. I wished, before leaving France, to see one of these wonderful fêtes. But is it a fatality that has conducted me to it? I know not neither whether I shall fly or stay."

"Stay!" cried I, "stay!" I had listened to Nelly with great pleasure. She had made this recital with so much grace and simplicity, that I had again fallen into a dumb admiration. I almost regretted that she had finished; but, as I looked at her, I felt for this black face, involuntarily, an invincible repugnance. However, Nelly was handsome. She had a very beautiful figure; her features were fine and regular, her physiognomy

full of expression; and, contrary to the women of her country, her mouth was beautiful, her hair smooth and silky, and admirably becoming her visage. Surely, since the renowned negress, Isabeau, whose charms caused such an excitement in the city, and at a fête during the reign of Louis XV, not one of her race had been seen so perfect. Why was she not white instead of black?"

"The hour being advanced, I took leave of Nelly, soliciting the favor of seeing her again. The expression of this desire appeared to render her happy. She gave me her hand in a graceful manner, and—though I say it—I pressed the hand, though without the courage to bear it to my lips. I returned home in a dreamy reverie, musing and unhappy. I often saw M^{lle} de Rumigny, who wished to be called Madame—a title which would impose more respect. The more I knew her, the better I appreciated her noble qualities: amiable, gay, a good musician, with a delicious voice, and gifted with an intelligent understanding. This charming woman only needed for perfection, the beautiful and rosy complexion of our French ladies. Each day she overwhelmed me with the sweetest attentions. There was no coquetry to which she did not resort to please me. I was no longer a stranger in the house, and my sweetest hours were those I spent with Nelly. Replete with tenderness, and with a certain *abandon*, she openly disclosed to me the secret-desires of her heart; told all her projects, and particularly entertained me with setting forth her wealth, and the happiness one experiences in being linked to the being of one's choice. Poor child! I easily conjectured her wishes; but pretended not to understand them. What could I do? Deceive her!—this would have been a crime, because I felt that my existence could never be one with hers. I ought certainly to have revealed to her frankly the nature of my sentiments for her—to have told her I loved her as a sister, and not as a woman whom I would have taken as the companion of my life. Again and again I was ready to speak, and when I saw her with the chimera of hope she entertained, so confident in the future, I was without strength to destroy her dreams of happiness. Oh! by how many misfortunes have I recompensed this fatal hesitation!

"Several months had passed with a total forgetfulness of the world and of its pleasures. I refused all invitations to the festive board, for a few hours spent near Nelly. Happy to find myself loved, I enjoyed as an egotist, the charm of this love, without, in the least, disturbing her with what I would leave her in exchange, and without thinking that I was perhaps preparing the unhappiness of this lovely and devoted woman, who had abandoned to my honor her whole des-

tiny. But I was all at once aroused from my indolent indifference. Letters that I received from my family interfered with our intimacy, disclosing, as they did, an event which threw a shadowy pall over the whole of my future life. My father wrote to remind me of the project of marriage, long planned, and which he ardently wished to be realized. I was to have married the daughter of one of his old friends, a young and beautiful, heiress of a great name and large fortune. I had formerly been eager to accept a union which the age alone of M^{lle} Blancour had retarded. She had just attained her seventeenth year, and now no obstacle intervened. 'Camille is deliciously beautiful,' he wrote; 'she possesses all the qualities which can assure the happiness of a husband. You will find in her a true treasure. Come then, my son; I am getting old, and I wish my last days to see the happiness of my beloved son. Your bride is waiting for you with great impatience. She has not forgotten her good Raoul, the companion of her youth. I send you her portrait. Judge in advance, how her features have been beautified. It is an angel.' This letter cast me into great perplexity, and I then saw the depth of the abyss I had opened up. What was to be done? What should I say to the unfortunate Nelly? What compensation offer to the ardent and pure love with which she had constantly surrounded me? I saw myself guilty of having excited that passion, and which was now destined to expire but with life. It was then necessary to disclose to her those fearful words: 'For the ineffable and pure happiness you have given me, sweet woman, I abandon you, and perchance with forgetfulness.' This was horrible. However, I could not marry her. A sincere friendship tenderly attached me to her. Finally, the color of her visage repulsed all other sentiment. I was to choose my part. I decided this, and answered my father. 'No serious engagement,' said I to him, 'prevents me from realizing your will. I expect to leave Paris in a few days, to go and meet you. Offer to the beautiful Camille my homage. Her features I contemplate with transport.' I now felt myself relieved, and revisited Nelly, intending to announce to her my departure. She awaited me impatiently. I had not seen her for the whole day.

"Ah! here you are. How you have kept me waiting to-day.' She then recited these two lines, to which the melody of her voice lent a charm:

*«Pour qui d'absence a gemitout lezour,
Heure du soir est aurore d'amour.»*

"I know not what I uttered, but Nelly noticed my agitation.

"What have you then?" said she, looking at me attentively; 'what has happened? You

are not as usual. Have you received some sad news? You do not answer. Good God—speak!

“‘Well, yes,’ I answered, assuming a certain calmness; ‘letters from my family have troubled me. My father wishes to see me.’”

“‘And you are going?’”

“‘I must.’”

“‘For a long time?’”

“‘Perhaps.’”

“‘And I,’ added she; ‘I did not expect this.’”

“‘But,’ replied I, ‘what do you wish to do?’”

“‘What! I wish to follow you, my good Raoul—to follow you everywhere?’”

“‘To my family? That is impossible?’”

“‘But if I were!’—”

“‘Here Nelly stopped. I guessed the remainder. I trembled lest she should confess all; and did not enquire what she had left out.’”

“‘You must exercise reason, dear Nelly,’ replied I; ‘we will see each other again; I will return, and you will write me often.’”

“‘Nelly said nothing more. I had expected she would weep; she did not. Her looks were fixed; it seemed as if she had foretold all the trouble. I tried to console her, but without success. The moments that we passed together were painful. I left her sad and suffering. I was also greatly affected. The next day an important affair compelled me to go out early. When I returned, my servant told me that Mademoiselle de Rumigny had called on me; that she had waited long, and that I would perhaps find a note in my cabinet. I entered; there was nothing but the letter of my father, and my reply, that I had left open. On my desk was a scrap of paper bedewed with tears. The portrait of Camille was at my feet. I was confused. Nelly knew all. I could not doubt it. What must be her despair! Not daring to present myself at her house, I instantly wrote her. Her answer was simple, and caused me yet farther inquietude, than if it had abounded with numberless expressions:

“‘I am very sick, and in need of a few days repose. To see each other again would be useless; let us conform ourselves to circumstances; dispossess me not of my courage. Be happy, Raoul; as for myself, I know now where I shall find happiness.’”

“‘Notwithstanding Nelly’s letter, I tried several times to penetrate to her apartment, but in vain. The time of our departure was approaching, when one morning, I saw, entering my apartment, all affrighted, Marietta, the servant of Nelly. ‘Ah sir,’ cried she, ‘I have a world of sorrow. Madame eats no more; sleeps no more; she shuts herself up alone to weep. This morning I heard her groan in her chamber, the door of which she

has not opened. She will die! she will die, sir!’”

“‘I am about to follow you,’ said I to Mariette. ‘Come! you must show me the way to your mistress’s room. I must see her.’”

“‘Arrived, we went to her room. We heard nothing. Mariette knocked. There was no answer. The silence made me tremble. I endeavored to open the door with the key of the entry, and succeeded. We saw, at a remote portion of the room, Nelly lying on her bed. I advanced and looked on her. One of her hands was on her heart; her respiration appeared to have ceased. Suddenly she started as if affected by a painful dream. Then, making an effort, she feebly murmured, ‘My mother! Raoul! My God! pardon me!’”

“‘I raised her in my arms, but she fell back motionless. I called her, but in vain. Then a frightful shudder came over me. I cried for help. Two domestics came. I demanded a physician. At this moment my looks were directed to a little table, on which lay a silver box which Nelly had once showed me. It was now open, and empty. Struck with a horrible presentiment, I bent over her, and removed, with some apprehension, the light coverlet from her person. O grief! the fatal poison which the box had contained, fell from her breast. There was no more hope. Nelly had just expired before our eyes!’”

“‘I found on the mantel-piece a letter addressed to me, containing her last adieu; also a paper sealed. It was her will. Nelly gave me all her property, and, as her last wish, desired me to convey her body to Martinique, there to be interred near her parents. Wishing to obey religiously these sacred instructions, I acquainted my father with the matter, and embarked with my sad and precious burden. Arrived at St. Pierre, I paid to Nelly the last duties, and then bade her an eternal adieu. I recollected these strange words of the sorceress, so fatally realized: *‘The beautiful little black will return with her eyes shut, from the court of the white people.’*”

“‘On my return to France, I found that M^{lle} d’Ablincourt had been captivated by a Colonel, and that all projects of marriage were broken between us. I was easily consoled. But what I could not obliterate from thought was, that the poor Nelly preferred death to the loss of my love.

“‘See, sir, the secret of my sadness, and the reason of my absenting myself from the opera.’”

The friends of Raoul shook hands with him. The ironical Anatole was guilty of a tear. The young men, on separating, took each one the road to his dwelling.

DACOTAH MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR A DAUGHTER.

My daughter, ah! my child!
 Shall I never more behold
 Thy smile, nor hear again
 The music of thy voice?—in vain
 I wait the coming of thy slender form—
 I sing thy sad lament, my child, my only one.

My lodge was warm and bright,
 But the Great Spirit came
 In angry mood, and from my side,
 Thou to the land of souls didst glide,
 With dreamy drooping eyes, and shadowy feet,
 And now my lodge is dark, and cold, and desolate.

Low the white woman's voice,
 And tearless is her grief—
 But 'tis not so with nature's child;
 I wail my loss in accents wry;
 All comfortless I mourn and cry.
 And long beside my child in earth's cold arms to lie.

Thy looks so long and bright
 Never again to braid—
 Never to deck thy form with grace,
 Nor wampum on thy breast to place,
 Nor lay the bridal crown upon thy head,
 For thou art sleeping now, where thy young footsteps
 played.

Affection still will guard
 All desolate that mound;
 Not even the flowers shall grow thereon,
 Nor grass shall wave to summer's song.
 Can life or love to my sad heart be dear,
 And thou to distant lands a homeless wanderer?

How quiet is thy sleep!
 Thou hearest not my voice!
 But to thy side I soon will come,
 And where thou art shall be my home;
 Even in death I'll guard thy silent rest,
 As when in childhood's hours thou slept upon my
 breast.

MARY H. EASTMAN.

"UNCLE TOM" AS HE IS.

In our last, we presented an extract from a new book, on Southern slavery, which we stated was about to be issued by H. Hooker, of our city, and which we suspect will create considerable excitement, presenting, as it does, the reverse side of "Uncle Tom;" or, rather, by facts, showing that that highly interesting story is a picture of the exception, rather than the general rule, at the South. We are permitted to offer other extracts from this forthcoming book. They embrace conversations which took place on board of a steamboat on one of our western rivers. A slave-owner says:

"Had I my life to live over again, and could I advisedly make my choice to be either the master of a large number of good slaves, or the slave of a good master, so far as the ease and comfort of life are concerned, I am sure my judgment would prefer the latter. I cannot say I should so choose,"

he added, "for pride or vanity, or some other folly or vice, might influence me to choose less wisely." The author adds:—"He was one of the most sober, calm, and sensible of men, and from his character and manner, it was impossible to question his sincerity. He was gazed at by many of us with surprise; but not unmingled with reverence, for he had already been received among us as the true and accredited representative of all that is excellent in man—piety, purity, honesty, and benevolence." We continue the dialogue:

"You present an even stronger case than does the author of the 'West India Journal,' M. G. Lewis," said the poet, "in favor of the negro's condition in slavery." "What says the monk?" said the younger Mr. R. "In 1816 he thus wrote, what, unfortunately, till this year, remained in manuscript, in consequence of his death on his return voyage, two years later."

"If I were now standing on the banks of Virgil's Lethe, with a goblet of the waters of oblivion in my hand, and asked whether I chose to enter life anew as an English laborer or a Jamaica negro, I should have no hesitation in preferring the latter."

"That was saying very little in commendation of the condition of the slave," remarked an English chartist, "for I would prefer to be of the race of the baboon, than of the degenerate race of English laborers, man, woman, or child—dwarfed and deformed as the mass of them are, physically; and mentally and morally depraved almost to the level of the brute, and many of the less miserable below, by hunger, hardship, and hatred. But the declaration of Mr. R. surprises me,"

"And some other of our fellow passengers," respectfully added the poet, "seem to look on your declaration as coming in a *questionable shape*."

"It is quite true," remarked one of the northern invalids, "we have been accustomed to hear slavery spoken of far otherwise than as a desirable condition; and for one, I should feel myself obliged by an explanation of the paradox, that the condition of a good slave of a good master, is happier than that of the good master of a good slave."

"Such, I believe," replied the venerable man, "were not my words, exactly; for they would contradict one of my most cherished and favorite principles—that the truly good are equally happy in all conditions or stations of life. My meaning was—perhaps not as definitely expressed as it should have been—that, as far as comfort is concerned, the condition of the slave is quite as desirable as that of the master—the master and man both being what they ought to be in their respective stations. And this may be

easily explained and verified, paradox as it may seem or sound."

In an *aside*, by a passenger—"Nothing can make slavery desirable."

"Yes, *comparatively*," in an under-tone, said the poet, "and generally, if not always, for the negro race."

The momentary interruption was not observed by Mr. R., and he resumed:

"Perhaps the most satisfactory explanation I can give, may be in the way of personal narrative of my experience."

All ears were open, and all attentions riveted.

COMFORTS OF SLAVES.

"At my first coming to manhood, I was the only son of my mother, and she a widow. My father had died, and left her with four children, myself and three younger sisters. During her life, as the widow of our father, she was to remain in the proprietorship of the estate, and head of the family. When their school days were over, so long as they should remain unmarried, my sisters were to aid me in the management of the estate and household, under the eye and approbation of our mother; and when married, with her consent, certain legacies were to be paid them from an accumulated fund, and from the produce of the plantation; but not by infringement on it. It was not to be diminished in size, nor the number of the people, by sale or purchase, to be either diminished or increased.

"It had been the unvarying rule of my father, that no negro child was to be taken from the personal care of its mother, until ten years old; and no old man or woman be required to work after seventy. This rule was to be religiously pursued. It has been, and will be; and under it we have a dozen or more of old people, all things considered, more comfortable than I expect to be, should I live to their age.

"By a provision in my father's will, the system was to be for ever continued of allotments of land to each family of negroes, equal to an acre for each member between ten and seventy, with time to work it equal to half-a-day in every week, that the Lord's day might never be desecrated by secular employment.

"In addition to their allowed exemption from labor for their owners, by early rising to their prescribed tasks they could gain more than ample time for all the purposes of their own culture. By this pleasant arrangement, which is usual among the planters of my acquaintance, the enterprising and industrious portion of the negroes, by early rising, have the most, if not all of every afternoon in the cropping season to work their own grounds; or, if not required, to do extra

work, if they choose, on the plantation, for which they receive full pay. In fact, several fine fellows on my plantation, by the aid of the exemptions of their family, for months together, eat their breakfast after finishing their day's task. The negroes prefer late breakfasts.

"The cabins, or rather cottages, of all these, are, at the least, as comfortable as their master's mansion, and if they are so disposed, as well supplied with extra comforts, which they are not less able than he to procure. The income of several of them this year, will be not less than from fifty to seventy-five dollars.

"In addition to their ample allowance of meat, bread, and vegetables, my negroes may supply themselves at pleasure with fish, clams, oysters, &c., or with game from the woods or shores. Their living is, therefore, not only abundant, but, if they choose, luxurious. The ugly fear of want, they know nothing about. In a bad season, many a planter may find himself embarrassed to provide ways and means, but no such embarrassment ever reaches them. Whatever else may fail, their food and raiment must not fail, though ruin descend on the master. Nothing is more common than for a stress of circumstances, in unfavorable seasons, to make it necessary for the family of whites on a plantation, to deny themselves many a common indulgence, that the negroes may not be denied any of their usual comforts.

"Another circumstance in their favor is not less obvious or striking. All told, including about thirty distinct families, there are, of our out-household, or plantation-negroes, about two hundred. Among so many of all ages, from infancy up to very old age, from seventy to almost a hundred, five or six of them, there are few nights in the year in which I am not disturbed, often more than once, to attend to some complaint of indisposition, and to administer remedies. When I am abroad, which is seldom, that not-easy office is in the special charge of a competent person specially employed for the purpose, and with authority to call a physician at discretion. But not one of those negroes is ever disturbed from his rest on account of any sickness of myself or family. All their rights and rests are inviolable. And now," said the good man, blushing, as if he had been unaccustomed to talk so long at a time, and owed an apology to us; "and now, I hope, the paradox of the slave having a more comfortable life than the master, is satisfactorily explained." And he left us to join his family in the cabin.

"No statement that he had made, no word that he had spoken, was doubted by any of us."

THE ROMANCE OF BLOCKLEY.

NO. VII.—THE DARKENED HEARTH.

Among the many cases of interest which have come within the range of my observation, since occupying the post of missionary in the building beyond the Schuylkill, that of Anthony B—— perhaps was the most remarkable. Descended from an ancient and honorable family in the north of Ireland, and receiving a liberal share of education, he had formed in early life a matrimonial alliance with a young female, who occupied the post of domestic in his father's family—a pretty, sensible, and engaging young girl, who captivated his susceptible heart in spite of that innate pride of ancestral importance, which in cooler moments might have weighed heavily in the scale against a match so unequal in point of the relative position of the parties. Love, however, is potential in its claims, and its alchymy transformed our hero into an obsequious devotee at a very humble shrine. Fitted by his education for an honorable post, the young bridegroom was soon installed as an accountant in the Bank of County W——, where his business tact and unflinching devotion to his duties, obtained him the respect of his superior officers and the kind regard of the entire community. In those palmy days of his history he lived in comfort. His wife now changed into the supervisor of independent establishment, moved about in quiet stateliness, assisted in the management of her household by a notable lady's maid. Anthony even went so far in his notions of ease and convenience, as to keep his own buggy and horse, and a groom to preside officially over the destinies of them both. And often on a genial afternoon, when the quill was abjured for the day, would the enamored husband take a drive with the mistress of his heart, and discourse to her as only an impulsive son of Erin can on the golden vista of connubial felicity which seemed to be stretching out in its loveliness before them.

Well is it, that we can enjoy the perfume of the orange blossom before the icy blast of fate nips the ambrosial fruits of joy. Time rolled on, and the Irish accountant opened up his day-book in the way of lineal descendants. Two little boys in turn appeared to bless the vision of delighted parents, and as they grew up like vines in the secluded shrubbery of home, they bound in a firmer tie the natural guardians of their infancy and youth. I have had before me on the table, along side of my hymn-book, the Bible in which my poor friend had inserted in a bold, clerkly hand the laconic memorandum of his children's birth. An Irish Bible, once guarded in the sheltering nook of a cheerful residence, now laid upon a plain pine table in

the reading-room of the insane department. Had that Bible been blest with sensibility, could we not figure it as revolting at the change thus effected in its relative position.

But we must not anticipate. When the furor of Repeal was at its maximum height, our hero Anthony caught the contagion, and soon became an enthusiastic champion with reference to the people's rights. Ardent and impetuous, he was early in the van of young democracy, and being gifted with remarkable fluency of utterance and a fervid imagination, gained an exalted post as a ready and eloquent declaimer. His attachment to the cause, however, became at last so absorbing, that he gradually lost his business habits, became weary of the ignoble goose-quill, eschewed as the prince of evils a banking-house desk, denounced the imperial science of book-keeping as something akin to the black-letter art, and took to strolling over the country with all the pepper-box zeal of a novice in the cause of freedom.

Repeal, however, was less lucrative than avocations which wanted its chivalrous characteristics, and Anthony soon grew lean in the purse while growing rich in political economy. The fact of his approaching penury was a stubborn one. No sophistry could resist it. And hence the orator was obliged to puzzle his brains for a back-door of escape from the perplexing quandary. Having in the midst of his political career changed the badge of his religious faith, "to balance fair in ilka quarter," as Burns expresses it, his wealthy relatives, with a testiness quite emphatic, gave him the cut direct. In a category of evils he turned his eyes to America. It was the El Dorado of his highly-wrought expectation. He feasted in advance on the plenty and comfort there held in reversion for the persecuted convert, and re-assured his drooping wife with the certain prospect of unalloyed felicity in the Western Empire. An Irishman is as rapid in his decision as he is proverbially dexterous in manipulating that redoubtable national weapon of offence and defence, the shillelah, and it was not long before our broken-down Repealer was on the ocean with his wife and little ones.

Landing in Philadelphia, he soon secured employment in an extensive sugar refinery, but was barely settled in his new sphere, when, for refusing to work upon the Sabbath, he lost his situation, and was again impelled to exercise his ingenuity in devising ways and means to support his family. By his pen, although a noble accountant, he could earn nothing. He had made desperate efforts to secure a situation as teacher, but his commendable exertions were equally abortive, and as a last resort, he invested in the stock of a pedlar, the sum of a few dollars which had been loaned him by a commiserating

friend, and shouldering his knapsack he turned a regular peripatetic in trying to dispose of his wares. By this time, his family tree was augmented by another sprig in the shape of a buxom little daughter, who came, as Anthony declared, just in the right time to be in the way. The humble abode of the ci-devant book-keeper was now a single room in Front street, where all his sublunary goods and chattels, including his better half and little ones, were stowed away in the smallest area of freedom which the political geometrician ever measured. It happened sometimes that the boys would be handed over to the guardianship of a considerate lodger on the third floor of the house, while our pedler, accompanied by his wife with the infant daughter in her arms, circumambulated the village which so picturesquely environs the city of brotherly love, appealing as he went to the sympathies of the generous by this silent demonstration of his absolute need. When the summer sun was darting down on the arid earth his fiercest rays, Anthony would be seen trudging with his caravan in the rear, over the bridge at Market street, while the juvenile member of the company edified his ears with a melody which seemed to act upon his nerves with all the electric influence of a martial strain upon the bosom of a patriot.

Happy would it have been for the gipsy family, had this pleasant feeling continued. But discord soon sowed its seeds between hearts which for years had beat true to each other's interests, and crimination and distrust followed in the train of inferior disasters. There is an antiquated adage, whose full force I am tempted to repudiate; but which, after every deduction, seems to have about it some small degree of philosophic point and accuracy. When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out of the window. The ills of physical destitution do seem to engender an exacerbation of feeling, which is sometimes diverted to the dearest objects of the heart. It certainly was so in the present case. Anthony withheld his invectives from the unlucky planet which presided at his natal morn, and turned the whole battery of his spleen against his better half. He could ever quote Tom Moore with gusto, and say:—

"But now 'tis delicious to hate you."

His enmity soon assumed a deeper tinge, and in a freak of jealousy our knight of the tapes and needles seized upon a blunt weapon and made an abortive effort to create a gap in the jugular vein of that kind being who had been the escort to his basket over many a long and weary mile of peregrination. Inflammatory neighbors induced the maltreated wife to locate her liege lord within the limits of the penitentiary, and there An-

thony indulged in a literary vein which astonished the keepers, and almost amazed himself. A humane lady visited his cell, and furnished him with writing materials, and, in turn, the prisoner sent her doggerel rhymes eulogizing her as a daughter of Zion, and indulging in oriental figures to a wonderful extent.

At other times he would dispatch letters to different persons in public station, lamenting his fate; but assuring them that he would be dauntless, take courage, and acquit himself like a brave Stoic. Some of these rhapsodies the writer has seen, and been amused with the mongrel blending of classical allusions, and invective against the civil authorities. At last, it was quite apparent that Anthony's complicated miseries had somewhat shaken the seat of reason. He tested the fact of the malleability of his head by bringing it into hostile contact with the walls of his cell, and indulged in a free denunciation of his adopted creed. Under a writ of lunacy, he was transferred to the insane department of Blockley Almshouse, and in a very brief season was restored to the use of his mental faculties. He made himself exceedingly useful upon his recovery, was in charge of a few patients, did some writing, and, in fine, became one of the factotums of the establishment.

Meanwhile, one of his boys, a gentle, delicate little creature, whose childish face was the very embodiment of quiet and uncomplaining suffering, having manifested symptoms of a spinal affection, had been placed in the opposite wing of the building among the juvenile part of the population, and the mother having placed her other children in a humble boarding-house, had engaged herself as sempstresses in a family of known beneficence, whose sympathies had been awakened by her destitute condition.

Our friend, Anthony, did not patronize the building long when his reason resumed its unclouded sway. He would have been discharged in a brief interval by the committee, but his warm blood prompted him to make his exit a little in advance of an honorable dismissal. He suddenly disappeared over the fence, having been previously entrusted with the temporary oversight of a few patients, by which office he was entitled to the free perambulation of the flower-garden, the farm, and the other various dependencies of the institution.

A short time elapsed when he sent me a letter, dated, Cincinnati, Ohio, in which, with an outburst of facetiousness as droll as it was unexpected, he informed me how he had reconnoitered the Darby road fence the moment he came within striking distance of that boundary line, and then went on to say in chivalrous phraseology, that death or

glory had been his determination in taking that wondrous leap. Previous to his journey to Ohio, he managed, by some sagacious stroke of Irish policy, to secure information with reference to the whereabouts of his eldest boy, and induced him to accompany him on a pedlar foray through the hamlets and towns of that noble State. The boy was naturally delicate, and this campaigning tour made rapid work with his tender constitution. Encamping, as they often would, in the field, and passing the night in a barn or outhouse, with no comforts whatever, or if any, of an inadequate kind; subjected to fatigue in his long and tedious peregrinations, with a weight of care upon his young heart in the contemplation of the sad condition of a mother to whom he had been ever most tenderly attached—all these circumstances combined, began to crush the spirits, and prey upon the health of the poor little fellow, who, with filial devotion, had identified his interests with those of his nomadic parent.

At last they travelled into Pennsylvania. When they reached Harrisburg, poor Anthony was almost as enfeebled as his child, and finally, was obliged against his will, to betake himself for shelter and medical assistance to the hospital of that city. Little Willie's heart began to yearn afresh towards his absent mother, and moved by an irresistible impulse, he clandestinely effected his escape from his father, got on board the cars without a cent of ready money to defray the expenses of the passage, and, having related to the conductor his tale of sorrow, with all the ingenuousness of an unsophisticated child, was treated with affectionate interest, and soon placed upon the spot where his feelings centred. He was woefully ill, poor boy, when he reached the abode of his mother, and it was not long before she recognized the approach of the fell destroyer to her cherished blossom. His lungs were seriously affected before he started, and the disease was doubtless aggravated by the undue mental excitement into which he must have of necessity been thrown upon meeting the mother from whom he had been so long separated.

Oh! how the young heart turns to a mother's heart as its last nestling place. Oh! how it loses its cares and perplexities in that pure sanctuary, a mother's bosom. In her encircling arms, and drinking in the dulcet syllables of her voice, how the spirit throws off its shackles of cold restraint, and pours its tale of anguish into an ear which is never dull of hearing. When earth loses its fascination, and heartless friends repudiate our acquaintance, when blight and mildew settle down on the entire prospect of our hopes, when the flagging spirit feels no energy to

embark in any effort, for fear the enterprise should constitute one in a series of experienced disasters, then, in that moment of despondency, how we turn to that angel spirit, who has nurtured us with the aliment of unalloyed affection, since first we lisped her talismanic name, and feasted on her smile. And if, before misfortune overtake us, she is garnered in the last receptacle, oh, how we love to retrace her many virtues till the simple retrospect would seem to act as a lenitive to sorrow, a charmed and fairy palliative to mental depression and physical suffering. What picture can better illustrate the force of this magnetic bond than the one we have just attempted to delineate.

The poor boy at last arrived at his mother's abode, received her warm pressure, returned it with all the strength there yet remained to him, took his bed in pain and weakness, talked about little Johnny who was himself an invalid in Blockley almshouse, and in three short days ended his earthly sojourn. For years he had ceased to feel like a child, as misfortune and domestic trouble was followed by the keener shaft which entered his heart when his father became alienated from her whom he fondly loved. He appeared to be care worn. The brow appeared rugged with anxiety. There was about the boy an air of premature wisdom. He talked like a man, and acted like one. The discipline of adversity had schooled him into iron hardihood of nerve, but left his little heart still full of deep, unchanging love. He died. The balmy air of a Spring morning kissed his pallid brow when the window was raised in the little humble room where he breathed his life away; but he had gone to another land. The merry song and the shrill whistle came stealing up from the street through the open casement; but he heard them not. The mother, who had given him the last cup of cooling water which ever crossed his feverish lips, shed scalding drops upon his icy forehead; but he woke not from that deep slumber to whisper comfort, as he had been wont to do, to her lacerated bosom. She put him in the grave; but locked his image in her spirit, and went back to discharge her humble duties. At her request, I sent a letter to the chief physician of the Harrisburg hospital, soliciting information with reference to her absent husband. Upon his arrival, the little boy had informed his mother of the shattered health of him to whom she was yet tenderly attached, and she then designed to allay the anxiety of her perturbed spirit. In a few days I received a very polite epistle from the doctor, stating that Anthony had entered the building quite broken down in health; that he rapidly sank away, and retaining to the last a placid and equable state of mind, had

just departed to another state of being. And what became of little Johnny, the interesting invalid in the Children's Asylum at Blockley Almshouse? Poor little fellow, I see him yet, as his nurse carried him into our little chapel on a Sunday morning that he might be present at our religious exercises, and placed him on a chair near the table where I stood. Often, during prayer, when he had the strength, would he slide himself down from the chair on which he sat, in order to kneel, as I presented our petitions at the mercy seat of Him, who so sweetly and encouragingly said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." And then, at the close of the prayer, unable as he was to lift himself and resume his position, owing to the weakness of his spine, I have traced the smile of gratified feeling playing over his delicate features, as his faithful nurse, with womanly sympathy and tenderness, would place him in his seat. He pined away, however, and was at last unable to sit up at all. And then the ministering spirit whom men call Death, but who is often a seraph in disguise, took the little fellow to his Father in the skies, to sing a sweeter song than earth has ever heard. His mother was a frequent visitant at his bedside; but she was not present when he died. The kind hearted matron stood beside him, and addressed to him the words of hope and comfort. The little fellow talked about Willy; and his mother, and his father, and the sister whom he loved. His heart was in the past, ere sorrow had spread its sable wing across the threshold of a happy and humble home. "Johnny," said the matron, as she tenderly supported his head, "Johnny, you are going to heaven, my boy." "I am," was his faint response, and he was in the home of blessedness ere the syllables had died upon his lips. Sweet, calm rest of the weary, he enjoyed thee early; but not too early. It is time to die when misery puts its indelible stamp upon childhood's brow. It is time to die when stern vicissitude takes the greenness from the sweet fields, and the melody from the waters, and the sunlight from the heavens, and warm aspirings from the heart. It is time to die when the silken cord of domestic happiness is severed by the canker breath of cold distrust. It is time to die when hope is a non-existence, and peace but a feeble creation of a distempered mind. And God be praised for a better world, where the smitten ones of earth shall reap a harvest of unmingled joy. God be praised for a heaven of repose and felicity. Oh! leave us the glowing consciousness that there is a haven of repose after the storms of earth have done their worst for us; leave us the glowing consciousness that there is a paradise of joy, where the thorn of misery

can find no resting place; leave us the sublime assurance that the iron discipline of fate but ripens and matures us for the plenary enjoyment of the skies, and we are safe; yes, we are safe. Hope will spring up in the desolate bosom. Visions of comfort will gleam in the far-off hazy perspective, and even the Darkened Hearth, yes, the Hearth thrice darkened, be flooded with a beam of rapture which shall come to the heart surcharged with sorrow, like a gush of waters in the sandy desert of an Eastern clime.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The following deeply interesting letter has been set up directly from the original in the hand-writing of John Quincy Adams. It was bought by a Philadelphian, at auction, in London, last summer. We can hardly believe that so long and interesting a letter from this great man, could have existed such a length of time without having been in print; but so far as our actual knowledge goes, this is its first public appearance. Every one, however, will be gratified to read so pleasant a letter, (knowing how directly it is *here* offered,) even if it may have been met with before.

The Rev'd Bernard Whitman, Waltham:

WASHINGTON, 13 Nov'r, 1833.

Dear Sir:—I received at Boston, on my way to this city, your letter of the 4th inst., which I very cheerfully answer to the best of my information and belief.

In the year 1779, in the midst of the war of the American Revolution, my father was sent by Congress to Europe with a Commission for negotiating peace with Great Britain. He embarked at Boston, in the French frigate, "La Sensible," bound to Brest. On her passage she sprung aleak, which compelled her to make the first European port, and my father landed from her at Ferrol, in Spain. He travelled thence to France by land, and was every where treated by the Spaniards with great kindness and distinction. At one of the cities through which he passed, Leon or Astorga, there was a magnificent Cathedral Church, which he visited as an object of curiosity. He was conducted by the Archbishop himself, a man of elegant and polished manners, over his apartments, furnished with the splendor of a Royal Palace; and he caused to be exhibited to him the more precious, though less costly *relics*, belonging to the Church. Upon the exposition of one of these by the Priest in whose custody they were, the Archbishop, and every other person of the Catholic communion present,

bowed their heads, and made with the forefinger of their right hand directed to their own foreheads, the sign of the Cross. The keeper of the Relics, perceiving that my father did not join in this act of devotion, turned pale, and looking at my father with intense earnestness, said in French—"Est ce que Monsieur n'est pas Chrétien?" [Is the gentleman not a Christian?] The Archbishop, without waiting for my father's answer, instantly said, smiling—"Oui—à sa manière"—[Yes; after his own manner]—with which the Priest, seeing that his Archbishop was satisfied, was also satisfied, or at least silenced, himself.

What liberties, Miss Fanny Wright that was, (but who, I have heard, has been constrained by the unrelenting tyranny of the world to change her name and legitimate her child, by a downright lawful marriage,) what liberties she, in her maiden purity, may have taken with the name of my father, by citing *him* as one of the votaries of *her* creed of infidelity, I do not know, though I had heard, before receiving your letter, that she had made more free with it, than she had or could have any warrant for doing. My father was not an infidel after the manner of Miss Fanny Wright. But to the question, whether he was a *Christian*, the only answer that I can give at this day, is that with which the sound sense and *true* Christian spirit of the Spanish Archbishop, quieted his inquisitive subordinate—"Yes—after his own manner."

My father's father was a rigid Colonist, of the strictest sect of those days, and a perfectly honest man. He was a deacon of the First Congregational Church in Braintree; and although a poor man, prevailed upon my father to go to college, against his inclination, with the view of fitting him for the ministry. My grandfather's elder brother had been so fitted, by *his* father, and was minister of the church at Newington, New Hampshire, more than sixty years. My father went through college, destined by the hopes of his father and by his own intentions, to the Christian ministry of the Congregational Church, as then existing in New England.

He persisted in this intention about one year after he left college, and while keeping school at Worcester. He then renounced that purpose, and devoted himself to the study and practice of the law, from a conscientious conviction that he could not believe, or honestly preach the Calvinistic doctrines, and from a knowledge, dearly bought, that no other doctrines would then be tolerated in any of the pulpits to which he might be called. He changed his projected profession, for the express purpose of preserving the *independence* of his religious opinions.

He was, so far as I know, to the last moment

of his life, a Christian, in all that he deemed to be the essentials of Christianity. He was from an early period of his life a member of the Congregational Church, of which his father had been a deacon—an intimate and confidential friend of Doctors Mayhew and Cooper, his cotemporaries at Boston. A constant attendant upon divine worship, not only at home, but wherever an opportunity could be afforded him abroad—a parishioner and familiar friend of Doctor Archibald M'Laine, the translator of Mosheim, at the Hague, and of Doctor Richard Price, at Hackney, near London—he was equally the friend of Mr. Wibert, and of Mr. Whitney, the successive ministers of the church at Quincy, to which he belonged, the latter of whom performed the last services of religion over his remains.

He was through life a religious and a pious Christian. He believed Christianity to be the best system of *morals* that has ever been inculcated upon man, and he venerated its founder. But he had no faith in *creeds*. He did not believe in Transubstantiation—in the Trinity—in the Godhead of Jesus—nor in the Atonement, as preached by Calvinistic divines. He not only rejected those doctrines, but had an aversion to them, believing them positively pernicious. He had read much of the rankest infidelity, but was no convert to Bolingbroke, Diderot or Voltaire—nor to the Marquis d'Argene, Mirabeau or Deguise—and he detested the irreligion of Tom Paine, not less than his politics.

The different sects of Christianity have not yet sufficiently learnt the lesson of toleration for each other's opinions, to agree upon the definition of the term which embraces them all. I know not how many of those sects there are, who for the heresies of my father, would denominate him an infidel—probably a large majority of the *numbers* who acknowledged themselves disciples of the Christian faith. The whole of the Greek and Latin Churches—the greater part of Lutheran and Church of England Episcopalians, and all the Calvinistic Churches, would too probably concur with Miss Fanny Wright in pronouncing my father an infidel. If, in the wisdom of Providence, it should be intended that the day shall come when all Christians shall agree in the belief that the whole design of Christ's appearance upon earth was glory to God, in the highest, and on earth Peace—Good-will to men; that the object of his mission was to bring Life and Immortality to light by the Gospel; and that to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy mind, and all thy strength, and thy *neighbor* as thyself—taking the definition of the term neighbor from the parable of the good Samaritan—that *this* constitutes the sum and substance of Christianity—on that day, sir, the pretensions of my father to the name and

character of a Christian will not be disputed.

With regard to the religious opinions of the other persons named in your letter, I possess no particular information, and believe that their sentiments must be gathered by those who wish to ascertain them, from what they themselves thought proper to communicate to the world of their faith. I have always understood that Mr. Samuel Adams was a fervent, though not intolerant Calvinist. Washington was a sincere, *conforming* member of the Episcopal Church, probably not deeply read, or ever much troubled with ecclesiastical history or theological controversy. I would rather you should collect the opinions of Franklin and Jefferson from their own writings and sayings, than from my perhaps erroneous commentary.

I have observed with much concern the recent efforts of Anti-Christian infidelity to propagate irreligious doctrines in our own country: for of irreligious doctrines, vicious practices are the certain companions or followers. I rejoice to learn that you are preparing to meet them as a champion for the cause of truth and *morals*; and I pray God that he will prosper your labors in that cause. You are at liberty to make such use of this letter as you think proper, and if in any other manner I can serve or assist you in this undertaking, I hope you will freely command the services of your friend,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THE CORONER'S JURY.

—
ANOTHER REAL-LIFE ROMANCE FROM GRANT THORBUEN.
—

In 1801, John Mowit kept a respectable shoe-store in Maiden Lane, New York. Among his journeymen was John Pelsing, who, by his faithfulness, industry and sobriety, so ingratiated himself into the favor of his employer, that he made him his foreman from that time. Mowit and Pelsing were constant friends and companions; they boarded in the same house. One day they were summoned on a Coroner's Jury, about to be held over the body of a man who had been taken out of the water at the foot of Maiden Lane. The deceased had all the appearance of having been a regular dock-loafer. The verdict, which was presently given, was "found drowned."

The jury being dismissed, Mr. Mowit turned round to look for his friend and fellow juror, but he was gone; and stepping to the door, he saw him progressing up Maiden Lane on a *half-run*. This struck him as being curious, and also reminded him of another curious fact, (at least curious as con-

nected with his sudden flight,) namely, that when Mr. Pelsing first glanced at the face of the corpse, he started and turned deadly pale. Mr. M. then proceeded to his boarding house, and thence to the store, but P. had not been to either, nor did he return; and nothing could be heard of or from him. Mr. M. gave up all further inquiries, thinking there must have been some mysterious connection between Mr. Pelsing and the man that was found drowned, and that, in consequence thereof, he, P. had, in all probability, made way with himself. So matters rested till a certain day, when a lady called on Mr. Mowit at his store, and asked for Mr. Pelsing. She was told the particulars of his story.

"And has he not been here since?" she enquired.

"Not since," was the reply.

"I know he has," returned the lady.

"He has not, I assure you—at least not to my knowledge," replied Mr. Mowit.

"But I am positive," said the lady.

"What proofs have you of it?" inquired Mr. M.

"The best in the world," returned the lady; for I am here, and Mr. Pelsing and I are the same person."

And strange as it may seem, such was the fact. The question then was, whether Mr. Pelsing was a gentleman or a lady, and it turned out that he was a lady, and that her name was Charlotte Conroy. Furthermore, that Charlotte was the widow of the man who was found drowned. She stated that her husband was a shoemaker in Philadelphia; that she had been two years married; that her husband, whose name was Conroy, took to drinking, and treated her badly. Having no children, she used to spend her leisure hours stitching, and intending, as soon as she could finish a shoe, to leave the drunken man and work her way through the world alone. Having equipped herself in men's clothes, she left her lord and master, and soon arrived in New York. Her success as journeyman and foreman, we have seen above. As soon as the coroner's inquest was finished, she started for Philadelphia, where she learned that her husband, who had become a wandering loafer, had, a week before, set out for New York. There, instead of finding an injured wife, he found a watery grave. The finale of this romantic affair was, that Mr. Mowit requested Mrs. C. to resume her seat at the table, in the same house where he still continued to board; and finding that he loved her even better than Mr. Pelsing, he proposed a *partnership for life*, which treaty was ratified a few days thereafter, according to the canons of the Presbyterian Kirk, in like case made and provided.

This is, perhaps, the first instance on record, wherein a wife performed the office of a coroner's juryman, on the dead body of her own husband. The lady, by the way, is very good-looking, and still on the safe side of thirty.

Now, Mr. Printer, this story is not "founded on fact," for it is all fact. I was privy to most of the incidents.

SKETCHES OF NEWPORT.

SKETCH THE SECOND.

In our first article we gave some account of an arrival at Newport, and of the scene on the beach, at the hour for bathing. Those who participate in this delightful amusement, are usually tired enough to refrain from exercise until the afternoon, when barouches and carriages, of various descriptions, are in requisition to convey visitors to "BATEMAN'S POINT," "THE FORT," "THE GLEN," or to some other attractive part of the Island. The first of these, "BATEMAN'S POINT," is unsurpassed for a drive on a warm afternoon. The road to it is principally through fields belonging to private individuals, and one or more urchins stand ready to open the numerous gates, for which they receive a small gratuity. The money thus collected must amount to a considerable sum at the end of the season; for, with genuine "Yankee" cunning, the youngsters do not permit the unlatching of the gate to serve for more than one vehicle at a time, and it is quickly closed, though another may be just at hand. After riding for two miles or more, the blue waters of the sea come in sight, and fresh breezes blow with some violence; too strongly, sometimes, for the safety of scarfs, veils, &c. The road is a very good one, by the side of shelving rocks and small inlets; whilst the foaming waters dash playfully around the little islands near the shore. Many persons leave their carriages and busy themselves in collecting shells, or sea-weed, as mementos of their visit, and trifles thus obtained have certainly a peculiar charm to their discoverer. After again riding on for some distance, the "POINT" is reached, and the view is truly novel and beautiful. Vessels are seen at full sail, in the distance, and numerous small boats move swiftly on their way; the deep blue sky is relieved by masses of snowy clouds, ever varying in form, and the air is cool and invigorating. No wonder that this is a favorite resort. When enjoying its attractions, we thought of the travellers on the dusty roads near Philadelphia, enduring the intense heat of an August afternoon, without a breath of air stirring, and vainly seeking a cool retreat on the banks of the Schuylkill or Wissahickon.

What a price would be paid if it were possible to purchase and convey to our cities the bracing atmosphere of Newport!

"FORT ADAMS" is, perhaps, more popular than the former place; certainly it is more extensively patronized by those who wish not only "to see," but "to be seen." The line of carriages is almost continuous along the road, on the two afternoons of the week when the band plays at the "Fort." The large circular enclosure surrounded by barracks is then filled with carriages and equestrians, so that a slow walk is the only safe mode of progression. The ladies don their most becoming attire; and many beautiful faces are to be met with in such an assemblage of the gentler sex. The military band is stationed in the centre, and plays most inspiring airs. Some of the occupants of the carriages prefer walking on the ramparts, from which they may glance at the gay scene below, and enjoy a view of the harbor of Newport. It is amusing to note the various characters who imagine themselves "the observed of all observers;" and, from their manner, appear to solicit general admiration. If you have any acquaintances in Newport, you will be almost certain to meet with them here, and many are the pleasant recognitions which take place among the throng. The afternoon passes quickly away; the number of carriages sensibly diminishes, and as the stranger returns from this animated scene, he is the better prepared to enjoy a quiet moonlight stroll, or to spend the evening with a few chosen associates.

The ride to the "GLEN" is a much longer one, and those who visit it do not generally return until quite late in the evening. A large party is desirable; provided, of course, that all are well acquainted with each other, and "agreeable." On one of the most delightful of our visits to this charming spot, the company numbered about twenty, stowed away in private carriages, barouches, or light wagons. Those who arrived first at the "TEA-HOUSE," which is a pleasant little cottage, some distance from the road, and not far from the "GLEN," ordered tea to be ready at a certain hour for the whole party, and this necessary arrangement being completed, we proceeded on our journey. After passing a rustic cottage near a gateway, the road becomes narrow and winding; on each side are banks covered with the greenest moss; and lofty trees throw a delightful shade; a little stream of clear water pursues its way among thick shrubbery, and you imagine yourself in a secluded paradise, of which you are the happy discoverer. Soon, the voices of gay companions dispel this illusion, and as the glen resounds with merry laughter, you realize that others are enjoying the scene. The carriages deposit their inmates on a

small beach which has no surf; but when the tide is low, admits of a pleasant promenade. Some of the most beautiful specimens of sea-weed are to be found here, and the young ladies of our party busied themselves in collecting the transparent red leaves and delicate mosses on the shore, left by the receding tide, while the gentlemen were skimming the water with flat stones, or trying their skill at hitting a rock at a little distance. The conchologists started in pursuit of shells, while others still appeared to be happy in watching the movements of the rest. At last, both the late hour, as well as our appetites, warned us of the necessity of retracing our steps; the stragglers were called in, and in a few minutes we were all safely landed on the piazza of the "Tea-House," waiting for the signal to partake of the good things with which the table is loaded on such occasions. A merrier party has rarely assembled around the long table in that well-known room; and, doubtless, all who were present remember it with pleasure. Toasts in pure water were given, and witty speeches made, until the noise and confusion would have astonished the ears of uninterested auditors. The moon had risen in all her glory as we resumed our places in the carriages, and drove rapidly to town. It was strange to notice how the laugh was hushed, and conversation gradually ceased, as night drew on. Shawls were wrapped closely around us, and each one seemed to be indulging in quite meditation on the unalloyed enjoyment of our excursion.

AUTOGRAPHS.

FIRST PAPER.

It is a common practice to ridicule the passion for autographs: but is it just to look upon it, as a useless, foolish mania, in which discernment has no place, and science is not concerned? We should think not. It seems to us impossible not to recognize in this passion, not only an ardent love of letters, but a great respect for the writer. And does not science receive advantage from these researches? Have we not often sought, in the handwriting of a celebrated man, some trace of his habits, or mind? And how vastly is history indebted to this useful class of men, for the careful preservation of those letters and documents, which if once lost, would often be charged never to have existed—and which are often discovered to contain historical facts of the greatest interest and importance, of which the world had long been in ignorance? Witness John Payne Collier's recent discovery of a copy of one of the earliest editions of Shakspeare, containing over twelve thousand manuscript corrections, which elucidate in the

most unmistakeable manner, thousands of sentences over which the commentators have been fruitlessly wrangling for a century. These corrections are in the handwriting of Shakspeare's period, and are supposed to have been made from his own copy or manuscripts.

The book in question was an acting copy, containing minute stage directions in manuscript, and has seen so much service as to be in the last stage of dirt and dilapidation. Yet for three centuries have some lovers of antique MSS. been holding on to this wretched old book, merely because of its antiquity, and at this late day the whole world benefits from their passion. That driving son of young America, Z. Stockley Boggs, (junior partner of the eminent firm of Boggs, Stockley & Boggs,) or in fact any of the gentlemen of the establishment, if unfortunately possessed of the old folio, would have no doubt lighted their delicious *Neptunos* with an occasional leaf, and replaced the despised volume with "Harper's" or "Knight's," "Illustrated, Pictorial, Illuminated, Emblazoned Shakspeare."

We have all heard of the extraordinary excitement produced in regard to the ownership of certain furniture or other articles that belonged to great men—for example, the chair of Washington—the printing press of Franklin—the cane of Voltaire—the pen of Napoleon, &c—but, while we by no means deny the value of these objects as souvenirs of the great men who possessed them, it is certain that none of these articles were ever fabricated by their owners, whilst their writing is a visible material and enduring act performed by them, and also a direct and positive emanation of their minds.

The author of "*Curiosités Littéraires*,"* traces back the taste for autographs to the times of antiquity. We will content ourselves merely with citing a few of the passages of ancient authors, upon which he rests his opinion. The first are two epigrams of Martial, (Book VII, 17 and 18,) addressed to two of his friends:

"If upon the shelves of your villa-library—from the windows of which we see Rome in the distance—if among your more serious poetry, there is a place left for my playful muse, receive, if in your humblest ranks, these seven volumes, which I send you, corrected by the author's own hand. These corrections will give them their value, and you will be celebrated through all the universe by this humble present, the pledge of my friendship."

"You wish me, Pudeus, to correct my books with my own hand? This really is esteeming me too much, to wish to possess my trash in the very original!"

* *Bibliothèque de poche*—Paulin, Paris. John Penington, Philadelphia, 1848.

Quintilien, (Book VI. Chapter 7,) speaking of a certain orthography adopted by Cicero and Virgil, adds: "Their autograph manuscripts prove this."

We may certainly infer from these quotations, (and others given in the work alluded to,) that the ancients prized pieces in the hand-writing of their authors; but nothing therein, it is true, indicates that they made collections of them; still, from these and other historical facts, we do not think Mr. Gabriel Peignat, (a grave authority, however, in such matters) justified in stating that the taste for autographs remounts only to the middle of the last century.

The Bible of Aleccin, the preceptor of the children of Charlemagne, has been preserved through centuries as an autographic curiosity, and was sold in London in 1835 for 1500 pounds sterling. And thousands of autographs of distinguished men of the 16th and 17th centuries, now in existence, seem proof enough that there must have been professional collectors at least as early as these periods.

The discovery of printing was doubtless the *primum mobile* of the passion of collecting autographs. This produced the exception to what had been the rule, and made these things objects of rarity which before had been the only means of publication.

About this time certain famous writers adopted the custom of inscribing notes on the margins of their books—and later savans would attach great value to copies thus annotated by their predecessors in the same studies, and would add to them new notes with their own hands, or those of their friends.

Barclay in 1600 interleaved with white paper a copy of Lipsins' treatise *De Constantia*, and collected on the white leaves, manuscript commentaries of fifty of the most distinguished men of his time. And the definition of the word Album given by the dictionary of Prevoux, published in 1704, is as follows: "It is the name given to a little register or book which savans carry when travelling, or when in foreign cities. In their visits to the conspicuous men of any city or country, they present to them their *albums amicorum*, and beg them to inscribe some trifle, that they may have something to preserve from their own hands. What is entered in the album is generally a devise or some sentence complimentary to the owner of the book."

And the learned demoiselle de Gournay, the adopted daughter of Montaigne, may justly be considered as an advanced type of our modern lady collectors. Titon du Tillet informs us that after her death there were found among her chattels, letters of Cardinals Perron, Bentragliu, Richelieu, St. François de Sales, Godeau, of Charles First, of the Duke

of Mantua, of Balzac, of Maynard, of Heinsius, of Lipsins, etc., etc.

Everybody has heard of the *Guirlande de Julie*, that delicate wedding present presented by the Marquis de Montansier to the beautiful Julie d'Angennes, the heroine of the hotel Rambouillet—one of the most beautiful acts of gallantry, says Tallemant, that has ever been performed. In truth, it would be difficult to imagine what more beautiful homage could be paid to a woman than that of a book, every leaf of which contained, under an allegory of some flower, a madrigal in her praise—comprising sixty-two pieces, composed by all the illustrious poets of the age, and the greater number of them academicians.

"All the flowers were illuminated upon vellum, and the letters were written also upon vellum, after each flower. The frontispiece of the book is a garland, inscribed in which is the title: 'JULIA'S GARLAND, for Mdle. de Rambouillet, Julia Lucine d'Angennes.' On the following leaf is a Zephyr scattering flowers. It is full bound in Levant morocco, which is covered with toolings of Mdle. de Rambouillet's cypher. The whole is protected by a handsome false binding or case."*

Julia's garland would be the prince of albums, had the verses been written in the book by each poet himself, and signed with his name, instead of having been transcribed by a professional penman. If this book brought 1500 francs at the Lavallière sale, what would its value be now, if instead of being a *chef-d'œuvre* of binding and calligraphy, it were a collection of autographs! It is proper to state to the honor of the Marquis de Montansier, that the *Guirlande de Julie* was not the result of contributions levied upon the talent of the literary men of the day. The Marquis considered it as indispensable to pay for the verses, as for the illuminations, the vellum and the binding of his album—an example from which the amateurs who have followed him, seem to have derived little profit!

One of the most extraordinary and voluminous of albums known, is that of the Baron de Barkana, a famous traveller, born at Aleppo, in Syria. He died at Vienna in 1776, aged 70, after having traversed the whole world. Here is the description of it, as given by the *Magasin Pittoresque*, (year 1835:) "This album, composed of 1895 pages, contained expressions of esteem or friendship, in prose or in verse, compliments, epigrams, pleasantries, anecdotes, maxims, etc., etc., from 3,522 different persons. It bore the following title in Latin and in French: 'The temple of piety, virtue, honor, friendship, and fidelity; consecrated to durable and eternal remembrance: all you,

* Tallemant de Reaux.

then, who are as pious as Æneas, as strong in virtue and honor as a Hercules, as friendly as Pylades, and as faithful as Achates, enter it; honor it with your presence; you are invited by the Baron de Barkana, Aleppo-Syrian.' We will quote some of the expressions of esteem accorded to this singular man by distinguished persons.

Montesquieu says of him that, like the sun, he has seen all parts of the globe.

The Prince de Ligne calls him the eternal galloper of the whole globe, and begs him to present his compliments to the great Mogul, and to the King of Monomotapa.

Voltaire expresses pleasure to inscribe himself upon the album of the wonderful cosmopolitan, who speaks all languages—is a Frenchman in Gaul, a Spaniard in Iberia, an Englishman in Britain, etc.

The *chevalier*, or the *chevalière* d'Eon, then a captain of dragoons and secretary to the French embassy in Prussia, writes that he, or she, is enchanted (*charmé ou charmée*) to meet Monsieur the Baron de Barkana for the second time in his travels. He, or she, hopes to meet him again, perhaps at Constantinople, or at Pekin.

The *Comtesse de l'Hopital* is delighted exceedingly with the conversation and dignified manners of this nobleman.

Another lady styles him the industrious bee composing a precious honey.

Among the distinguished names inscribed in this album, are those of Crebillon, Metastosas, Molina, Haller, Gessner, Langlet-Dufresnoy, Arnaud, Ladeocat, Muratori, &c., &c.

The book was subsequently in the possession of Goethe; but what became of it at his death, we are not informed.

SPIRITUAL DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE X.

ARCHIMEDES. FULTON.

The Caloric Ship—A Failure, Probably—Newspaper Puffing—'Ism'-chasers—Extra-vagant Praises—The "Champagne-motor" which induced them—Chancellor Livingston—The Hudson River of to-day with the Hudson River of his, Fulton's Times—His trial-trip up that river—Judge Story—Where is Fulton's Statue?—Echo answers, &c.—A disgrace—A home-thrust at Greek gratitude—Model of the Clermont—New work of Fulton in star "Cordelia"—Studying Astronomy in the Sun—The "Rappers" humbugs.

W. the Elder. You're wrong, wrong, wrong, Archimedes. Depend upon it, you're wrong in this matter.

Arch. And you, my mortal friend, are very presumptuous to talk in this positive,

peremptory way, to a ghost of my experience.

W. the Elder. I really ask pardon. I spoke impulsively, as I always do; but I intended no disrespect, I assure you. However, I am expecting the spirit of brother Fulton here every second, and if you say so, we will refer the point in controversy to him.

Arch. Agreed.

W. the Elder. You know him, perhaps.

Arch. To be sure I do; and a most choice spirit he is. We have not compared notes for some time, however. (*Ghost of Fulton rises.*)

W. the Elder. Ah, my illustrious fellow-countrymen! welcome, most welcome. Our brother of Syracuse, here, tells me that you are old acquaintances; else, how it would have delighted me to have been the honored medium of bringing two such geniuses together for the first time.

Ful. Why, really, my old host, you quite put me to the blush.

W. the Elder. But what kept you so? I began to fear that my lightning despatch had missed you.

Ful. I came the very instant you sent for me: most reluctantly, too, I assure you; for I was in the company of some very dear friends. But what, in the name of wonder, were you making such a noise about? I expected to find at least a score of cats fighting as I entered. You look flushed, too, landlord. Nothing unpleasant has occurred, I trust.

W. the Elder. Oh no, no; we were talking earnestly, and perhaps somewhat too swiftly for strict etiquette; nothing more.

Ful. And what may the theme of all this oratory have been?

Arch. Ah, that's just what we want you to know; a subject which my earthly friend, here, tells me has caused a good deal of stir lately, in this quarter of this little globe of his.

Ful. Ah, what is it?

Arch. Hot air as a marine motor.

Ful. How?

W. the Elder. The motive power of hot air, as illustrated in the Ericsson engine. You have not heard of it, evidently?

Ful. Indeed I have not.

W. the Elder. Well then, sit down, my dear spirit, and learn all about it. (*Hands him a copy of a newspaper.*) There, my friend, you'll see all the diagrams and descriptions necessary for elucidating the matter. If, after due examination, you agree with Archimedes in pronouncing it a colossal humbug—

Arch. Don't misrepresent me. I used no such language. On the contrary, I expressed the warmest admiration of the inventor's genius. All I said was, that I did not think

that this particular specimen of it would ever lead to any great practical result.

W. the Elder. And I say it *will*. I believe this same Air Engine to be the great wonder of the age—the great revolutionizer of the business of the world.

Arch. And who, pray, is most likely to be right—a scientific ghost of more than two thousand years' standing, like myself, or a mortal who has hardly got beyond his earthly threescore?

Ful. Gentlemen, gentlemen, do be quiet, or I shall never get to the bottom of this thing.

Arch. I ask your pardon, Fulton; but our host here is such an obstinate being, that—

Ful. Well, well, keep still a moment. (*He continues his examination.*) Charming, charming! That regenerator is really a most beautiful device; so simple, too. Bravo, Captain, bravo! What a saving of hands, too, and above all, of fuel.

W. the Elder. Ah, ha! didn't I tell you—

Ful. (*still talking to himself.*) And yet—and yet—

Arch. Well, great King of Steam, what sayest thou? Out with it.

Ful. And yet, Archimedes, there seems to be one terrible drawback here.

Arch. You mean, of course, the frightful waste of power.

Ful. Even so; nor do I see how, with such an agent, the difficulty can be remedied. Where, in the name of heaven, is the expansive force to come from?

Arch. Just what I told my old friend here, but he would not be persuaded. I demonstrated to him, as I thought, that there was not only a want of power to start with, but a great loss of it on the road.

Ful. You're right—quite right; a fearful discount. No less than two-thirds of the force acquired is evidently expended on the feed-pumps, and the poor paddle-wheels have to put up with the balance. That will never do in the world. Yes, the more I look at it, Archimedes, the more convinced am I that your views are correct. And yet, what a pretty thing it is; what a fascinating ideal!

Arch. A most ingenious toy, certainly; but as to its ever playing a prominent part in human affairs, I don't believe a word of it.

Ful. You don't think, then, that my nose is to be put out of joint quite yet?

Arch. No, indeed, Robert. I believe that the wonders and glories of terrestrial steam-navigation are only just beginning, and that your fame, as an inventor and benefactor, is more and more appreciated every hour. I see no rival near your throne. Presumptuous as it may seem for any being, mortal or spiritual, to assign limits to the progress of science, I yet unhesitatingly predict, and I am willing to stake my reputation as an en-

gineer upon the prophecy, that no power will ever be found on earth to supplant steam as a propeller. As to the motive forces of other worlds, we are, of course, not at liberty to disclose them to mortals.

W. the Elder. I take it for granted, Archimedes, that hot air is a good deal of a motor, in certain unpleasant and unmentionable regions.

Arch. Don't be irreverent, old man. These are not themes to be joking about. I was not speaking as a moralist, however, but merely as a ghost of science.

Ful. On the whole, my Sicilian friend, I agree with you. I do not believe that any agent, of air or earth, will ever fill steam's place as general errand boy and factotum for the human family. But if it prove otherwise, heaven forbid that any paltry feeling of jealousy should prevent me from singing its praises with the loudest.

Arch. I have no doubt of it, my large-hearted brother; I've no doubt of it.

W. the Elder. Well, gentlemen, after two such emphatic verdicts from two such authorities, I, of course, give up the point. It isn't so strange, though, that I should have manifested some feeling on the subject, considering how excited the public mind has been about it, of late.

Ful. Indeed!

W. the Elder. Yes, the papers have been crowded with it. Never, never have I known such a flourish of trumpets, as that with which the result of the recent trial-trip of the Ericsson was proclaimed to the world; enough to blow down a dozen Jerichos. Let me show you a specimen or two. Look at that article, for instance; (*hands Fulton a morning paper.*) What say you to that, now?

Ful. (*after a hasty perusal.*) Glowing language, certainly. The writer speaks of me, I see, and my performances, as obsolete ideas, already. Did you read it, Archimedes?

Arch. I did. As a mere cluster of pretty sentences, it is not so bad; but, in all other respects, worthless. So yeasty and turbulent, too; plenty of the froth of the enthusiast in it, but very little of the solidity of the philosopher. It is evidently the work of a smatterer, also. As you must have perceived, there are half a dozen mistakes in the very first half column, that no man or ghost of science could ever have made.

Ful. Yes, I see; and then so saucy and aggressive!

Arch. Ah, my friend, if there is any one thing more offensive to me than another, it is this same arrogance of half-knowledge; this insolence of theory-bitten visionaries, who are determined to force their whims down the throats of the community, at all hazards; men who despise facts; who are ready to

trample upon everything lovely and sacred, in the mad chase after novelties, and—

Ful. You wax warm, brother.

Arch. I am warm, Fulton. As a lover of truth and sound philosophy, I protest against such creatures.

W. the Elder. Here's another article; how does that strike you?

Ful., (glancing at it.) Worse and worse; in fact, perfectly fulsome and ridiculous. I will do the writer the justice, however, to believe that he must have been under the influence of artificial stimulus when he wrote it.

W. the Elder. Well, it has been insinuated that the fixed air of the champagne so freely discussed on said trial-trip, was a prominent motor of many of the goose-quills that were set going on that occasion.

Arch. And how with that other old-fashioned, world-wide motor, the dollar?

Ful. For shame, Archimedes? How dare you insinuate that the press of this glorious metropolis is open to any such influences? You seem to forget, my friend, how much the morals of the world have mended in the twenty centuries that have elapsed since you used to hob-and-nob with old King Hiero.

Arch., (aside.) I don't believe a word of it.

W. the Elder. But, to change the subject; you were saying, my honored guest, that my lightning-missive had called you away from some dear friends. May I, without impropriety, inquire who they were?

Ful. Certainly. I was paying a visit at Clermont.

W. the Elder. Indeed! You mean, of course, at the former residence of your old co-mate and brother-experimenter, the Chancellor.

Ful. The same. I came without an invitation, however; but was none the less heartily welcomed for that, I assure you.

W. the Elder. And was this your first spiritual visit there?

Ful. The very first. Do you know that I have not had a peep at the Hudson, no, nor at any part of my native land, till a week ago yesterday, ever since my exodus from the flesh!

W. the Elder. Ah! What an exciting and gratifying trip you must have had of it. Such changes, Fulton; such glorious changes!

Ful. Enough to fill an epic poem, had I the genius to put them into verse. In what other clime or era have fifty little years wrought such marvels?

W. the Elder. And you, yourself, and Livingston, and Clinton, and one or two others, at the bottom of it all! Happy dogs, how it must delight you to think that you played your little parts on earth to such good purpose! Come, Fulton, tell our mathematical friend here, all about your first voy-

age up the river. That was a trial trip, now, worth talking about. You didn't have quite so much champagne aboard, to be sure, as brother Ericsson had.

Ful. No, we were in no drinking mood that day. It was a sad, solemn business, I can tell you. But why revive the past? Archimedes don't want to hear it.

Arch. To say truth, friends, I have heard all about it more than once.

Ful. Indeed; from whom?

Arch. Why, from no less a ghost than Story himself.

Ful. What, the great jurist?

Arch. Jurist, orator, poet, statesman, philanthropist, every thing that's good; and, above all, the most indefatigable chatter-box I ever ran against. Isn't that his American reputation?

W. the Elder. Most unquestionably. The narrative couldn't have been in better hands, I assure you.

Arch. It was but yesterday, by the way, that I was inquiring of one of your citizens, as to the whereabouts of brother Robert's statue; and, do you believe it, the man stared at me. On my repeating the question, he walked off whistling, as if I had been a runaway lunatic. And yet, what inquiry could have been more natural, and whose features could I have have taken more interest in than his? I shall have to get you to show it to me, landlord.

W. the Elder. I should be most happy to, were it in my power.

Arch. And why is it not?

W. the Elder. Simply because there is no such work in esse.

Arch. What—no record of Robert Fulton, either in bronze or marble, in all this broad land?

W. the Elder. Nothing of the sort. What is more, I doubt if there be any artist in town sufficiently sanguine even to have modelled any such thing.

Arch. And no portrait to show the stranger?

W. the Elder. I have never seen any either at the Federal, or any State capitol. There may be a few dubious daubs about, in museums, but certainly nothing that I should be ever-anxious to send to the coming World's Fair.

Arch. Why, what a disgrace to the nation!

W. the Elder. But so it is. Our legislators don't approve of works of art; and as to the citizens, they prefer investing their surplus funds in silks, satins, canvass-back ducks, perigord pies, and such like substantials. I have no doubt, Archimedes, that there is more money spent in the country, in one day, on candy alone, than would pay both for your own and brother Fulton's sta-

tue. And yet, my friend, I know not why you should be so amazed at it, when you recall the circumstances connected with your own tomb-stone.

Arch., (aside.) That's a home-thrust, sure enough.

Ful. Ah, what were they. I have forgotten them.

W. the Elder. Why, surely you must remember them. His own countrymen treated him so neglectfully that they couldn't tell where his bones lay, a little century after his death, till an illustrious stranger came along, one fine morning, and brought the poor, crumbling monument to light, buried, as it was, under brambles, and its inscriptions devoured, to the last letter. Pretty treatment, indeed, for the greatest mathematician of his age; for him, too, who had so often saved his native city from destruction, by the timely display of his genius. There was national gratitude for you! Ah, there's a stinging moral about that story, Archimedes, that impresses me far more, I must say, than a whole barrel of sermons on the vanity of life.

Ful. I have no right to grumble, certainly, after such a statement as this.

Arch. Let me see. I was going to make another inquiry, but, of course, it is superfluous.

W. the Elder. What was it?

Arch. Whether there was any model of the *Clermont* extant?

W. the Elder. Certainly not. As certainly there ought to be. Yes, every State in the Union ought to have a complete gallery of models of all our steamers, from our brother's primitive little craft here, up to the last *chef-d'œuvre* of Collins. Leaving national pride out of the question, such a collection would be invaluable as a guide for the student, and as a faithful record of the progress of invention; but, as I said before, we prefer laying out our odd dollars on champagne and oysters.

Arch. Well, well, brethren, time will set all these things to rights, depend upon it. The day hasn't come yet for statues and galleries, in your country. You are yet among the dirt and rubbish, laying the massive foundations of the edifice; the delicate and beautiful labors of the entablature will all come along in God's good season; and who can doubt that the generations to whom they are entrusted, will prove themselves worthy of the master-builders who have preceded them? Yes, my friend, poetic justice will be rendered in full to you, and to all the benefactors of your land. Nay, that very story that our old host here told against me just now, I think tells far more in my favor. I think he read the moral wrong. The true

inference to be derived from the anecdote, seems to me to be this: that real genius must and will, sooner or later, directly or indirectly, vindicate its claim to immortality. To be thus forgotten by Syracuse, was certainly mortifying; but to be so revived, and made forever illustrious, by a Cicero, was it not a glorious revenge? You, Fulton, however, of all that have been on earth, surely least stand in need of statue or monument. Your productions speak for themselves; no locking them up in inglorious slumber, in musty libraries; where are they not, night and day, singing your praises? What sea, what river knows them not? The dispensers of fame, the pioneers of civilization, the circulators of bright thoughts and glad tidings, yea, of all manner of good things all over the globe!

W. the Elder. Even so. What were all your old demi-gods, Archimedes, alongside of our illustrious brother here? What was the club of Hercules, or the lute of Orpheus, or even the wand of Mercury himself, compared with the trophies of the great steam-king?

Ful. Why, landlord, you are growing poetical in your old age. But, brethren, it is time for me to put my spiritual paddle-wheels in motion.

Arch. Whither away, brother navigator?

Ful. Well, I've got some little engineering business to do in a constellation hard by.

W. the Elder. Civil or military?

Ful. Civil, heaven be praised! I rejoice to say that all my labors, since leaving earth, have been in the cause of peace.

Arch. But what may it be?

Ful. I am superintending the construction of an aqueduct in the star Cordelia.

Arch. Ah, is that your work? I had a peep at it recently. A superb affair it is, too. That second distributing reservoir, with the Corinthian columns round it, and the statue-crowned balustrade, struck me as being the finest thing of the kind, I had almost said, in the universe. Is that really your design, brother F.? I had no idea that you were so illustrious an artist as well as engineer.

Ful. It is. I began life as a painter, you know.

W. the Elder. Have you seen our *Croton* Reservoirs, Archimedes?

Arch. I have. They are mere tea-cups in comparison with the one I speak of. But I must be off, too.

W. the Elder. What hurries you?

Arch. My astronomy.

W. the Elder. How?

Arch. I say astronomical studies. I am hard at work at them just now.

W. the Elder. Where are you studying?

Arch. In the sun.

W. the Elder. What, at head-quarters?

Arch. Even so. And let me tell you, my earthly friend, that the science is a million-

fold more sublime and beautiful, when investigated from such a grand, central point, than you residents of this little, roving planet have any idea of.

W. the Elder. I supposed you had greater facilities and finer instruments there. Ah dear, I wish I was going with you.

Arch. Be patient, be patient, old gentleman. Your time will come soon enough. Only behave yourself, and you'll see all these fine things, in your time. Meanwhile, take an honest ghost's advice, and keep cool. Don't anticipate matters. See and learn all you can here below. Do all the good you can. Try to leave this dear little earth in a better condition than you found it. And above all things, my dear host, give the *Rappers* a wide berth, for I assure you they are the greatest humbugs that ever picked a public's pocket.

W. the Elder. But, Archimedes, am I really to infer, from what brother Fulton said just now, that there are no wars in the worlds around us? What, no bloodshed or violence, no fire-arms, no military tactics of any sort?

Ful. I said not that, my friend. But you had better ask no more questions. You are getting on ticklish ground. I fear we have already made some injudicious disclosures. Come, brother Archimedes, I must positively be off. So, good-bye, fellow-countryman.

W. the Elder. Well, gentlemen, if you must go, I say no more. If either of you should feel disposed to look in, however, as you happen to be flying by, I shall always be delighted to see you. *(Exeunt.)*

BIZARRE AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

ENGLISH ITEMS, is the rather unsuggestive title of a series of "microscopic views" of brother Bull, in his political, social, and moral aspects. The author is Matthew F. Ward, sometimes called "Mat Ward," and a gentleman who is well known in the field of literature as the writer of a good book, entitled "Letters from Three Continents." "English Items" is divided into twelve chapters, all of which are both spicy and sour. The subjects noticed are our individual relations with England; sixpenny miracles there, or the sights; the cotton houses; rural scenery; English writers on America; manners; love of good dinners; gentility; origin of the church; church persecutions; present condition of the church, and heraldry. The author hates the English, and he pours his hatred out, we think, with a most unreasonable freedom, everywhere in the pages before us. We think, too, he at times fights an enemy which is the creation of his own deep-

seated prejudices, while, at others we feel satisfied his blows are dealt upon a decided palpability. What is said about toadying Englishmen, is true to a certain extent and in certain quarters; but is there not in these quarters the same toadying of everything that has a foreign origin? We think so. We have fools among us, who bow with reverence to anything and everything foreign. Of course these asses include Englishmen in their subjects for toadying, as they would, were he to come properly fortified with credentials, a citizen of Limbuctoo. The weakness of fashion lies in courting foreigners; but not so far as we know, those especially who come from England. The homage paid to foreign genius, though it has been returned with the basest ingratitude in the cases of Maryatt and Dickens, was creditable, we think. The authors of *Peter Simple* and *Oliver Twist* were no ordinary literary lights, and being writers in the same language which, in common with themselves, we had received through Milton, Shakespeare, Addison and Johnson, it was natural that they should be cordially welcomed and particularly honored. But enough: "English Items" is well worth reading. The Appletons are the publishers.

NEW THEMES CONDEMNED.—This is the title of another book which has grown out of a very able and well-intended work, called "New Themes for the Protestant Clergy," published some time ago, by Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co. It is understood, like that, to be from the pen of a layman; one, too, who has shown himself with no little effect, in a review of "New Themes." The author of "New Themes" replied to our Layman, and the object of the present volume seems to be to answer that reply, at the same time, it notices in a contemptuous tone, not unmerited, two new warriors who have appeared on the field in defence of "New Themes," and who, if one may judge from the weapons they use, are poor cronies enough for such a man as the author of "New Themes." The charger upon which one of these greasy knights-errant prances and brandishes his slimy lance, is entitled "Hints to a Layman," while the other rides a steed called "Charity and the Clergy!" It is to be regretted that the writer of "New Themes" ever printed the views which make up that work, and which we question not, are honest. They supply material for the revilers of religion, the more palatable, because understood to be furnished by a member of the church, and hence one who speaks the result of his experience as such. There is short-coming enough, heaven knows, among professors of religion; but do their brethren help the cause of Christ any by exposing this short-coming? The end sought by the au-

thor of "New Themes," could better be attained, we think, by warm and frequent protestation in the church, or by urging pastors to warn their flocks in the premises. We know that Christianity is effecting much good for man; and if all the benefits that could be wished be not achieved, we doubt if any remedy can be found in the course taken by the author of "New Themes." "New Themes Condemned" is well done, certainly as to the entire accomplishment of the author's design, viz: to reiterate opinions already advanced by him, and to offer certain substantial backings of these opinions from various distinguished sources. It is written in a pleasing, off-hand style, and with an amount of good humor, which indicate both the sincerity of the writer and the entire confidence which he has, in the truth of his positions. The closing passages of the volume are beautiful; they come from a heart all alive to goodness, and speak volumes in behalf of him who pens them, both as a man and a Christian. We would gladly quote some of these passages, but our limits forbid.

COLERIDGE'S WORKS.—An elegant volume, the first of a complete edition of the works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, has been sent to us by the Harpers. The series will contain all the productions of the eminent author, with the exception of his newspaper articles, lately republished under the title of *Essays on his own Times*. The volume before us contains *Aids to Reflection* and the *Statesman's Manual*, with an introductory essay upon the author's philosophical and theological opinions, by Professor Shedd. The collection will embrace seven volumes, and must unquestionably find a place in American libraries.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON, is the title of a tale which Mr. A. Hart, of our city, has just issued in two volumes. It is from the pen of Mrs. Emma D. N. Southworth; and as it is a story of "Expiation and Redemption," written for the marvellous bumps of the readers of a paper like the *Saturday Evening Post*, it of course is seasoned after the most approved modern fashion. It is well for the aforesaid readers of the *Post* that its leaded editorials are relieved, now and then, by a story from such a pen as that of Mrs. Southworth. They might otherwise find their minds in a state of hopeless paralysis.

LIGHT AND SHADE.—Appleton & Co. have published a tale with this title. It is from the pen of Anne Harriet Drury, whose "Friends and Fortune" and "Eastbury" when published, commanded considerable favor. The characters are well drawn; while the incidents are conceived and arranged for the best effect. The style is generally easy and chaste; while at times there are passages of great beauty. A vein

of humor is introduced now and then, which is the more effective from its naturalness, especially where it develops itself in dialogue. The moral of the story is likewise good; indeed, as the production of one of the lady fiction writers of the present day, it may be said to be a "*rara avis*" on the score of an accumulation of wickedness.

THE DECK OF THE CRESCENT CITY.—A neatly printed book with this title, bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam & Co., came to us some weeks since, through T. B. Peterson of this city. It is a kind of an essay, in prose and poetry, on matters and things in general. The author is William Giles Dix, clearly a man of ability, and a very ambitious one, we suspect. The larger part of his volume was printed nearly a year ago, but was thrown aside from dissatisfaction. Had this dissatisfaction continued, the "Deck of the Crescent City," of course, would have been in the deep bosom of the ocean buried; and that it will not still find an eternal home under the waves of oblivion does not appear to us so very certain.

THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.—This is the title of the first volume of G. P. Putnam & Co's. new series Popular Library. It is a very clever book, full of original thoughts, and funny hits at men and things; an old acquaintance, too, which comes to us in a new dress. The miseries of life are recorded, and after the drollest possible fashion. The table of contents, itself, is rich reading; we are sure we laughed over it heartily, though forsooth, some of the puns are rather severe. But then, a pun to be right down funny, must be right down bad. A good pun is, generally speaking, received with an exclamation of pleasure, as "first rate!" or "capital!" but it takes a shocking bad one to produce a hearty laugh. There is, to return to our "Miseries," a vast amount of entertainment in its pages, and we recommend it cordially to all who are disposed to be dumpy or gloomy. It is as we have hinted, an old book in a new dress.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

We have several new books lying on our table, particular notice of which we are compelled to defer until our next number. Among them is a continuation of the series of State histories lately commenced by Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of our city, embracing the History of New York. We have also from the same publishers, the concluding parts of their excellent edition of Waverly, containing "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous." T. P. Peterson sends us The "Two Merchants," a popular tale, by Arthur. "The Adopted Child," by Mrs. Jewsbury, we shall also notice hereafter. It comes to us from the Harpers, with

another interesting story from Mrs. Marsh, called "Castle Avon."

The London *Athenæum* says of Mr. Jared Sparks' late letter addressed to Lord Mahon:—"We will not enter further into the details of this apparently interminable controversy. The real cause of quarrel seems to be this: Lord Mahon misunderstood the conditions—the necessary and reasonable conditions, for the most part—on which Washington's writings were edited by Mr. Sparks; and in virtue of his own misapprehension, he made a series of charges, only some of which, and those not the most important, can be sustained by evidence and fact. Of course, under his own showing, Mr. Sparks' case looks better than it did in the hands of Lord Mahon. But it does not appear that any substantial good can arise from a further prosecution of the dispute. Mr. Sparks did alter and suppress passages in Washington's correspondence—but he had avowed and explained this course in the work itself—and literature must acquit him of intentional and clandestine perversion of the sense. Lord Mahon acknowledges that he was wrong in his serious accusation, that the editor had added to the text:—and here, we think, the matter might very conveniently end."

We have in type a correspondence which recently took place between Mr. J. B. Jones, of our city, and certain publishers at Auburn, wherein exception is taken by the former to the appropriation by the latter of a popular work. It will appear in our next.

Harper's Magazine, for March, is an admirable number; about the best we have seen of that truly agreeable miscellany. We had received a copy direct from the publishers, while another has been handed to us by our publishers, Messrs. Getz, Buck & Co.

Mr. William Brewster has removed his periodical agency to BIZARRE Office. We call attention to his announcements in our advertising pages. It will be seen he offers some fine inducements to clubs. Mr. B. is a very worthy gentleman, and merits encouragement. He is exclusive agent of the *New York Review*.

Correa & Ruehl, 232 Chestnut Street, have an immense assortment of rare and curious engravings, from Albert Durer's *Burin* down. Their stock of French and German books consist of the most interesting variety. A German case, opened this week, contained the first No. of *der Bibel in Bildern*, (the bible in pictures.) It will be completed in 30 numbers, at one dollar each. Each number will contain 8 large plates, expressly designed for this work by Julius Schnore von Carolsfeld, a distinguished German artist. There is no text except a few lines in explanation of the plates. An edition, with

the plates reduced in size, at 37½ cts. a number, is also to be had.

EDITOR'S SANS-SOUCI.

—We publish in our present number, another very interesting real-life romance, written by our old friend Grant Thornburn, or, to give him his hero-title in Galt's popular novel, "Laurie Todd," who was, as he says, "privy to all the facts." Laurie accompanies his communication with two letters, in one of which, dated New York, Feb. 18th, 1853, he says:

"With this sun I look on my 81st birthday. I am not sensible of decay, spectacles excepted. For the last thirty years only one day have I been confined to the house by sickness, and for the last fifty years God has given me a sound constitution, and common sense to take care of it. I never was drunk in my life; *I never ate enough*. You see I owe the Giver of all Good a large debt; and I think it's my duty that the world should know it. If you are of the same mind, give these lines a place; the sceptic may sneer, and the fool may laugh—it's but the crackling of thorns under a pot."

Our old friend says, in his other note:

"Now, friend Church, (you have a good name, any how, provided it's not of Rome,) when you open your Chatter-Box next week, please define the meaning (in broad Scotch or plain English) of the word *Bizarre*.* The amount of my education has been to read the Bible, and write my own name; and you may be assured it is a sore evil, under the sun, when reading an American book, getting involved in some horrible massacre or tremendous earthquake, I am wondering where the scene will end, to fall upon a string of High or Low Dutch, Greek, Hebrew or Latin—or, may be, some other dead or living tongue—I am swamped, and frequently throw the book on the floor; and if the printer was here I would lay him by its side. I suppose you doctors of Law, Physic and Divinity, stick in those little words to inform the gaping throng that you have once been inside of the fence of a college."

Pretty severe that, honest Laurie, or gude man Grant, upon the literati. However, as to the meaning of BIZARRE: it is a French word signifying something quaint, peculiar, eccentric, droll, fantastical; and if it does not entirely convey an idea of what we strive to make our journal, it certainly gives us a distinctiveness as to the name. We wanted something fresher than the hacknied catalogue of titles, embracing your Mercurys, Athenæums, Mirrors, Minervas, Literary

*I asked Sherman, your Agent. He can't tell.

Journals, Gazettes, Chronicles, Times', &c., afforded; so after thinking the matter over a long time ourselves, we counselled with two valued friends, both clergymen, and one lately a greatly esteemed editor, as he is now a highly-valued contributor to the magazines. It was this last who suggested to us BIZARRE, and BIZARRE it is. Are you satisfied?

—"Sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent,
And armed strongly, rode upon a ram,
The same which over Hellepontus swam."

has blustered in upon us. It was on the first of this month, the fire of the altar of Vesta at Rome, was renewed by the sun's rays reflected by a concave steel. The month was under the auspices of Minerva. From Numa until the first Punic war, public offices were entered on, on March first; from that period they were commenced on the first of January. March was reckoned the first month in France until 1564, when the commencement of the year was changed to January by Charles the Ninth. In Scotland it was the first month till 1598; and in England partially till 1752. In Saxon, March was called *Rethe* or *Roagh Monath*, and *Lenet* or *Length Monath*, of the lengthening of the days. Thence the name of Lent, it is said. But reader, March the present year, will unfold a great many events to the world, yet none of them can surpass in magnitude the inauguration of a new President of the United States. The United States! It is long and broad in extent now. Who shall say that it will not be twice as long and twice as broad before ten more Marches bluster in upon us? So long as there is a single spot of earth on this continent unoccupied by "Uncle Sam," he is bound to think his coat and pantaloons are not large enough to allow for his growing. When there is not a tuck left to let down, then will this individual "calculate" that he has got his growth; not till then, be assured, reader.

—An English writer tells several entertaining anecdotes of Lord Nelson, among which are the following:—He was loth to inflict punishment, and when he was obliged, as he called it, "to endure the torture of seeing men flogged," he came out of his cabin with a hurried step, ran into the gangway, made his bow to the officers, and, reading the articles of war the culprit had infringed, said, "Boatswain, do your duty." The lash was instantly applied, and, consequently the sufferer exclaimed, "Forgive me, admiral, forgive me." On such an occasion Lord Nelson would look round with wild anxiety, and as all his officers kept silence, he would say, "What! none of you speak for him? Avast! cast him off!" And then added to the culprit, "Jack, in the day of battle, remember me;" and he became a good fellow in future. A poor man was about to be flogged—a lands-

man—and few pitied him. His offence was drunkenness. As he was being tied up, a lovely girl, contrary to all rules, rushed through the officers, and, falling on her knees, clasped Nelson's hand, in which were the articles of war, exclaiming, "Pray forgive him, your honor, and he shall never offend again." "Your face," said Nelson, "is a security for his good behaviour. Let him go; the fellow cannot be bad who has such a lovely creature in his care." This man rose to be lieutenant; his name was William Pye.

—Poetry is said to be based on feelings common to humanity. We propose to test this assumption by the appeal to "universal nature," furnished in the following translation served up in a Latin legend, and ascribed to Father Cuddy:*

Oh! tis eggs are a treat,
When so white and so sweet,
From under the manger they're taken;
And by fair Margery,
Och! 'tis she's full of glee,
They are fried with fat rashers of bacon.

Just like daisies all spread
O'er a broad sunny mead,
In the sunbeams so beautifully shining,
Are fried eggs fair displayed
On a dish when we've laid
The cloth, and are thinking of dining.

Quam pulchra sunt ova
Cum alba et nova
In stabulo scite leguntur;
Et a Margery bella
Quae festiva puella!
Pinguis lardi cum frustis coquantur.

Ut belles in prato
Aprico et lato
Sub sole tam laete resident,
Ova tosta in mensa
Mappa bene extensa
Nihil dissimilae lance consistunt.

— Shall we gossip a little about musical matters? Yes. Well then, to begin, the American pianist, Gottschalk, as we write, is in the city, and before this number appears, will have given the public a taste of his genius at Musical Fund Hall. He certainly is a genius, and a genius of rare quality. We care not for the furor which his biographer in inflated style, declares he excited in France, in Italy, in Switzerland, in Germany; we care not for the unrepublishing orders which were attached to his button-hole by the Queen of Spain; we care not, indeed, for the extravagant puffs of this young man, which were published in our papers before and after he came home. All these easily-obtained and generally undeserved appliances, have no effect upon us. We had the pleasure of being one of a party of ladies and gentlemen at Jones' Hotel, on the occasion of a *matinée* given by the young Creole; we heard him perform on that occasion; and we speak of him

* For original see Keightley's Mythology.

—entirely from the knowledge then gathered of him. He is, we repeat, a genius of rare quality. The Pleyel piano which he uses, responds to his touch with an emphasis which only great artistes achieve. His taste is as fine as his skill is great; there is, too, all sincerity in the emotion he shows while performing; he has not the look and action which De Meyer has; or no strainings for effect. When performing, he is intensely engaged with his piano; he does not seem to think there is anything else in the room. At the close of a piece, however, when the hearty applause of many hands strike his ear, he again comes into the little world he has about him, and indicates an appreciation of the praises bestowed, by the most expressive smiles. Gottschalk's concert will no doubt be a brilliant one, but going to press on the morning of the very day it was given, we cannot speak from observation.—Mr. Perrelli's last soirée, which took place on Saturday evening, the 26th inst, was unquestionably the finest of the season. The efforts of the young lady who executed the Bird Song, were received with hearty satisfaction, as many a hand testified, while another who sang the Echo Song obtained no less applause. Well might a foreigner present, assure us that he had heard but few *prime donne* who achieved artistic musical effects with greater success, who sang indeed, generally more beautifully. There were other ladies who sang very charmingly; while among the gentlemen, Messrs. D., S., R., H., indicated decided advancement. The duett from the Puritans was generally very impressive. The opening quartette, beautifully rendered as it was, gave fine promise of what followed. We should add, that the company was as usual, select and recherché. Perelli's soirées are a decided feature among fashion's doings.—Let us say a word of the "Soirees de Quatuor," a series of which is now being given at Sansom Street Hall. They well merit encouragement, though being a little in advance of the times, we fear they will hardly obtain enough to reward the gentleman under whose direction they are given. There are people in town who do not think it a bore to hear a solo from Waldteufel or Bailey, while a quartette of Mozart, the various parts executed by Reinhardt, Cross, Waldteufel and Meignen, and there will be sure to attend the Chamber Concerts.

—Mercadante's new comic opera was lately given at Naples, for the first time.—The *Gazzetta Musicale* assures its readers, that both works gained "*un luminosissimo successo*:" but, says the *Athenæum*, the moral of a public assurance so widely different from private information may perhaps lie on the seventh page of the same *Gazzetta*,—which announces a uniform edition of forty-eight

out of the fifty-two operas composed by Mercadante, as about to be published by the publishers, and (it may be presumed) proprietors of the journal. The new opera written by Signor Verdi for Venice is entitled "*La Traviata*," and is founded, we are told, on "*La Dame aux Camélias*."

—A word or two about correspondents, &c:—"Sketches of Newport," the second of which we publish in the present number of BIZARRE, are very neatly done. They are from the pen of a very accomplished lady of Philadelphia. We are deeply grateful to our fair correspondent, as we doubt not our readers are also. "Mule Tracks in South America" will be continued in our next.—"The Romance of Blockley" is constantly improving. These papers are attracting great attention. All our readers will welcome Mrs. Mary A. Eastman to our pages. She is the author of "Aunt Phillis' Cabin," and other popular works. A wish has been expressed that the brilliant author of "Spiritual Dialogues" should try his hand in some other field. What does he say? The "Dialogues" have been greatly admired.

—The publishers of the *Daily Register* in our city have greatly enlarged their sheet, while they have also secured the services, as principal editor, of Professor Birney, a gentleman of decided ability, and one, too, who has large experience as a newspaper writer. We wish all parties, as the play bills say, "the most unbounded success." Our highly valued friend, Mr. B. Moran, continues his connection with the *Register*, as we hope he will do.

—We understand that Miss Richings sang very sweetly last Saturday evening at the new hall, on the occasion of a concert given by one of our fire companies.

—A beautiful Panorama of California and the voyage thither and back again, has been for a few weeks exhibiting at the new Assembly Buildings. It is under the management of Mr. Perham, a most competent person.

—An Italian journal, called *Il Pirata*, gives the following account of a new tenor voice which has just been heard at Genoa in the "*Rigoletto*" of Signor Verdi:—"Signor Mongini who is almost new to the stage, exhibits a voice surprising by its extent, its quality, and the manner in which it tells; to this may be added, the by no means common gift of a vocalization so neat and clear that the listener does not lose a single word."

—The Philharmonic Society, doubtless, had a fine concert on Wednesday evening. Going to press as we did before that time, we can say nothing more in the present number.

—The weather for the few days past has been very disagreeable.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

VOLUME II. }
No. 25. }

FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1853.

{ SINGLE COPIES
FIVE CTS. }

MULE TRACKS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

SECOND PART.

As we descend from our aerial position, lofty forest trees begin to press us round, breaks in the foliage only indicating the verge of some neighboring precipice. Military music rises up. It is the first call of day, and attenuated by the air, is somewhat bearable. But now, as it becomes clearer, what wretched dissonance! Is this the music that Bolivar bequeathed to the lovers of liberty? We are reminded of the mode in which Colonel Durand described it, to whom the files of six in front, pacing the whole width of a street to drums and fifes at more than quick-time, recalled the song of Frederick I. of Prussia, "O mine Got! vot blud and tonder!"

As witness:

"Prelude of half ruffle and a drag—R-r-rump'm, and bump'm, blump'm, and stump'm, and thump'm, and blumb—R-r-r-and thump'm, and stump'm, and plump'm, and thump'm, and blum—Da Capo."

Dull and execrable as this is, does our own prove always better? Let us go to the house of some patriot; patriotism, if no where else, ranks high here. Besides, what fun in stories of war, in ambuscades, defeats, successes! It is something to see Spanish eyes glisten under the influence of the passion next to love; to listen to splendidous exaggerations of the event of six men who "marched up hill, and then marched down again," so calculated to entertain a credulous fancy. What a gift is that of faith! The satisfaction of certainty, what is it to the enjoyment of conjecture? A sergeant knocks at the door, laden with some beef and pork which he will be happy to give us, and delighted if we will pay him therefor. We consult with our digestion, taste and need. If we purchase it, we may make a whole regiment our friends; if we refuse it, the heat will spoil it. So this decides. Up goes a coin into the air with superscription of "Los Estados Unidos," and down it comes with Bolivar and liberty upon its face. The beef and pork are ours.

Will the senora give us anything else but omelettes? Hard-boiled eggs have been our fare the last fifteen leagues. *Gracios Dios!* what is this? Arepa bread, sweetmeats and wheaten cakes, calabash bowls of milk, and figs of the *figus gigantea*. The meal over, let us peep into the adjoining room, where a gay *cantartista* touches her guitar, perhaps in coquetry, to invite our curiosity and admiration; perhaps to the wandering thoughts of her own happy heart—for surely she is happy! Under such a heaven, with nature, a kind mother, who anticipates every care, yielding almost spontaneously and in abundance, every fruit that, once tasted, we again long for; can it be otherwise? The door is half open, almost inviting us to enter. And there she reclines, in true oriental style, on a light gay ottoman. Her fingers seem to hesitate whilst she looks up from her deep glistening eyes with a kind of doubtful wonder; then, a blush suffusing her face, she bends gracefully over her pet instrument, regains the mid-stream of song, and seemingly abandoned to pleasure, leaves to us only to listen and admire. Charming and kind performer! Out of our leathern bag we are fain to hand over a few of the *reals* denied to far more earnest importunity. But in the place thereof, here is a laced cap worked by *la Americanos*.

How beautifully white the bed of the river, as it flows almost beneath our windows. We must provide ourselves with lines, and so spend the sultry afternoon. Plenty of bites, but our languid spirits tempt us to let hook, bait and prey float with the stream. Attenuated already with the climate, how shall we blame the absence of extreme activity and life? The shadows of the evening gather around; softly and silently our energy revives, but sharing the instinct of the people, it is to be devoted all to pleasure.

Setting out for a night's enjoyment, we crossed the Guayra to the valley of Chacao. A full moon was reflected in those swift, but smooth waters—silent because undivided within their own deepened channel. Slight, filmy clouds too, darting over the blue sky

were imaged there. The waving trees on either side, among them the Palmyra palm, touched with the light, assumed fantastic forms. Here and there I fancied I saw a boat shoot out and as quickly disappear. Then some burning light, with crimson splendor, would for a moment flash across the stream, and anon the laugh, and song, and music of revellers join the moan of the evening breeze. On reaching the opposite side, we were conducted to a *ranchero*, where we were furnished with mules about ten hands high, spirited, muscular and well-knit. To show the complete isolation that even a river can induce in South America, it may be sufficient to remark that the enquiry with which we were assailed by all about this establishment—itsself so near the scene of enquiry—was: "*Que se dice en la ciudad?*" [What is the talk about town?] Indeed, "*No he oido decir nada?*"—[Have you not heard of anything?—is the eternal question propounded the traveller from the Isthmus of Darien to Terra del Fuego. Unhappy the man who shall adventure on the declaration, "*No hay nada de nuevo.*" [There is no news.] South America is in want of news, and must have it, good or bad. But this is as discursive as our ramble through the valley, which for the first hour was silent and solitary enough. There was no need of whip, or Spanish *paragattas*, with their tremendous spurs. If our steeds did not fly with the wind, they did their best assuredly to justify an expensive bargain. The ground over which we passed was somewhat undulating. The high hill-sides on either hand, clothed with foliage, alternately advanced and receded, and here and there, through gigantic passes, we caught glimpses of a wide country lying far below. Chatting, laughing and musing, how swiftly time went on. We were about concluding we had achieved something in the matter of space, and thinking of turning our 'mules' heads, when we discerned two human forms dart stealthily and rapidly across the path some fifty paces in advance. "An enemy in the rear" is, of all inflictions, the most to be dreaded. With wounds on one's back, it is well nigh impossible to achieve a reputation for valor. After all, these might be honest men; if rogues, it was certain they had ability to overtake us in the attempt to beat a retreat. In an instant our bridles were seized. I reined in my animal, but the dark, athletic form of my antagonist rose as he reared. I was in humor, however, for a fight, and with the butt of my whip dashed upwards the hand extended towards my person. The assailant of my companion had already sprung up before him on his steed, and plying his spurs in the flanks of the animal, both were quickly out of sight.

Here I was alone, in a deserted and strange spot, separated from my friend, and at the mercy of a Spanish ruffian. In situations of danger the judgment acts with wonderful rapidity. If this highwayman—this Señor—would but seat himself, too, before me, leaving me my arms, I was content. I would have him then at an advantage of which I could avail myself. Was he all muscle, that without possibility of resistance, he had already done the thing? Was he all goodness, that now, when we were flying like some double-headed centaur, he turned round to me with an indescribable expression of countenance, and in gentlest tone said: "*Supongo que esta usted bueno!*" [I hope you are in good health!] The fellow had jokes, too. He was too good to be shot. Versatile and facetious, evidently loving romance as well as booty. Actually, in that moment it seemed to me that to shoot him would be a breach of confidence! Besides, I was interested in the fate of my companion. On and on we spurred. The body of the foe was as flexible as an Indian's; but the features, of which I caught an occasional glimpse, were as marvellously changeable, I was satisfied I could never again recognize them. Presently we diverged from the beaten track. My captor leaped to the ground without relinquishing his hold on the reins. His boldness satisfied me he was not to be shot with impunity; that he had bold confederates near. A few paces led us to the mouth of a cave, that must almost have been impervious even to daylight. Throwing the reins into unseen hands, he bade me follow him through the rocky winding. As we advanced, light grew upon us from within, and suddenly we stood in an enormous cave, formed of one of those fissures that are to be found in the neighborhood of extinct volcanoes. How oftentimes is pity misplaced! My companion, whose imagined lot I had so commiserated, was seated amidst a set of Spanish women, round a crackling fire, enjoying himself right merrily. Fatigued, exhausted, alarmed, I passed at once to the opposite sensations and feelings, and joining with unreserved air of ease the group, asked for *del vino*,—swearing, moreover, I had seen half my company amidst the bright-eyed, dark-haired, silver-toned Gypsies of the Pyrenees. My companion,—doughty, rusty, and old, had paid his price: item, gold watch and purse; whilst I, with neither watch nor scrip, and relieved from all concern for our mules, should they be retained, satisfied that their owners were abettors, felt, in every way, ready to do justice to the aforesaid *vino*. High, slender glasses, sparkling wine, and these joyous maidens! Ye gods, it was a robber's life without his conscience. Stories and legend, songs and dances for hours on hours, with

vino and *fruta* for our celestial repast, made night glide like a silver stream.

Day was breaking when we were suffered to depart. All shook hands, giving back our mules and princely salutations. We swore, as we flew away amidst loud *bravuras*, eternal friendship to such goodly company. If beforehand I had dared to kiss one of those wild, roving girls, what tribunal dare indict me, what Confessional Father demand penance? The heart *will* pay homage to beauty; and I left the robber-haunt just as I would awake from some wild, fairy dream, in which all is glorious and nothing real. The owner of our steeds was in bed at the time when we arrived. To the "eternal question" on the mouth of the sleepy groom, we were fain to reply: *No hay ninguna noticia*. [There is no news;] but, on consideration, I gave, with a peculiar side-long glance and an uplifted finger, indicative of a purposed silence, *No se dice nada*; [There is no talk of anything!] The less said about these transactions in South America the better.

AMENITIES OF LITERATURE.

We are indebted to a literary friend for the subjoined correspondence, by which it will be seen that an author complains of his work having become the property of certain booksellers, without his consent; while another has had his title appropriated by the same publishers, also, without even the cheap compliment of "by your leave, sir." The only consultation seems to have been that mentioned in the letter of Dr. Schoolcraft, namely, the application for his consent to have the title of another man's work affixed to his own—or, rather, what was once his own book. But his negative was disregarded; and it does not appear why he should have been consulted at all.

Some twenty thousand copies of "Wild Western Scenes," (a narrative of adventures, published by Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co.,) have been disposed of, and the demand for them has been steadily increasing up to the present time. On the other hand, it is understood that the book advertised by Messrs. Derby & Miller is composed of sketches and detached descriptions of Indian character, published originally in the periodicals.

The reply of Messrs. Derby & Miller is by no means satisfactory. Our friend who forwards the correspondence says: "I have seen more than twenty of their catalogues, and not one of them sets forth the title as they have written it. The letter of Dr. S. indicates who has *erred*."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Philadelphia, Feb. 1, 1853.

To HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, LL. D.,
Washington City.

DEAR SIR:—I have seen in the papers Messrs. Derby & Miller's catalogue of new publications, and among them is one entitled "Wild Western Scenes," &c., by H. R. Schoolcraft. My work with the same title was written and published some thirteen years ago, and the publishers at this time are disposing of several thousand copies of it annually. I know not to what extent the appropriation of the title by the Auburn publishers may affect the sale of my book, the copyright of which has not been disposed of; but I hope I shall be pardoned for manifesting an anxiety to be known as the rightful parent of a literary offspring which has met with some success in the world, and is now producing me a regular income.

You will not understand I have the slightest suspicion that *you* could be capable of appropriating anything of mine in the manner complained of, or of sanctioning it in others under the authority of your name. I feel convinced it must have been done without your knowledge or concurrence. And such being the case, I have no hesitation in supposing you will respond immediately to this letter, permitting me to make known that you had no participation in the grievance complained of.

Respectfully, &c.,

J. B. JONES.

[MR. SCHOOLCRAFT'S REPLY.]

Washington, Feb. 2, 1853.

DEAR SIR:—I lose no time in responding to your note of yesterday. I have never used the title of "Wild Western Scenes," &c., for any work prepared by me. The firm to whom you allude, having purchased the stereotype plates of "THE INDIAN IN HIS WIGWAM," from a person who had no right to dispose of it; and having procured, as they state, (of course by *fraud* and *misrepresentation*,) a copyright for it, sold as many as they could, under that title. When the sales flagged, they gave the book (without my knowledge or consent,) the title of "American Indians," &c., putting an appendix to it, and, *in that shape*, taking out a copyright. Having vended several thousand copies of it, under this inappropriate and false title, they have, recently, determined to alter the title once more; but in this latter case, they wrote to me for my consent—a request to which I returned a prompt negative. Without waiting for this, they, however, went on, and published the title of the book, thus altered, far and wide in their catalogues.

Such lawlessness is worthy of severe repre-

hension; and I wish you every success, in vindicating your title.

Very respectfully, &c.,
HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.
J. B. JONES, Esq.

[COPY OF A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHERS.]

Philadelphia, Feb. 1, 1853.

Messrs. Derby & Miller, Auburn, N. Y.

GENTS:—I am advised that I have serious cause of complaint against you for appropriating the title of one of my books, the "Wild Western Scenes." That book was written thirteen years ago; and, I believe, some fifteen editions of it have been issued. The copyright is still mine, and the Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., are vending several thousand copies of it annually, from which I derive the per cent. usually allowed to authors. From this you will see my interest may be affected by the publication of Dr. Schoolcraft's book by the title I was the first to adopt, and with which my work has achieved some success.

I write this, not doubting your disposition to do anything in your power to avoid inflicting an injury on one who has certainly never given you cause of offence; and I trust your reply will be entirely satisfactory.

I am, &c., &c., J. B. JONES.

P. S. I see you have likewise advertised a work by Prof. Frost, entitled "Wild Scenes in the West," &c. Who baptised it?

[MESSRS. DERBY & MILLER'S REPLY.]

Auburn, Feb. 4, 1853.

J. B. JONES.—Sir:—In reply to yours of the 1st inst., you have probably been misled by an error in our advertisement, as to the title of Schoolcraft's book, to which you refer. It should [*but it don't!*] read—"Western Scenes and Reminiscences," &c., which is its appropriate title; and will not, we think, interfere with your book.

Yours, &c., DERBY & MILLER.

SKETCHES OF NEWPORT.

SKETCH THE THIRD.

"Old ruined Tower! Time from his wings hath shaken
The dust of ages o'er thy history:
In vain conjecture would explore, or waken
One echoing tone to tell thy mystery."

All strangers in Newport are sure to visit the "OLD MILL," or "FORT," which stands in the centre of a lot opposite the "Atlantic House." It is a circular stone building supported upon eight arches, springing from heavy columns, open at the top; and with small windows at intervals in the sides. Its claims to notice are founded on its antiquity, and the mystery regarding its design. The

lovers of the romantic obstinately persist in speaking of the ruin as a "Tower," or "Fort," while the matter-of-fact inhabitants of the town disrespectfully term it "the old mill." It would be sad, indeed, were the question ever definitely settled; for then a fertile topic of discussion would be lost, and the brisk trade now driven in models and pictures of the ruin, might cease. Then, too, our country is so destitute of any description of objects about which a shadow of romance can linger, that it is, certainly, well to cherish even this small vestige of the past. This building figures quite prominently in Cooper's novel of the "Red Rover;" and thus its fame has become widely spread.

Some time in 1847, an article appeared in the "Newport Mercury," requesting information concerning the so called "Stone Mill." A wag replied in the "Providence Journal," over the signature of "Antiquarian, Brown University;" and, in the gravest manner, wrote a number of pieces to prove that, in 1832, a Professor Scrobein and others, had satisfied themselves that the Mill was a Scandinavian relic. "Antiquarian" circumstantially related the particulars of an investigation made by this Professor, and even quoted long extracts from his report on the subject, before the Royal College at Copenhagen. He audaciously asserts that the result of the excavations was a conviction "that the old ruin was an appendage to a temple, and used for religious offices as a baptistery or baptismal font, as was the custom of the people in the mother country, numerous evidences of which still exist in similar structures in Norway. It appears to have been erected by the Northmen in the eleventh century, during a sojourn of Bishop Eric in Vinland, as the island was called, from the excellence of its wine and abundance of its grapes. The excavation around the tower at the time alluded to, confirmed the opinions previously entertained. Under the centre of the ruin was clearly shown the foundation of the *receptimur*, or place where the candidates stood while receiving the baptismal shower. * * * *

"The temple to which the baptistery was contingent, it is supposed was either abandoned after the foundation was erected, or being built of perishable materials, its superstructure must have fallen into decay, in the interval which elapsed from the evacuation of the island by the Northmen, in the fourteenth century, and its occupation by the confederates of Roger Williams."

One of the oldest inhabitants was not to be convinced by the learned arguments and positive statements of "Antiquarian," and he forthwith remonstrated, in a common sense style, opposing stubborn facts to improbable theories. This indignant champion for the

truth declares that, if such a report were read at Copenhagen, in 1836, "it was a gross and palpable imposition on the Committee, the Royal Society, and the world." He states, that there is undoubted evidence to support his opinion, that the old Stone Mill was built by Benedict Arnold, the first Governor of the colony. In his will, dated Dec. 20, 1677, this building is twice mentioned as "*my stone built Wind Mill.*" This evidence is corroborated by succeeding generations, and the great grandson of the Governor, who died but a few years ago, said that his father always spoke of the mill as having been built by his grandfather, between the years 1653 and 1660.

This controversy between "Antiquarian" and "one of the oldest inhabitants," being prolonged and animated, of course attracted considerable attention; and each champion had his followers prepared to do battle for their leader. A skeleton, in broken and corroded armor, was dug up at Fall River several years ago, and Longfellow, in writing on this circumstance, puts these words into the mouth of the disinterred warrior:—

"There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward."

Longfellow is not the only poet who has woven this mysterious structure into verse; for some female pens have been engaged in the same theme. Indeed, there is enough about Newport, in many respects, to make it the locality of both prose and poetic sketches. Many years ago, it was visited exclusively by families from the far South, who sought relief from the burning heat and injurious influences of their prolonged summers. Gradually, it became a resting place in the wanderings of northern residents; but many persons can remember when two or three boarding-houses were quite sufficient to accommodate all strangers. Now that the imperious and despotic ruler, Fashion, has put her stamp of approval on Newport, crowds of the curious, the gay, the young, and the beautiful, annually assemble in the large saloons of the hotels. How many hearts can date their entanglement in the meshes of Cupid, from a moonlight stroll on the cliffs; or, perhaps, a conversation in the ball-room, or concert-hall! "They met at Newport," is the commencement of many a love story; and in consequence of these meetings, numerous are the engagements which form the subject of discussion in the ensuing autumn and winter. Novel writers have often made Saratoga to figure prominently in the adventures of their heroes and heroines; and the same notoriety will, ere long, be extended to Newport. Indeed, in

Miss McIntosh's last work, "The Lofty and the Lowly," some of the most exciting events in the story have their locality there. Many a fair visitant will remember for life her favorite summer retreat, and the belle of a Newport season, will be recognized in the theme of the poet, or the heroine of a story.

PENNSYLVANIA HUDIBRASTICS.

Governor Shulze occasionally, in his messages to the Legislature, indulged in language too high-flown and poetical for a State Paper. One of these messages was turned into rhyme in a series of papers called "The Irish Echo," published in the *Harrisburg Chronicle*, and written, it is said, by a gentleman still living and holding a high post in the Tide Water Canal Company. Some parts of these parodies were very happy, and, as they will be new to our readers, we present them with a few of them.

"The genius of Fulton is seen to stem the wildest of our mountain torrents, and make it subservient to the uses of man."—*Message.*

"Now some of you perhaps may ask,
'Wherein did Fulton aid the task?'
Immortal Fulton, I reply,
Did nature and her powers defy!
The wildest torrent e'er was driven
From mountain top by wrath of heaven,
His vast and comprehensive plan
Subservient made to use of man!
Up wild Niagara's fearful height
The fearless Steam-Boat wings her flight!—
'But, pray sir, how does she get down?'
I'm not informed of that, I own,
That thought is new, I do protest!
But I refer you for the rest
To Rogers—from his observation
You have through me the information;
If he has said it with design
To play on me, he shall resign."

"It (the Union Canal) will transplant the Susquehanna and its branches, and with them, one third of our whole population, so near to the best markets, that the fruits of labor will command much higher prices than at present."—*Message.*

"The Union Company, you see,
Are going on quite skillfully;
Such great effect hath labor won
That this canal will soon be done!
What glorious prospects meet our eyes!
What revolutions thence arise,
Along the Susquehanna's side
A fertile country, far and wide,
Extends; but it is quite remote
From market, by a team or boat;
Now when this great canal's complete
It seems to me 'twill be discreet
(I recommend to you to do it)
To have this country carried through it.
If any plan be brought about
By which a single farm might float,
I've not a single doubt that we
Might live, the whole removed to see,
Yea, see whole counties carried down

And ranged around some market-town!
 And how delightful to behold
 A farm with all its fields of gold,
 Its trees, its stock and stacks of hay
 Floating along the winding way!
 I would suggest, the farms deemed best
 Should first be moved, and for the rest,
 According to their value they
 Should be advanced or meet delay;
 For those deemed best upon the whole
 Can best afford to pay the toll;
 And it might be when these had past,
 The toll would lower for the last.
 Perhaps boats sixty feet in length,
 And somewhat nearing eight in breadth,
 Might feel encumbered in their track,
 With ten score acres on their back,
 Besides the allowance made for roads,
 Stables and barns and other loads.
 A nine feet lock, too, and a stream,
 Supplied by pumps might also seem
 Objectionable slight; I merely state them,
 And leave to you to regulate them.
 But there's a source from which may flow,
 Some controversy, and you know
 Wise governments will always try it,
 By law to keep the people quiet.
 What I've allusion to is this,
 Each man will strive each farm of his
 To fix in some location down,
 That's nearest from the market town;
 Others will like the same position,
 And hence will gender opposition—
 Suppose some fifty boats at hand,
 Each with her farm, disposed to land:
 The owners each would do their best
 To take advantage of the rest,
 By stratagem, or weak or witty,
 To gain location near the city."

"Our citizens manifest their desires that the waters of Lake Erie, Ohio and Allegheny, should be made to flow through the whole state."

"These, my fellow citizens, would be mighty and most desirable works."—*Message.*

Our citizens express a wish,
 Which makes them near akin to fish
 (Perhaps descended from the sons
 Of ancient Grecian Mermydons,
 Half-man, half-fish, which tho' well known,
 Old Homer does not choose to own,
 To wit, that Allegheny's wave,
 And all the waters now that lave
 Ohio's and Lake Erie's shore,
 Should join and all their forces pour
 "Through the whole state," through every part,
 O'er plains, and vales, and mountains dart,
 Which doubtless would "connection" mak',
 And change the state into a lake!
 And hence I think tho' men in stature,
 Our friends are of amphibious nature;
 For if we pass a law to bring
 About so very strange a thing,
 I think 't would very soon be found,
 Unless they're fish, they'd all be drowned!
 And yet perhaps in speaking too,
 Of these great works ('twixt me and you)
 To call them, 't will be just as well,
 "Most mighty and desirable."

We may follow up our Hudibrasties: eh, reader?

THE ROMANCE OF BLOCKLEY.

NO. VIII.—THE RECEPTION ROOM—A BRACE OF CHARACTERS—OLD LUDOVICO AND PETER.

"Par nobile fratrum!!",

Before entering the wards of the Insane Hospital, you are ushered into a long and capacious room, where visitors await the arrival of the resident physician. This room is plainly fitted up with chairs, tables, and settees, but there are one or two ornamental fixtures, which serve to relieve the Doric simplicity of the apartment. One of these is a magnificent case with glass front, which constitutes the receptacle of a large number of stuffed birds. You look in upon this promiscuous family of what were once the warblers of the wood and vale, and as the eye reposes on the gorgeous plumage, and the life-like attitude, of them all, you almost unconsciously lean forward, to catch a blended strain of "woodnotes wild." And yet those birds are but the shadowy presentment of the animated songsters which dipped their beak in the lucid tide and skimmed the azure heights of the lofty Empyrean. The silver trill is with them a non-existence. The doubling and redoubling notes belong to other inhabitants of the forest. Embalmed in state indeed they are, but after all, it is but the frigid garniture of death.

This beautiful collection of birds, representing our native forests, the woods of South America, and the deep wilds of the Continent, was purchased by the estimable physician of this department, for the particular benefit of the insane patients. He is one of those discriminating men, who realize the fact, that medicine in the case of the mentally affected, must be constantly and closely associated with moral treatment, to ensure a good result. According most cheerfully to the science of medicine its own direct influence, in "ministering to a mind diseased," he still entertains the belief that the ear must be appealed to by the concord of sweet sounds, and the eye be captivated by the elaborate combinations of the fine arts, and the gorgeous floral store of the tasteful garden. Opposite this glass case is a little cage, in which a sweet Canary bird performs his agile motions, and pours out a tide of song. Cheerful is it to see a patient looking in with pleasurable emotions, upon this clustering family of birds. The half-buried recollection of sunny days, when he roamed through the woodland, and watched the blue-bird on the oak, would seem to be resuscitated, and his heart, (judging by the varying expressions of his face,) would appear to be gauging the depth of happiness once enjoyed, when Nature was an open book, and its every leaf teeming with the choicest knowledge.

When my dear little children have sometimes accompanied me on a Sunday, I have often been delighted at seeing an insane colored female take them by turns in her arms, and with an air of winning gentleness, direct their attention to that cabinet of feathered songsters, or what *once* were such. Colored Mary evidently thought that no object about the room was more calculated to excite the wonder and ravish the mind of an inquiring little one, than this Republic of feathers, where color, and form, and position, and life-like attitude and grace all formed one blended whole of captivation.

We miss the presence of one who was at home among the birds, and could learnedly discourse on all the works of Nature, from the cataract to the tiniest flower of God's creation. Old Ludovico professed to be an adept in cosmogony, to have studied astrology, countenanced the black-letter art, and been a juggler of the first water, to put the finishing touch to his nameless acquisitions. Ludovico was one of those corpulent personages who look as if they could fight their way through the perplexities of science, *vi et armis*. He moved about in summer time like a lusty elephant, his hand graced by a bamboo fan, and an enormous bandana kerchief stuffed in his waistcoat pocket. He prided himself on keeping his temper in such subjection, that nothing could ruffle his equanimity.

"I have the strength of the lion," he would often say to me with undisguised complacency; "but God has given me, the gentleness of the lamb." "I could readily hoist that man over the fence yonder!" he would exclaim, at the same time rolling up his shirt sleeve, and and exposing an arm in which a mass of muscle seemed only in a quiescent state, and ready to put forth its Herculean vein—"yes, I could easily put that fellow over the fence, or three like him, for inflicting his coarse jokes on me for the last half hour, but I forgive him. *This arm* forgives him, and in my kingdom, which I shall soon establish on the earth, he shall be the illustrious vicegerent, and be delegated with the power of the keys."

My old corpulent friend had a special propensity to examine the hands of those to whom he was attached, in order to interpret the meaning of the seams and lines which were visible on the surface of the palm, and weave up from them a history of the future. With dignified ease and wondrous self-possession, he would take his stand in the long hall, to grasp the hand of the passer by, and bring into requisition his sublime and occult art of palmistry. And there was eloquence and genuine pathos, in his delineation of coming events—events which should either thrill the heart with rapture or with woe. In vocal

music, too, the old sophist professed to be quite at home. And often when the patients were assembled for singing, would he interrupt the progress of the performances, much to the merriment of myself, by slapping his bamboo fan on the head of one of the attendants, and saying in a deep guttural intonation, that "his boys knew nothing about singing—that the performance wanted life, force, spirit—that *he* would teach them how to make a cheerful noise—that they ought not to bow down their heads like a bullrush, but be as bold as a lion." What made a capital joke of the whole thing, was the well known fact, that the gentleman in shirt-sleeves, with the bamboo fan, and the extensive bandana handkerchief, who dealt out his learned strictures with anything but parsimony, was himself unable to tell one tune from another, and sang on a *dead level* whenever he tried it, bringing crotchets, and quavers, and semi-quavers into a mongrel and unheard of fellowship.

Ludovico, to enhance his importance as an accomplished philosopher, carried with him a package of cards upon which was printed his worthy name accompanied with all its adjuncts in the way of learned titles. He would take out his card and place it on the doctor's table with a gravity entirely commensurate with his ideas of personal importance, and then walk off, rejoicing, doubtless, in his exalted social position. I doubt whether Berzelius or Sir Humphrey Davy ever thought themselves as transcendantly endowed with intellect as did old Ludovico. And what do you suppose was printed on the card? The dealer in types must surely have relaxed the muscles of his mouth as he struck off that grandiloquent announcement which shadowed forth pretensions of no ordinary magnitude. First, in large characters came the name. It *was* a name with an emphasis. Ludovico, Gulielmus, Henricus, and a number of parallel designations, were strung together like onions on a rope, and the series, which was unquestionably an ascending one, was terminated with his real sobriquet. After this picturesque tracery of names which seemed to emulate the regular mosaic work of the ancients, came in due order the professional position of the gentleman. He designated himself as Professor P—, A. M., D. D., L. L. D., F. R. S., &c., &c., Teacher of the defunct languages and rhetoric. As a climax to the whole matter, our friend had printed at the bottom of his card the glorious motto of the Republic, *E Pluribus Unum*. This was designed, we suppose, to evince his patriotic predilections, and to prove to demonstration that neither cosmogony, nor astrology, nor palmistry, nor even the defunct languages, could obliterate the recollection that he was an American cit-

izen, who dwell in safety beneath the shadow of the stripes and stars. Or he might have given to the motto an inferior interpretation. He might have meant that from the many tendons, and muscles, and ligaments of his herculean frame (*E pluribus*) was manufactured one compact, aggregated, conglomerated personality (*unum*.) However, whatever was his idea in incorporating the national motto with his name and functions, there it actually stood at the bottom of the card. We have feasted our eyes on some grandiloquent cards, but this one carries off the palm. It shows that Ludovico's mental calibre is analogous to his bodily proportions, and that he is a Goliath intellectually as well as in corporeal weight.

One of the odd habits of my friend was to give me in advance a text to preach from, and it must ingenuously be conceded that they were opposite passages of Scripture. On the Sunday afternoon in which the text was to be unfolded and amplified with the share of theological acumen in the possession of the writer, the old critic would march forth from his usual seat among the brotherhood of fellow-patients, and occupy a position in the immediate rear of the pulpit, where his benignant grey eye could keep watch and ward over him who was trying to discuss in a creditable style and method the allotted topic in divinity. Profound was his attention as the subject advanced—absorbing the interest he manifested throughout. His whole bearing and demeanor indicated the consciousness that he was the critic, par excellence, for at least that one particular occasion. And when the service was over, he would advance, give my hand a grasp which, by its hearty, emphatic character, would almost induce his chaplain to emit a louder sound by way of remonstrance than ever he did in his sermons, congratulate me on the manner and the matter, and always affirm that my analytical arrangement of the subject was entirely accordant with his own.

I have often gratified old Ludovico by thus discussing topics of his own selection, and his look of genuine satisfaction, accompanied as it always was with that gripe of the hand, which, although it savored a little of a polar bear salutation, was still an exponent of the warmth of his regard, amply compensated me for thus turning aside a little out of the way to meet the wishes of the good old Ludovico. Indeed, his mandates were so imperial that we all fell in with his pleasure by a kind of instinct. The benevolence of the man's heart seemed to give with us all a kind of binding obligation to his requests, and to enforce the performance of his wishes, by a potent, yet, at the same time, suasive influence.

But we set out at the commencement of

our article with a brace of characters. Who is the second person, singular in this interesting catalogue? There is the hero now advancing across the hall of reception with a bottle of medicine in his hand. He is a queer looking biped, sure enough, and has a kind of wiry, springy gait, which sends him bounding along the passages like a regular harlequin. He stops at the glass case for a moment, peers earnestly at the birds, turns up his eye to the doctor's beautiful canary, and then darts forward into the said doctor's room with the phial in his extended hand. He puts down the bottle on the table, and begins to hold a conversation with his friend by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet. The doctor has made himself thoroughly at home in this mode of artificial communication, and Peter stands by the table for at least ten minutes telling the doctor in his own way, and with a countenance whose varying phases keep pace with the mechanical narration, all the news which he has heard about about the building since he despatched in haste that primary meal, called in the nomenclature of the moderns, breakfast. A more animated colloquy you never saw than what thus daily transpires between Peter and the doctor. The wiry, springy motion, during the confabulation, becomes more decided, till the poor dumb orator seems to be transfigured into a French dancing-master, who cuts an indefinite number of capers, as he advances in the practical execution of his art.

Peter holds some very responsible offices. He is the librarian in the insane wards. He holds the keys, and distributes the books with a grace which would be definable could he only retrench those wiry evolutions. In the province of bottle-carrier, he is unequalled. From the doctor's room to the apothecary establishment, and from the drugs back again to the physician, he travels with commendable alacrity, bearing the magnesia, and the epsom salts, and the Arnica et id omne genus of patent renovating medicines. To visitors he is an obliging Cicerone escorting them to all points of the establishment, and handing them over to the more acceptable guardianship of a nurse and attendant, when his presence is needed among the brotherhood of mortars and pestles. This poor fellow who has been deprived in the inscrutable providence of God, of the full complement of his senses, is thoroughly imbued with the devotional instinct. He will frequently walk into town on Sunday morning to be present at the deaf and dumb asylum located in Broad Street, near Pine, where a sermon is delivered to the assembled pupils by this ingenious mechanical process of signs. By these instructions he is much profited. His unvarying faithfulness in the

discharge of every duty, is a beautiful commentary on the enlightened character and elevating principles of the holy faith of Jesus. Blessed triumph of genius, which thus unlocks, as it were, the senses, and pours in consecrated truth at every avenue, which relentless destiny would seem to have forever sealed to the entrance of pleasurable emotions. Blessed triumph of genius, which puts even the blind and the deaf and dumb into the charmed circle of refined intercourse, and makes them feel that though once exiled from society, they are now identified with all its gentle and winning charities, blended with its interests, and carried forward triumphantly on the tide of its advancement.

HORACE—AD PUERUM.

PERSICOS ODI.—BOOK I., ODE 38.

I abhor all Pætan pomp,
The grandeur of their bowers;
Their chaplets and the linden's rind,
Their garlands and their flowers:
Seek not, boy, the arbutue wreath,
The lingering autumn rose;
I hate their festive laurel crown
When racy Massic flows.

Nought but the glossy evergreen
Shall coronet my head,
The myrtle's simple comeliness
With fragrance mildly shed:
And so beneath the Ivy's shade
The mantling, shrouding vine,
(Scorning the sumptuous Asian feast)
I quaff the mellow vine.

This ode was written, by the courtier-poet, in condemnation of the sumptuous extravagance, and absurd imitation of foreign luxury, which characterized in his day, the jovial entertainments of the Romans, in such marked contrast to the primitive severity of their manners. The tide of Asiatic luxury which inundated Rome was a result of increased intercourse with a foreign and voluptuous people, from which we may derive a lesson.

The bard here forewarns his attendant against such indulgence, ordering the simplest preparations for his cheer.

How to reconcile this frugal effusion with his proverbial conviviality, is a question, unless by referring it to one of his occasional moods of anxious misgiving; or, to the more sober *habitude* of his maturer years, when long satiety had, in a measure, tempered his bibbling propensities, and the frosts of fifty winters had blanched the ardor of his Venustian blood.

The "chaplets" alluded to as "flowery," were either of laurel, ivy, myrtle, parsley, vervain, or arbutue (the strawberry) bound together by the inner-rind of the linden, and

gracefully decorated with roses and violets—

"Sweet violets, Love's paradise"—

with which the guests among the "upper ten," were crowned in their carousals.

The design in using these chaplets was, by diffusing a grateful odor, and by operating through the sense of beauty, and upon the olfactory nerves, to inflame the passions, and, in part, to counteract the noxious effects of their "racy Massic," Falerian, and other wines—to prevent intoxication and yet to give zest to the feast.

The poet, while condemning all these artifices, desires no other chaplet than the myrtle, which by its cooling and astringent qualities was supposed to exert a composing influence on the mind; thus, with his daily beverage his happiness is complete "under his own vine and fig-tree."

The ode may therefore be taken as an indication of the leaning of the bard towards sobriety, the light wines drank then, as now, under the sunny skies of Italy, being comparatively harmless, and rather nutritive.

The translation is perhaps as literal a version as can be attained, and with all due humility, it is hoped, by the versifier, that the few modest flowers which the sacred Nine have here transplanted to my garden, may be thought to have had their birth, on the banks of the "rippling Anio," or, by our poet's "Sabine home."

SPIRITUAL DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE XI.

MARCUS AURELIUS. HOWARD.

How. But, my princely brother, there is one part of your earthly conduct which I can neither forgive nor forget, and which I was determined to call you to account for, the very first opportunity.

Aur. Indeed, and what may that be?

How. Nor must you be offended at my frankness. I am a blunt, truth-seeking ghost. It is not the first time, either, that I have spoken my mind plainly to a crowned head, both in and out of the flesh; and they have only respected me for it all the more afterwards.

Aur. But what is it, brother, what is it?

How. Why, what *should* it be, but your most unjustifiable persecution of the christians?

Aur. How?

How. I repeat it—your most unjustifiable persecution of the christians. How is it, Aurelius, that a man who practised so many of the virtues that he preached, should yet have been so intolerant; that he, who carried out so many glorious reforms throughout his vast empire, should, nevertheless, have

waged war with the poor innocent disciples of the great *Model-Reformer* of humanity? How can you explain, much less vindicate your course in this matter?

Aur. And is that all that Howard has against me? Rest easy then, my friend, rest easy; for I assure you there is not a syllable of truth in the accusation.

How. No?

Aur. Indeed not. History has been most unjust to me in this particular. So far from persecuting the christians, I was their constant friend; nay, I did all that I could, in a life, not over-long, and, as you well know, crowded with studies, and cares, and wars, to protect them from injustice.

How. Your immediate predecessor and namesake, I was aware, exerted himself in their behalf; but—

Aur. Not half so much as I did. I can recall this moment, long ago as it is, at least fifty epistles that I wrote or dictated, on account of those very persons.

How. Is it possible?

Aur. Still, my friend, I would not have you misunderstand me. That I properly appreciated, still less comprehended, the sublime doctrines of christianity, while in the body, as, thank heaven, I since have, in the spirit, this I do not pretend to say. How could I, situated as I was, with all my prejudices both as a Roman and a philosopher, enlisted against the new religion; that religion, too, struggling for life, as it were, on the borders of my empire, having, as yet, not one great name, or towering intellect connected with it, ridiculed by the courtiers, sneered at by the scholars of my court, would it not have been strange, Howard, under the circumstances, if I had rightly understood its divine beauty and significance? But that I ever lifted a finger against any follower of Jesus, or allowed one to be lifted, unless he were found wantonly disturbing the public peace, and preaching insurrection, this I emphatically deny, notwithstanding all that bigotted ecclesiastics may have said or written to the contrary.

How. I am delighted with this explanation, my friend; it is a great relief to my mind, I assure you. Such conduct seemed so anomalous, so irreconcilable with the whole tenor of your earthly pilgrimage.

Aur. I persecute the christians, indeed? Do I look like a persecutor, Howard?

How. Indeed, indeed you do not. Little given to flattery as I am, I must say that I have never seen a countenance more radiant with benevolence.

W. the Elder. I ask your imperial highnesses pardon; but I really cannot resist the impulse which bids me declare, that of the numberless charming portraits of your excellency, both in bronze and marble, that I

have met with in the various galleries of earth, not one comes any where near the original.

Aur. Very civilly spoken, my good host. But, after all, what signifies a handsome face, even though lit up by intelligence? Unless the divine light of goodness shine through it, what a mocking is it?

W. the Elder. Even so; and that's precisely the secret of your good looks. Do you know, Aurelius, that your features are more studied by our artists than those of any other classic notability that has come down to us; and, above all, by those who seek to reproduce the great teacher on canvass?

Aur. I am sorry to hear it. Presumptuous attempt, indeed, and most unworthy model! As if earthly pen or pencil could begin to do justice to such a subject! There are artists, it is true, in higher spheres, who have treated it more successfully.

W. the Elder. Who, where are they?

Aur. I may not gratify your curiosity, my old friend. But don't be down-hearted about it. Act well your part here below, and you'll see them all, and their works, in good time. But, to change the theme; my dear brother philanthropist, (if I may be allowed so to call you,) whence come you? What labors of love have you been suspending, to honor me with this interview?

How. Nothing very special: I've not been over-busy lately. What little I have done, has been in *Ursa Major*?

W. the Elder. Ah!

How. I call the constellation by that name, because our earthly friend here, knows it by no other.

W. the Elder. And pray, what do you immortals call it?

How. Philadelphia; most deservedly so, too, for there's scarcely a group of stars in the Universe, where brotherly love more abounds.

W. the Elder. Well, that's pleasant news. One would infer, certainly, from our christening, that there was a fair share of growling, and by no means the pleasantest kind of hugging, there. And how is it with the other constellations? Are they all given up to the same pleasant employments? And is all the fighting in our own system, confined to this disreputable little planet of ours?

How. This propensity for asking questions, my aged friend, too clearly betrays your New England origin. But as brother Aurelius intimated just now, we may not answer them. This is forbidden ground on which you tread. I can only reply to you generally, and once for all, by saying, that it is not for the frail, feeble-witted tenants of earth, to know or to conceive of the duties, joys, or sorrows of an Universe like ours. Rest assured, though, that to whatever sphere

the of action, Great Father may see fit to summon his earthly children, they will find quite enough there, to task all their powers, to develop all their qualities, be it for good, orbeit for evil. And now friend Aurelius, let me inquire in turn, where do you hail from last?

Aur. Boston.

W. the Elder. What, is there a constellation of that name, too?

Aur. Not at all. I speak not of any celestial group, or luminary, but of your own little earthly Boston. I have been spending the last ten days there, under the roof of one of its merchant-princes.

How. Quite an attractive, exemplary little city, is it not?

Aur. I must say, I was quite delighted with it; a mere ward, to be sure, alongside of my own imperial Rome, but in many respects, far its superior.

How. They have some most praise-worthy charities there, I am told.

Aur. They have, indeed. I have been employed for the past week, in exploring them, with me excellent host. There are no finer Schools, or Hospitals, in the System; and then such a multiplicity of Institutions and Asylums, for all manner of mental and physical infirmities; so richly endowed, too, so admirably organized and administered; I was really charmed.

How. No such retreats for lunatics, or schools for idiots, Aurelius, when you wore the imperial purple.

Aur. No, indeed; nor any such Prison Discipline. I blush when I think how shamefully we neglected these things. Disgraceful as the confession is, my friend, it is none the less true, that of all the stately structures that crowned our seven historic hills not a solitary one was dedicated to charitable uses; while here is a little town, hardly two centuries old, crowded with all sorts of benevolent associations. What a mortifying contrast! Oh, had we spent a tenth part of the time and labor and treasure, that we were eternally squandering on barbarous wars and childish triumphal processions, in the same sensible way that these men of New England spend theirs, what magnificent Colleges and Hospitals we should have had! Think, think, my friend, what a glorious University we might have founded, with the thousands and thousands of talents, that we threw away on that infamous Colosseum of ours. Who can tell, what an influence it might have exerted, on the destinies of the world; how much more of our literature and philosophy would have been preserved; how much more wise and peaceful the whole earth might have been, this very hour! I lose all patience, at times, when I think of such abominable neglect and perversion. When I think, too, of the pro-

fligacy and blood-shed, that, in broad day light, disgraced our Roman streets, even in my time, and in spite of all my efforts to the contrary, and then contrast them with the beautiful spectacle presented by Boston, yesterday, (your blessed Sabbath) with its crowds of well-clad and decorous citizens, repairing so quietly to their respective places of worship; every man, woman, and child, looking so bright and comfortable; not a drunkard or vagabond any where to be seen; not a single uncouthly sight, or uncouth sound, to mar the picture of peace, and order, and obedience to laws, divine and human; I say, my friend, when I contrast the two scenes, I confess that my Roman pride quite melts away within me, and I am compelled to acknowledge the immeasurable superiority, in all truly great qualities, of the young Athens of America, to my own haughty, guilty metropolis.

W. the Elder. And yet, there are a good many croakers about who stoutly deny the facts to which your Highness has just borne witness; and who get downright mad, at the bare suggestion that there has been any improvement in the faith or morals of the world, since your day.

Aur. What, no progress in the piety, or patriotism, or intelligence of the world? Monstrous assertion! As well say that the Bunker's Hill Monument preaches no more grand and lofty lessons to humanity than an Egyptian obelisk, or that the tomb of Washington points no higher moral, than that of Achilles! How can any sensible ghost or mortal, utter such absurdities?

How. True; else were all history the veriest farce.

W. the Elder. May I inquire, if your Grace stopped at Rome, on your way to Boston?

Aur. I did alight, for a few moments, on my own column. I say my own, though I found an ecclesiastical friend had very quietly taken possession.

How. You mean St. Paul.

Aur. The same. Had I been ousted by any less notable saint, I own I should have been somewhat jealous; but seeing that it was the glorious apostle himself, I acquiesced most cheerfully, in the arrangement.

W. the Elder. Hardly the place, though, for him, is it? What connection, under heaven, is there between his life and writings, and your victories over the Germans and Parthians, as there commemorated? Brother Howard's features would be quite as appropriate there.

Aur. Well, I confess, I cannot see any, except that we were all pretty good fighters, in our day, though against very different adversaries.

How. But, Aurelius, was this your first visit there, since death?

Aur. The very first.

How. Heavens! What must your meditations have been! What amazing, what terrible changes!

Aur. Enough, certainly, to test one's philosophy. Ah, Howard, had I still retained the sentiments and prejudices, with which I left the earth, the sight *would* have been an appalling one, indeed! What a chaos of ruins! Of all the princely piles I left behind me, some scattered few alone could I recognize, and they, sadly shorn of their lustre. There was the Partheon, to be sure; but half-buried under rubbish, and deformed by the vile additions of some modern builder; there was my predecessor's temple, that I myself dedicated, and that the people of Rome took more pride in, than in any other structure of my time; but oh, how fallen from its high estate; of its once magnificent portico, a few columns alone, could I trace, and these forming part of the wall of a vile custom-house. There too, was the tomb of my imperial brother Augustus, but stripped of all its flowers and evergreens; and statues, nay, transformed into a filthy circus, for clowns to tumble in; and the still more sumptuous tomb of brother Adrian, that nonpareil of mausoleums; there it was, in the old spot, indeed, but how bare and black, how shorn of all its splendors; no longer a resting-place for monarchs, but a dismal combination of castle and prison. What a desecration was this, my friend! There too was the pillar of our beloved Trajan, but no Trajan at the top of it; he too, pulled down, it seems, like myself, to make way for an apostolic usurper; and there were his Dacian victories, fresh almost as when Apollodorus chiselled them; but where was the magnificent forum beneath, and the temple and the triumphal arch, and his exquisite equestrian statue, that we so loved to show our children? Where were the fountains, and the porticoes, and the gay shops, and that dear Ulpian library of ours, the head-quarters of all the wits and scholars of the metropolis, when I was young; where I so loved to drink in the melodious wisdom of the Academy, not forgetting, the while, the sterner lessons of the Porch? Where were all these favorite haunts, these stately piles? Nothing, nothing was there, to bear witness to all these splendors, but a few stumps of columns, and scattered bits of pavement, dragged to light from beneath the filth and rubbish of the modern town. Changes, indeed, my friend, heart-sickening changes! Yes, Howard, I repeat it, had I gazed on the sad scene, merely as a mortal and a Roman, I could not have endured it; but to the immortal and the Christian, how different were the lessons it conveyed! But why weary you with these reflections? Why speak, either, of the silent, desolate campagna, so crowded

with farms and villas, in my day; or of the poor, dead Forum; or the deserted, crumbling Baths, once so alive with all that was elegant and luxurious; or of the shattered Coliseum; or of my own regal home upon the Palatine, once so magnificent, now a hideous mass of ruins!

Cypres and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown,
Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heaped
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescos steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight:

W. the Elder. (*aside to Howard.*) Why, God bless me, the Emperor is actually quoting Byron.

How. Of course he is, my old friend. What is there so strange in that?

W. the Elder. Well, I confess I was rather surprised to find that Childe Harold had such an universe-wide circulation, already. I am delighted to hear it, though, as a most enthusiastic admirer of the poem.

How. I don't sympathise at all, with you, there. It is altogether too heathenish a production, to suit me. Nevertheless, such are the facts.

Aur. (*who has not heeded the interruption,*) Ah, my friend, with what fearful vividness, has your illustrious poet brought the sad spectacle before us!

W. the Elder. And is there no exaggeration, no sacrifice of truth to poetry, in this terrible description of his?

Aur. Not the least; the description is as accurate, as the reflections he makes upon it, are just; though somewhat bitter, withal:

There is the moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
First Freedom, and then Glory—when that falls,
Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.
And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but one page; and that—

But enough of this sad theme, my friends.

How. If I remember right, Aurelius, you have some very pointed remarks of your own, on the subject of ruins, in the famous *Meditations*.

Aur. I dare say, though I can't recall them this moment. Ah, Howard, if I had that book to write over, I should make a very different thing of it, with my present enlarged experience, and spiritualized views.

How. You certainly *ought* to be pretty well cured of your Stoicism, by this time.

W. the Elder. May I further enquire if your excellency came direct from Rome to the Bay State, or did you stop to take a peep at Paris or London, *en route*?

Aur. I came as straight, my friend, as the parallel of 42° N. would bring me, turning neither to the right or left, till the Boston state-house hove in sight.

W. the Elder. You didn't happen to fall in with either of the Collins steamers?

Aur. I did not. About midway across, however, I remember seeing a little black thing crawling over the water, about a league and a-half below me, and looking no bigger than a half-grown cockroach.

W. the Elder. The *Baltic*, unquestionably. The captain told me he meant to take the southern route this trip.

How. I don't wonder, by the way, at the surprise you expressed, Aurelius, coming thus suddenly from your own shattered town, with its extinct emperors and pontiffs fast going to extinction, to the bright, bustling, spunky, granite-faced Boston.

Aur. It was, certainly, a most startling contrast.

How. I think, my friend, that I could guess the name of the mortal you are stopping with. I've been under his roof myself, more than once, too, if I mistake not.

Aur. I dare say. He is very famous, I find, both for his hospitality and his benevolence. They tell me there is not a cornerstone of any charitable institution for leagues and leagues around him, in which future ages will not find his name honorably mentioned. The *blind*, above all others, however, have reason to sing his praises.

How. That's the man. I know him well; many a time has he invoked my shade while planning and executing his charities. But, my imperial brother, I must be off.

Aur. I am sorry you must leave us so soon. But now that we have found each other out, my friend, I hope we shall be more sociable in future, for I know no ghost in whose books I would rather be registered.

How. You flatter me, Aurelius.

Aur. Not I; I speak the simple truth, when I say, that the good opinion of John Howard, duly recorded, I should consider the very best conceivable letter of recommendation, the universe over. But what hurries you so?

How. Well I have a consultation with sister Fry and brother Hopper, in a few minutes from now.

W. the Elder. The deuce you have? Where? what about?

How. Well, if you *must* know, my friend, it relates to certain model-wash-and-lodging-houses, for the paupers of—

W. the Elder. Ah, there's a good deal of stir on that subject, in our own city, just now.

How. I know there is; I know there is, old gentleman: but I've not time to discuss its merits with you now. I must go at once.

Aur. I've no engagement for the morning, so I'll go with you, my friend.

How. I shall be delighted to have you. Shall we walk, or take an omnibus?

Aur. An omnibus.

[*Exeunt.*]

AUTOGRAPHS.

SECOND PAPER.

It was about the end of the seventeenth century, that veritable collections of autographs began to be made. The first collectors were generally diplomatists, who, finding themselves, by virtue of their functions, the possessors of large quantities of letters, treaties, acts, and official papers, very naturally were seized with the idea of uniting and preserving them. The oldest of these collections, according to Mr. Fontaine,* was that formed by Antony Lomeny de Brienne, Ambassador of Henry IV, and afterwards Secretary of State. He died in 1638. This celebrated man collected with great care an immense number of autograph letters, memoirs, official documents, &c. They were afterwards classified by the Messieurs Du Puy, and being divided under general titles, composed a total body of three hundred volumes in folio.

Then comes the collection of the same brothers Du Puy—that of Caille de Fourny, (auditor of the Counts of Lorraine,)—the collection of Gaignieres, comprising about four hundred volumes of original deeds, with seals, concerning the archbishoprics, bishoprics, abbeys, &c.,—autograph letters of kings, queens, ministers, ambassadors, memoirs, charters, grants, &c., from the time of Charles VII to that of Louis XIV.

That of the savant Baluze (1718,) contained two hundred and fifty-eight bulls of Popes—charts of kings of France, from Louis De Connair down—eleven volumes of original documents in regard to the torture, judgment, and condemnation of the Templars.

That of the President de Mesmes (1723,) is composed of six hundred volumes of diplomatic negotiations.

All these collections, and many others—some bought by Louis XIV. and his successor, others bequeathed by their owners—are at present preserved in the "Bibliothèque Nationale" at Paris.

The collection of Daniel Huet, Bishop of Avranches, contained sixty-five letters of Liebnitz.

Among the important collections produced by the last century, was that of the learned Ueffinbach. It consisted almost entirely of letters of scientific and literary characters, and formed sixty-five volumes in folio, and fifty-four volumes in quarto. After the death of Ueffinbach, it was purchased by the philologist, J. Christophe Wolf.

To the eighteenth century also belongs the fabulous collection of that maniac millionaire, Sir Egerton Bridgewater.

* Manuel de l'amateur d'autographes.

This dispersion of manuscripts by the French Revolution of 1789 offered an immense field for autograph rangers. While the hurricane of war was raging over the empire, men of pacific minds were pursuing furiously the literary treasures dispersed by rapine, abandonment, &c. A famous bibliophile, M. Violet Le Duc, in a few lines of the preface to the catalogue of his library, printed by himself, records this golden age of the collector:

"The spoilation of the great libraries covered the boulevards and the quays with those literary treasures in which I was curious, and which have since become extinct in the shops. No one would have them, and my purchases brought down upon me the reproaches of my family, and the sarcasm of my friends. The eruption of Englishmen, in 1814, swept away the last riches of this nature, which had yet been retained in the shops of a few old booksellers," &c.

The principal collectors at the close of the eighteenth century were Messieurs Aimé-Mathir, who possessed a copy of the poem *Religion* of Racine le fils, annotated by the author; Renonard, who had an autograph of Rabelais; Matton, a lawyer, and near relative of Camille Desmoulins, whose speciality was matter relating to the Revolution; Breon, letters of kings and queens; H. de Piers, letters of academicians; Peinturier, of celebrated captains; Sicord; Villenave, &c.

Heretofore, autographs had been subjects of bequest, or were purchased, in a mass, at the death of their proprietors, to be deposited for preservation in public archives. At this epoch, they began to acquire a venal worth, and were offered at auctions, even in the lifetime of their collectors.

Their first exposure at a public sale occurred in 1801. It was a collection of manuscript documents, songs, squibs, &c., from the cabinet of the Duc de Richelieu, upon the events of the reign of Louis XV, that is to say, from 1723 to 1776. There were some pamphlets annotated by the hand of the Duke himself. There was a bundle of letters, signed and unsigned, addressed to the Duke by the Ladies of the Court. A large frame contained a collection of locks of hair of every shade, separated, and tied up coquettishly with little ribands, each lock bearing a label. By some accident, the glass had unfortunately been broken, and the labels and parcels were very unsatisfactorily placed.*

It is difficult to understand how a collection so well calculated to excite curiosity could not find purchasers. The manuscripts were knocked down to booksellers generally, and in large batches, at very low prices.

* These details are taken from an article in the *Journal des Debats*.

From 1815 to 1823, there were four public sales of autographs in Paris.

The first was at the sale of the effects of the Abbé de Persan, in 1815.

The second, in 1820, at the sale of the library of M. Courtois, a member of the old Convention. There were letters of Robespierre, Legendre, Camille, Desmoulins, and forty-one inedited letters of Voltaire, the most of which were addressed to Mlle Quinault. It was among the papers of M. Courtois that was discovered after his death, the letter written by Queen Marie Antoinette to Madame Elizabeth, before mounting the scaffold.

The third sale was that of Count Garnier, in 1822. It contained about one hundred letters of Henry II, Charles V, Philip II, and of princes and noblemen of that time; a large number of letters of the principal personages of Louis XIV's Court, nearly all addressed to Madame de Maintenon; Racine's rough draft of two petitions for the nuns of Port Royal. These and considerable matter from this assemblage, were purchased by Barbier for the library of Louis XVIII.

And in fine, during the same year, M. Villenave sold publicly the duplicates of his collection. The greater portion of them were purchased by George III, of England, at good prices: a signature of Napoleon brought 21 francs; a note of Cardinal Mazarin, 68 francs.

Since 1823, public sales of autographs have been of yearly occurrence, in England, and even in America, as well as in France.

At the sale of Augier, of the French Academy, eight letters of Henry IV brought 1,359 francs; and at that of F. B. Hoffman, editor of the *Journal des Debats* was remarked an admirable letter of Bossuet, (sixteen pages,) containing curious developments upon some points of Christian doctrine: it was awarded for the moderate sum of 68 francs.

But autographs have become every year more and more sought for, and at this day well authenticated interesting pieces never fail to bring high prices. The last sale we have to record, took place last month in Paris. It was that of the Baron de Tremont, at which nearly all the conspicuous collectors of the present day were present, or were represented.

The catalogue comprised 1,480 lots, and although many were ascertained to be copies, and many more strongly suspected not being authentic by certain amateurs, the sale realized 27,249 francs, over \$5,000. This is a heavy total and only to be explained by the numerous commissions from abroad, and by the frequent first heavy bids to secure, at any expense, some desired specimen. As an instance, we may mention that of a letter of John Talbot, one of England's most illustrious worthies: 190 francs were offered

plump for it—a bid which terrified every competitor.

Here are some specimens of the high prices brought by letters.*

Bayard, 311 francs; Theodore de Beze, 101 francs; Brantome, 176 francs; a signature of Benvenuto Cellini, for 122 francs, to M. Feuillet de Conches. A curious letter of Christine, of Sweden, to Gassendi, was secured by the Marquis de Piers, for 63 francs; Jacques Cocur was knocked down to a stranger for 201 francs; M. Cousin purchased a letter of Descartes, for 60 francs, and one of Madame Guyon, for 132 francs; a letter of Galileo was bought by Mr. Boilly for 206 francs; a letter of Frederic II, King of Prussia, brought 150 francs; one of Saint Ignatius de Loyola, was purchased by an Englishman for 180 francs.

The finest letter known of La Rochefoucauld, the author of the maxims, was sold and brought 300 francs; Mlle de Valliere, 196 francs; Leo X, 157 francs; Louis Philippe, 57 francs; Four lines of Machiavel, 77 francs; Marie Stuart, (2 letters) 175 francs and 116 francs; Louis XVI, 200 francs; an insignificant letter of Marie Antoinette, 161 francs; a signature of Queen Mary of England, 74 francs; Marlborough, 51 francs; Sarah, his Duchess, 70 francs; Michael Angelo, 309 francs; Rabelais, 210 francs; Racine 129 francs; Madame de Sevigné, 175 francs; and Agnes Sorel, the beautiful mistress of Charles VII, 201 francs.

The two gems of this beautiful collection were a signature of Molière, and an ink sketch of two heads of horses, and three men's arms, with five lines of manuscript, from the pen of Raphaël Sanzio, incontestably genuine.

The Molière was purchased for 430 francs; by Mr. Hervey, Secretary of the English Embassy at Paris. His collection of autographs of actors is the finest known. The Raphael was knocked down at 350 francs to M. Feuillet de Conches, the master of ceremonies at the Imperial Court of France.

A letter of Franklin was cast aside as counterfeit.

Those who were not present or have not the experience of collectors, are perhaps unable to account for the low prices attained by some important pieces. It must be remembered, however, that the size, appearance, and condition of articles were all taken into consideration, and these were as various as the articles themselves. The authenticity too, of some, as we have already mentioned, were not above suspicion by some amateurs. It is very certain that doubts must have been

entertained of the Rabelais, Michael Angelo, Descartes, Machiavel, &c., or they would have brought much higher prices.

The second part of the Baron de Tremont's collection is now being sold in Paris.

In our next paper, with which we shall close the subject, we will enumerate, among other matters, the most conspicuous collectors of the present day, both in Europe and America, with their *specialities*.

BIZARRE AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

"LESSONS IN PROVERBS." This is the title of a new book, just published by Redfield. It is from the pen of Richard Chenevix Trench, an excellent author, who has been for some time favorably known to the American public, by his works upon the "Parables" and "Miracles;" and more recently, by his useful little volume, "On the Study of Words." His disinterestedness and boldness are commendable; for in the work just cited, he has made the public a sterner, because a more intelligent critic, upon his own productions. He who censures verbal laxity and carelessness, and zealously urges accuracy in the use of language, thereby both furnishes his judges with the knowledge of the law, and disclaims all "recommendation to mercy." Woe then to our philologist, if he misuse a word, pervert an epithet, call "bitter, sweet, or sweet, bitter!" Smarting authors, condemned by his verdict, are spying out in hope of retaliation; and offenders—silenced but not convinced—"wait for his halting."

Mr. Macaulay was a bold man if he projected his History of England, when he gave us his admirable essay on "History;" and the courage of Mr. Trench is equally commendable, in his lessons upon the proper use of language. Our author, however, has no reason to repent of the severity of his statutes. He will not often be sentenced under his own enactment. We notice one slip on page 67 (note), but we shall leave its discovery to the reader's philological ingenuity. He is precise, sometimes almost to scrupulosity; but herein he is to be judged, not by the carelessness or ignorance of others, but, by that philosophy of language which he has so well incalculated.

The work under notice is not, as one might suppose, a commentary upon the Proverbs of Holy Scripture; but upon proverbial sayings, generally. Mr. Trench well says: "We think of them but as saying on the lips of the multitude; not a few of them have been familiar to us as far back as we can remember; often employed by ourselves, or in our hearing, on slight and trivial occasions: and thus from these and other causes it may well be, that however sometimes one may perhaps

* We have obtained particulars of this sale from the *Bibliographie de la France*, a most useful publication to those interested in French literature, and to be found always upon the chatty desk of John Penington.

have taken our fancy, we shall have yet remained blind in the main to the wit, wisdom, and imagination, of which they are full; and very little conscious of the amusement, instruction, insight, which they are capable of yielding."

The author in a work of so limited a character, does not, of course, profess to quote many proverbs; his book is designed as an index to more compendious works, and to the philosophical consideration of the subject itself. The few selections which he gives us, are well chosen; how truly does he call this Arabic proverb, "a very solemn one:"—*Every day in thy life is a leaf in thy history*.—"A leaf which shall once be turned back to again, that it may be seen what was written there, and that whatever was written may be read out in the hearing of all." How well calculated to check habits of thoughtless extravagance is this true saying:—*It is too late to spare when all is spent*. "The words have obviously a primary application to the good of this present life; it is ill saving here, when nothing, or next to nothing, is left to save. But they are applied well by a heathen moralist (and the application lies very near) to those who begin to husband precious time, and to live for life's true ends, when life is nearly gone, is now at its dregs; for as he well urges, it is not the least only which remains at the bottom, but the worst." How well calculated to cheer despondency under losses, is this embodiment of wisdom:—*If I have lost the ring, yet the fingers are still here*. Indeed, we promise any one of our readers who will take the trouble to copy out the proverbs scattered throughout this precious little volume, and commit to memory as many as he can well retain, that he will be richly rewarded for his pleasant toil. The palmist declares—"Thy words have I hid in my heart, that I should not sin against thee."

We have here the practical recognition of a most important truth—that a *well-stored* mind is one of the sweet safeguards of morality and religion. How often does some remembered truth stand at the door of the heart, to prevent the ingress of the evil one, in the day of darkness, or the hour of temptation! The "Do thyself no harm," which restrained the rash hand of the affrighted jailor, has, perhaps, saved many a man from the grave of a suicide. "Thou shalt not steal," has oft prevented sin, disgrace and ruin. And in the lesser moralities and customs of life, how frequently has the timely recurrence to the mind of an appropriate axiom proved of incalculable benefit to one who had previously admired it, simply as a sententious arrangement of well-chosen words! Let us all be so truly wise as to remember, in the opportunities, trials and temptations of this mortal

existence, that *every day in thy life is a leaf in thy history!*

DAISY BURNS.—This is the title of another novel by Julia Kavanagh, which Appleton & Co., of New York, have just published. It is inferior to "Nathalie" by the same author, the plot being generally common-place and the design of the story anything but natural or agreeable. Daisy, early in the work, is left an orphan, and would have been homeless, but for the efforts of one Cornelius O'Reilly, a young Irishman, to whom her father had been kind, by whom she first found protection under the roof of a miserable, miserly, old grand-father; and then being badly treated by the said grand-father, under that of the young Irishman himself! But, don't be alarmed, most proper reader. O'Reilly has a sister; and Daisy is, therefore, not compromised. She naturally becomes interested in O'Reilly, but only as she thinks, after a friendly fashion. Bye and bye, when he forms a marriage-engagement with one Miriam, she finds her emotions towards him are those of love; and then, for a long time, we have the pains and penalties thereof. These pains and penalties of Daisy, with those of the sympathizing reader, make up the interest of the story. We agree with an English critic, that many passages are written with Miss Kavanagh's usual sentiment and delicacy; but, says he, and we say ditto:—"we can wish her no better wish than the earliest possible deliverance from that desire to exhibit feminine originalities in fiction which, as we have elsewhere said, bids fair, just now, to spoil so much that is brightest and bravest in the richly cultivated and peculiar domain of our female authorship."

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS. The ubiquitous Mr. Brown is rendered a particularly valuable member of society, when he sends forth such a volume as the one embracing his letters to a young man about town, just published by Appleton & Co., and now before us. He treats upon all sorts of subjects, and treats upon them like a sensible Brown as he is. Thackeray, the father of this Mr. Brown, attaches to the volume a preface, which very much adds to its value, telling many things of a personal character, which it is pleasant to know, and all too, in a vein so delightfully Thackerayish. In addition to Mr. Brown's letters, we should add, that the volume contains "The Proser and other Papers," and that it forms another volume of Appleton's neat, popular library.

YOUNG WOMAN'S FRIEND.—This is the title of another volume from the pen of John Angell James, just published by Robert Carter & Brothers, of New York, and sent to us through Martien, of our city. It embraces a series of sermons, intended to direct woman through life to immortality. The author

enjoys a high reputation, and those of our female friends who heed his teachings, may unquestionably greatly profit thereby. He opens with his reason for addressing the sex, as follows:—"Woman was the finishing grace of the creation. Woman was the completeness of man's bliss in Paradise. Woman was the cause of sin and death to our world. Woman was the means of our redemption. Woman is the mother of the human race; our companion, counsellor, and comforter in the pilgrimage of life; or, our tempter, our scourge, and our destroyer. Our sweetest cup of earthly happiness, or our bitterest draught of sorrow is mixed and administered by her hand. She not only renders smooth or rough our path to the grave, but helps or hinders our progress to immortality. In heaven, we shall bless God for her aid in assisting us to reach that blissful state, or amid the torments of unutterable woe in another region, we shall deplore the fatality of her influence." The book is neatly printed, as are all those issued by Messrs. Carter.

"JAMIE GOREON; OR, THE ORPHAN" is the title of a pretty little story which also comes to us from Messrs. Carter & Brothers, New York. It is embellished with many engravings, illustrating the story of its hero. Young people will be greatly benefitted by studying Jamie's life.

THE "ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART," for March, has been sent to us by our neighbor, J. W. Moore, who is exclusive agent for the work in Philadelphia. It seems to be a kind of rehash of the Penny Magazine, containing something upon every subject, with an abundance of pictures to match. It is evident that the stories are made for the pictures—which are generally from plates, that faintly shadow forth the light of other days—and not the pictures for the stories. The printing of the work is very handsomely executed, and its general appearance is taking. It wears the aspect, still, of a new house, but a new house such as they often build in the country, with second-hand window-sills and sashes, piazza-pillars, and door-posts; or, rather, it has the appearance of a man dressed up in the best toggery of a second-hand clothing shop. Its publisher is an enterprising man, knows the pictorial spirit of the age, and we hope will milk down a plentiful amount of the needful. To show that we are willing to ride into good fortune, even though we attach ourselves to the skirts of his Chatam Street coat, we will furnish "The Illustrated Magazine of Art," with BIZARRE, for only \$3.50 per annum, money always in advance. Nothing like an eye to business. A word more then: any of the three dollar magazines will be furnished with BIZARRE on the same terms.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—Mrs. Greer has written a book with this title, which is spiced

something after the fashion of her "Quakerism, or a Story of My Life," published twelve months since. In that work she treated of the domestic manners, habits and customs of Quakers; in the present, she develops the peculiarities of their doctrines. Writing with the bitterest prejudices, her pictures of Quakerism are given with heart-warmth; so much, indeed, that they should be read with considerable margin. Facts are stubborn things, however; and wherever we meet them we must yield to them undisputed dominion. Mrs. Greer, doubtless, deals much in facts, particularly when she states what history verifies; or when she quotes directly words which are, as reported by a man's biographer, to have been spoken by him. Therefore, when alluding to the great source of Quakerism, George Fox, she extracts passages from his own journal, as edited by William Penn, she must be fully credited. Certain, in stating that Fox was originally a shoemaker, that he wished to be physician, and that finally he settled down upon preaching, she states what history verifies. There is an undoubted authenticity, we have said, in Fox's own words as given in his journal. For instance who doubts but he uttered the following certainly anything but modest words:—"Now was I come up in the Spirit, through the flaming sword, into the paradise of God. I knew nothing but pureness, innocency, and righteousness, being renewed up in the image of God by Christ Jesus; so that I was come up to the state of Adam, which he was in before he fell. I was at a stand in my mind; but I was immediately taken up to see another state more steadfast than Adam's, even into a state in Christ Jesus that should never fall."

Mrs. Greer is a pervert from Quakerism, why and wherefore will appear in the following extracts from her preface:

"The Society of Friends wears a smiling face as she walks abroad in the world; when safe within the privacy of her own enclosure, this mask is laid aside. During the forty years that I lived in this enclosure, I saw much of the evils of the system, but like the other *uninitiated* members, I only thought, with pain, how dreadfully wicked the whole world must be, when even amongst 'the little flock of pure spiritual worshippers,' so much of wickedness was to be found. I long believed, as I had been taught, that all Christendom was in a state of dark apostacy, and that Friends were the alone possessors of 'The Truth.' A personal event, comparatively trifling, was, thanks be to God, made instrumental to my deliverance from this delusion. Some 'faithful, weighty, concerned Friends—standard bearers,' having been guilty of flagrantly dishonorable conduct, and the rules of the Society which so plausi-

bly appear to promise justice, having been appealed to in vain; when I found that instead of being censured, (although the false dealing was admitted, and gently blamed,) they were suffered to continue it as long as it pleased them to do; when I saw great efforts made by other 'faithful, weighty, concerned Friends' to screen them, and that ultimately, monthly and quarterly meetings came forward to countenance and aid them, I was induced to look into the records of Quakerism to find a precedent; and was there startled to discover that these 'faithful Friends' and their accomplices, were but treading in the paths of George Fox; and that the conduct which true Christians instantly have reprobated as dishonest and false, was perfectly in accordance with the doctrines and practices of the primitive Quakers. I found that whilst professing to be sinless and perfect, Friends permit each other to transgress all the commandments of God, provided they uphold the testimonies of George Fox. In a book entitled 'The Spirit of the Hat,' printed 1673, we are gravely told, 'it is expedient to hush up complaints when they touch persons eminent in the ministry,' &c., &c. In my research, I made the discovery that Quakerism, whilst using the language of a Christian, applies it to the services of an Anti-Christ, and that others may be saved the trouble and annoyance which I had, I send this volume into the world with an earnest prayer that it may be blessed by God, to the good of souls, to the exultation of truth, and to the downfall of error.

"Friends profess to worship God—they worship only 'nothingness,' and a silent meeting, without Bible, prayer, praise, or thanksgiving, is most appropriate homage to that idol. They profess to be Christians—they bow before no Saviour, but only a something they call Christ, in themselves. They profess to be guided by the Holy Spirit—they are guided by a miserable substitute, which they call 'best wisdom.' They profess to honor the Bible—they dishonor it by setting their own writings above it. They profess to hold the truth—for truth they have substituted the delusions of George Fox. * *

"Call me, dear Friends, any name you like, if it 'eases your mind' to do so, only read my book, and think of it, and may our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in whose blood, shed on Mount Calvary, there is alone salvation to be found, lead you by his grace, out of all the vain traditions received from your visionary and fanatical predecessors, and bring you into the true fold—into the only home where the heavy laden are unburthened, where the weary are at rest, and where a light which it is impossible to counterfeit, will lead you on from grace to glory."

This book comes to us from M. W. Dodd,

New York, and is for sale in Philadelphia. It is full of talent, and must command great attention.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

DR. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD has withdrawn from the editorial chair of Barnum's "Illustrated News."

THE QUESTION whether we have a Bourbon among us, in the person of Rev. Eleazar Williams, is likely to make the fortunes of Putnam's new magazine, or rather to attract the attention of the public to the general high merits of that work. We do not think Mr. Williams' pretensions to the crown of France are quite so well-warranted as they formerly appeared to be. He certainly has no claims to kinship, if a work lately published in Paris be reliable. We allude to M. A. De Bauchene's *Louis XVII. Sa Vie, son Agonie, sa Mort*; wherein, as the title indicates, the story of Louis XVII., his life, illness and death, is fully given. De Bauchene still may have been persuaded to weave together a net of falsehood, with express reference to the pretensions of our Indian missionary, or to the overthrow thereof. We shall see. The matter resolves itself into the following postulate:—If Louis XVII. really died at Paris, on the 9th of June, 1794, in the Temple, as M. De Bauchene states, then the Rev. Eleazar Williams' Dauphinship is done for; if M. De Bauchene's story is untrue, then there may still be a chance for Mr. W. to wear a crown!

PROF. ADOLPHUS L. KOEPFEN has been elected Professor of History, German Literature and Aesthetics, at the newly united Franklin and Marshall College of Lancaster.

ACCORDING TO RECENT letters from Washington, the International Copyright Law negotiated by Messrs. Everett and Crampton, is before the Senate, and it is thought will be ratified. A writer states, Mr. Everett being in the Senate, will become a warm and intelligent advocate of the measure. Let us have an international copyright law, by all means, most potent, grave, and reverend Seniors.

THE LONDON *Athenæum* is awfully severe upon the "Knick-Knacks" of Mr. Clark, the editor of the *Knickerbocker*. Hear it:—"The introduction to this book describes it as a republication of *facetiae* which during nineteen years Mr. Clark has contributed to American periodicals. We have turned over the pages in quest of a joke or anecdote likely to prove palatable when transferred to the *Athenæum*,—but have found none."

AT A LATE meeting of the London Entomological Society, Dr. Hubertz, of Denmark, made an oral communication on cretenism and idiocy as affected by geographical position, wherein he asserted that mental dis-

eases were much more frequent among the unmarried than among the married portion of the community. Bear this in mind, ye bachelors and maidens!

SOME WORKMEN who were digging brick-earth, not long since, at Leeds, (Eng.,) met with several large bones at a depth of about ten feet, which, on examination, proved to be the remains of two specimens of the great northern hippopotamus. The remains were found, not as in most recent instances in the diluvial gravel, but "in the black sedimentary deposit, underlying the brick-earth—proving in a geological point of view their comparatively recent date."

THE "SCHOOLFELLOW," a magazine for children, published by Saxton, in New York, and edited by Mr. William C. Richards and "Cousin Alice," (late Mrs. Neal,) is the best thing of its kind now extant.

MR. POOLE, an American librarian, attached, if we mistake not, to the Boston Mercantile Library Association, is about to publish an index to recent periodical literature. The work will be perhaps curious rather than useful; but may help to show how much can be done in the way of index-making by a single person earnestly engaged in his work. Fourteen English periodicals and forty-two American ones are selected for his purposes; and we understand that the index will be made in subjects,—so that the history of modern speculation—so far as this is given in the reviews and magazines selected—will be referred to under the proper headings.

THE FOLLOWING BOOKS await notice at our hands, viz:—"Roland Trevor," from Lippincott, Grambo & Co.; "Hand Book of Universal Geography," from Putnam & Company; "M'Leod's Life of Walter Scott," "Frank Freeman's Barber's Shop," "The Rector of St. Bardolph's," "Life Lectures," and "Mercantile Morals," from Charles Scribner, of New York. We have also on hand "Vilette"—Currer Bell's new novel, printed by the Harpers, which we have not had time even to glance at; and "The Emigrant Squire," from T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, which, if it is of the cast of other tales from its author, it would be a waste of valuable time for us to read.

MR. COOK makes a beautiful and interesting paper of his "*Drawing Room Journal*." Nothing handsomer or better of its kind has appeared.

THE FORTIETH Trade Sale of Messrs. Thomas & Sons commenced in this city on Thursday week. The catalogue is the largest ever issued, and the sale will unquestionably prove to be one of the most brilliant we have ever had. The arrangements of Messrs. Thomas & Sons, ever of the most liberal character, are especially excellent. Much of the spirit which attends the sale, as it does,

all of the house in notice, must be attributed to Messrs. Bell & Ellis, the oriers, both of whom are exceedingly popular with the trade, and thoroughly know what is requisite to makethemselves valuable in their fatiguing offices. Philadelphia is rapidly regaining its old ascendancy as a book mart, for which, let us add, it is so eminently fitted.

GOSSIP ABOUT NEW YORK.

BY ELLA.

The inauguration of the President has diverted public attention from the Crystal Palace; but it has only diverted it, for the the Crystal Palace is, and will be, for a long time, the thing talked of in our great city. Its present appearance gives no idea, as may be expected, of its future beauty. Workmen are busily engaged where bright wares will be displayed; heaps of rubbish are where ladies' feet will by-and-by tread. In one of the many songs that British poets wrote on the occasion of the building of the Hyde Park palace, the following stanza occurs, which was evidently intended to be adopted by the Americans, as it was set to Yankee Doodle. Talking of the Exhibition, the poet says:—

"There you will see all sorts of things,
Amid congratulations;
And prove yourselves to be the first
And cleverest of nations.

Success to Mister Paxton, for,
He is a lad so clever,
He builds a house of iron and glass,
And may it stand forever!"

Of course the everlasting duration of the New York Crystal Palace, is not to be hoped for, and perchance not to be desired. Palaces, of whatever composed, are scarcely in keeping with a democratic form of government. The President has to content himself with a White House—a name which in no way distinguishes his residence from those of his fellow creatures. People, at least unimaginative people, who have not seen the White House, do not envy its inhabitant his dwelling; but I would not answer for their content, if it bore the name of The President's Palace, always supposing the knowledge of the inability to procure there, sufficient milk for a cup of coffee, had not reached the epicurean portion of the people.

Some one has said that New York is a city of palaces. It may be so; but I have not seen my ideal palace reached here. If we could only get our up-town park, we would not ask for palace-homes just at present.

There are not, I think, so many new books this winter as heretofore, or I have not seen them; though, to be sure, the to-be-expected winter squadron has arrived, of that class

who bring their letters of introduction with them in the form of an elaborately written preface, setting forth the author's opinion of the demerits of his book, and terminating with an assurance that the book would never have been presented to the public, but for some dear friends' requests.

In general, the author's opinion is as correct as if he had followed Horace's advice, and kept the manuscript ten years before publishing it; as for the requests of his friends, the less said of them the better.

Another squadron of books has arrived, and has anchored on the shelves of the booksellers. It is the one of which the individuals fight under quite a different flag from the former. They come to supply a place in literature, forsooth; and they do it. What more can be desired? The same subjects they discuss have been discussed again, and again, but they have never been discussed just as they mean to discuss them; and thus are books produced that the world would not willingly let live—I beg pardon, would not willingly let die.

But of that class of books that Cicero would distinguish as books that are books, we have had very few. The magazines are the media through which great minds converse with the world, and in which original minds like comets flash before the public. The age of chivalry is past. The mailed knight has departed, and light-weapons have taken the place of the ponderous battle-axe, and of the heavy cross-bow. With it have departed folios and octavos; and the Encyclopedia does more damaging effect to Ignorance than the carefully elaborated essays of long-ago.

Notwithstanding, we love old books. They are very mines of wealth; but it needs the miner's skill to make their riches known. As the ground, under which precious metals are found, does not attract attention by a display of showy verdure, so those books which best reward the reader's study, present no flowery language to attract him. One lump of gold can gild many a base thing, and thoughts can be spread out as thin as gold-leaf, though not to so good a purpose.

Grace Greenwood's gossipings of England, and the English opinion of Grace Greenwood, are much spoken of. The editor is quite indignant that her talk should be of the literary celebrities, instead of the rural beauties of England. Methinks England should produce more lions than bees and butterflies just now, and one has to write of the country as they find it.

A Scotch editor, speaking of Spiritual Literature, compares some writings of one of the terrestrials, (whose hand writes what the spirits dictate,) to Alice Carey's writings. The spirits must have improved as regards

composition, at a marvellous rate. Perchance Mr. Gobble's visit from the moon has not been made known to you. He may be heard rapping with his ghostly knuckles in M. Heller's *salon* every night. This is no Moon Hoax, I can assure you, but a sober fact.

This is a bustling, noisy age; nothing remains quiet; ghosts visit us, announcing their arrival with rappings, and even "tiny wild flowers" are not content to breathe away their lives near their favorite stream, but they "leap lovingly" into it. I have heard of the Lover's Leap, and many another leap that has had nothing to do with love, as well as of some that have—Leap-frog, for instance, or leaps into matrimony; but I saw the first notice of the wild-flower's leap, in the Bizarre, a short time since*. In the MS they merely looked lovingly—probably it was the look before the leap.

There is no chance of a railroad trip in Broadway. Our City Father's good intentions, like many other—I was going to say, like all other—good intentions, were not destined to be fulfilled. More's the pity; it would have been a fitting climax to their paternal kindness.

The Bryan gallery of paintings attracts strangers, but dwellers in the city pass it by as something they can see at any time, and therefore not worth the looking at. The Washington gallery is a collection of paintings loaned for exhibition. I have not seen them.

Suttler's Cosmorama's are ever new, and ever worth looking at—the scenes in Switzerland, especially. I was looking at one the other day that brought the beautiful lines of Schiller to my mind, with the copy which I will close this gossiping letter:

"High over the races of men in the blue
Of the ether, the Mount in twin summits is risen;
There, veild in the gold-woven webs of the dew,
Moves the dance of the clouds—the pale daughters of
Heaven!

There in solitude circles their mystical mase,
Where no witness can hearken, no earth-born surveys.

August on a throne which no ages can move,
Sits a Queen, in her beauty serene and sublime,*
The diadem blazing with diamonds above
The glory of brows, never darken'd by time,
His arrows of light on that form shoots the sun—
And he gilds them with all, but he warms them with
none."

EDITOR'S SANS-SOUCI.

—The first Art Union of which we have notice was established at Edinburgh in 1836. The first lottery in Europe, we think, was made at Florence in 1530, for the benefit of

* See Bizarre, No. 19; page 127.

*The glacier.

the State—price, one ducat a ticket. It was called *un Lotto*; the tickets were denominated *polizza*. Lotteries in France were modelled after those of Italy. They were called *Blanques*, from the fact that the greater number of tickets drawn were *blanques*, (or blanks,) from the Italian word *bianca*. The first prizes in France were simply merchandise; but subsequently the money was drawn, as in Italy, and the enterprizes were devoted to public improvements. In the year 1572, Louis de Gonzague, Duke of Nivernois and Rethelois, established a lottery in Paris, for the purpose of giving marriage portions to poor virtuous young women on his estate. Before the drawing, which began every year on Palm Sunday, mass was said: the servants employed were obliged to swear that they would act in a faithful and impartial manner; and even Sextus V. gave to those who should promote the good work remission of their sins. The prizes were inscribed: *Dieu vous a elue*, or *Dieu vous console*: the former ensuring the young woman who drew it, five hundred francs, payable on her wedding day, the latter suggesting that she must make the best of ill-fortune, and wait patiently a more favorable action on the part of the blind goddess. Lotteries in this country are now pretty well abolished. They have been in some States used to good public ends.

—Aerial navigation still occupies the brains of some people. For instance, a Mr. Theodore Poesché has just published a plan by which he proposes to take a modern steamer in its most perfect form, and by such modifications, to enable it to pierce the air, as it now sails over the water. He gives details, and says—"I observe that the flight of birds and insects depends upon the principle of the screw. The wing is a screw blade, which works up and down, and thus exerts the form of an inclined plane. As it is concave underneath, and convex above, it compresses the air below it, and thus supports the body of the animal. My ship most nearly resembles the flying fish, which progresses by means of the spiral action of the tail, while its extended fins support it for a time in the air." Mr. Poesché is hereafter likely, we think, to come in for a notice at the hands of our "Romance of Blockley" writer. The Lunatic Asylum is straight before him.

—In calling attention to Mr. H. O. Apthorp's advertisement, we are only fulfilling our duty to an experienced and practical teacher. When it is considered that in this great city we have but two or three professors of this science who are much known, it is not to be wondered at that we have so few elegant readers. But we could never satisfactorily explain the prevailing indifference to an accomplishment of such inestimable

value, as the correct and beautiful delivery of language. Not less than twelve elocutionists ought to find a handsome support from the professional men alone, now in daily practice of Law and Divinity amongst us. And we hazard nothing in saying that from the testimony of various letters from our most erudite men and scholars, as to the accomplishments and capacity of Mr. Apthorp, he is to be most cordially recommended to the notice of all who desire to be instructed in his elegant art.

—To show the depreciation of continental money, during the "time that tried men's souls," we copy from a receipt book the following:—"Received, Jan. 11th, 1781, of Mr. Michael Shubart, fourteen thousand four hundred and sixty-nine pounds, 16s. 9d. in cash." Also, the three following receipts: Reverend Mr. Helmuth, for thirty-seven pounds, 10s., specie, equal to two thousand eight hundred and twelve pounds, 10s.; Reverend Mr. Kuntze, for thirty-seven pounds 10s. specie, equal to two thousand eight hundred and twelve pounds 10s. 8d., and Lewis Weiss, for one pound, equal to seventy-five pounds. Likewise ten Loan Office certificates, amounting to fifteen thousand four hundred dollars; all being the property of St. Michael's and Zion's Corporations, of the city of Philadelphia. JOHN STEINMETZ.
£14,469 16s. 9d. cash.

2,812 10	} Three receipts.
2,812 10	
75	

£20,169 16s. 9d. Continental currency.

15,400 dollars, Loan Office certificates.

—We have received another remembrance from our esteemed correspondent, "Ella," which will appear in our next, with several other excellent contributions, among which is one on "Scottish Poetry."

—We have passed several delightful hours at the Phrenological rooms of Mr. W. B. Elliott, whose advertisement, by the way, will be found in our pages. Mr. E. is perfectly familiar with the science to which he devotes himself, and day and evening entertains large parties at his rooms, while he explains its curious truths. His readings of character by the means alone of that unfailing chart, which the Almighty has engraved upon the human skull, are always strikingly correct.

—It is stated that the French Government is continuing to act on the admirable discovery of Gehin and Remy, fishermen of the Vosges, for artificially fecundating the eggs of fish. It has, in particular, caused it to be practiced on a grand scale at Huningen; and the fish produced by it there are, on arriving at a certain degree of maturity,

to be sent into different rivers and canals. In the southern Departments, also, the same system has been practiced with extraordinary success. It consists in collecting the spawn of the female fish, instead of allowing them to deposit it in the beds of rivers, and in applying it to the milt of males, instead of leaving the males to do it themselves. The eggs thus prepared are preserved until they become hatched. The consequence is, that many thousand fish are thus produced from each female's spawn, whereas only very few indeed are obtained when the fish are left to effect the fecundation themselves, owing to the eggs being devoured by other fish, washed away, or injured by dirt. Rivers, streams, canals, lakes, and ponds can thus be made to teem with fish; and a new branch of commerce is thereby created, while an abundant supply of wholesome food is obtained. The expense of applying the system of Remy and Gehin is very trifling indeed. These men have been recompensed by the Government for the great services they have been the means of rendering to the public. Their plan is applicable to all sorts of fish that spawn in rivers.

—The following works received since our literary department was made up, will be noticed hereafter:—From Dr. Hooker, "The Planter, or Thirteen Years in the South: by a Northern Man;" from Barrington & Haswell, "Ryan's Philosophy of Marriage;" from D. Appleton & Co., "The Heir of Redclyffe;" from L. A. Godey, "The Lady's Book" for April, and from D. B. Canfield & Co., the "American Law Register" for March.

—"Mummy-steaks," the last luxury introduced into London, are nothing more nor less than a regular beef-steak, cooked upon a fire made of Egyptian mummies. The mummies are broken up like hickory or maple wood, and the steak is laid upon the coals which proceed from their ignition. The flavor of cooking generally is greatly enriched by this peculiar fuel; but a beef-steak is sure to gather an antiquated bituminous taste therefrom, which gourmands describe as especially delicious.

—Madam Lehman, who sang at the last Chamber Concert, in Sanson Street Hall, has a fine voice, which she manages with considerable effect. These concerts, by the way, are well worthy of patronage. We hope the fourth, and, as we learn, the last of the series, which takes place on Friday of the present week, will be well attended. The programme promises to be of an unusually attractive character.

—A friend who is sadly in want of an office, assures us that he has made up his mind not to bore the President with personal applications. He adds, however, that he

has sent four acquaintances to Washington, furnishing them with money to stay there three months if necessary; and the sole object of their sojourn at the capital, will be to call on General Pierce every day, if necessary, and insist that his appointment is one of the best that could be made. The President, he thinks, would be disgusted with incessant appeals from a man in behalf of himself, while the never-ceasing borings of one's friends could do one no harm, and might accomplish the desired benefit.

—The following pastoral, by Dibden the younger, is ingenious, spirited and glowing:—

A RUSTIC BALLAD.

A bee, while lay sleeping young Dolly,
Mistook her red lips for the rose;
There honey to seek were no folly,
No flower so sweet ever blows.
It tickled, and wak'd her; when, clapping
Her hand on the impudent bee,
It stung her; and Dolly, caught napping,
Came pouting and crying to me.

Said she, "Take the sting out, I pray you!"
What way I was puzzled to try,
And a trifling wager I'd lay you
You'd have been as much puzzled as I.
I'd heard about sucking out poison—
A sting is a poisonous dart—
So I kiss'd her—the act was no wise one;
The sting found its way to my heart.

—When it was first proposed, by the corporation of New York, to erect a penitentiary in that city, one of the worthy Aldermen, more noted for his public spirit than for his learning, observed that, for his part, although there were only penny-tentariaries in other places, he thought that the corporation should do things handsomely, and have a *shilling*-tentariary at least.

—In Egypt, a bride can never be seen till after she is married; she is always veiled. A person feeling an inclination to become a husband, applies to some individual who is reported to have daughters, and desires to know if any of them are to be disposed of. If the parent replies affirmatively, the aspirant sends one of his female relations who has already been married, to examine their persons, and who reports accordingly. Should her representation be favorable, the future husband pays the father a stipulated sum, and on an appointed day all parties interested in the event assist at the solemnization of the wedding. The bride then repairs to the mansion of the bridegroom, who sees her for the first time; a marriage there is, in its true sense, nothing more than matter of money, for the highest bidder is sure to succeed with the father. Queer as this may be, as the fashions now are, is in marriage very different with us?

—It would be difficult, (says the virtuous Bishop Gregorie,) to find a man more

devout and less pious than Louis XI. Every crime was preceded by an invocation to the Virgin. On the bed of sickness, his fears of death were extreme; offerings were made at the shrines of all saints of any reputation; amongst others, St. Utopius was prayed to, when he remarked that he prayed for his spiritual as well as his bodily health. "Leave out what relates to the soul, (said the king,) and do not importune the saint by asking him for too many things at once."

— A pause between words, the parts of which will form a word, is frequently necessary to mark the sense. "Send me in that set of China," said a gentleman to a Chestnut street dealer. "It wants two pieces," said the dealer. "That is a pity," replied the other. "Shall I send them incomplete, sir?" "Yes, send them in complete?" Whose was the misconstruction?

— Mr. Monach, a schoolmaster in Glasgow, had a pupil called John Aird, to whom he once said, "John you want but an L to be a laird." "And sure," replied the pupil, "you want but an R to make you a monarch." A better play on names, however, was the remark, that Mr. C. C. Haswell, of the Boston Times, would be *as well* without the H.

— An exchange says Max Maretzek has leased Niblo's Theatre, New York, for three months from the 28th inst., and will produce a series of operas in a better style than heretofore offered in that city. The leading members of his company are Alboni, Steffanone, Bertucca, Salvi, Marini, and Beneventano; sufficient indication of the quality of the entertainments which will be offered. LeGrand Smith is to be the manager, and Maretzek the director of the company. Le Grand, let us say, is getting to be a regular foreign lion himself. Such a shaggy main as he wears! Alboni, by the way, we hear, was not very successful in our city. How could she expect to be, with such support as she had?—a weak *tenor*, a poor *basso*, nothing indeed but, as we confess, a most excellent *buffo*. And then a peanut-eating, gloomy, bad-lighted theatre in which to warble. Horror of horrors!

— A new music hall, recently erected in Quebec, was dedicated on the 4th ult. It is a mammoth room, according to an account given in a Montreal paper, where it is stated to be 150 feet in length, 60 feet in width, and 85 feet in height, with a stage at the upper end 65 feet in depth, 60 feet wide, and 30 feet high; the arch supported by Corinthian columns, tastefully painted and gilded, and surmounted by a carving of musical instruments.

— We find the following among the Recollections of Foote the Actor:—Foote was one day invited to dinner at Merchant Tailors' Hall; and so well pleased was he with

the entertainment, that he sat till the chief part of the company had left the hall. At length rising, he said—"Gentlemen, I wish you both very good night." "*Both!*" exclaimed one of the company; "why you must be drunk, Foote; here are twenty of us—" "I have been counting you, and there are just eighteen; and as nine tailors make a man, I'm right,—I wish you *both* very good night." Dining at the house of a gentleman, where the Bishop of — was present, Foote was in high spirits, and as full of effervescence as a bottle of spruce beer. The bishop being angry at the entire usurpation of the conversation by Foote, after waiting with considerable impatience, exclaimed—"When will that player leave off preaching?"—"Oh! my Lord," said Foote, "*the moment I am made a bishop!*" Old Macklin did not retire from the stage until he was nearly ninety years of age, and then, when his memory was almost gone, he gave lectures. One evening, poor Macklin's memory had repeatedly failed him, and a total stop ensued until the orator had caught the thread of his argument. Foote, who was always present, filled up each interregnum with something witty, and was frequently holding forth when Macklin was ready to resume. "Mr. Foote," at last exclaimed the veteran, "*do you know what I am going to say?*" "No sir," returned the cruel wag; "*do you?*" By an inadvertence, Quin had obtained an ascendancy over Foote, and Foote was afraid to encounter him. This he had allowed his antagonist to discover, and Quin was not a man likely to relinquish a victory obtained over a giant. A coolness in consequence had for some time subsisted between them, when one afternoon they saw each other under the piazza of Covent Garden. They could not avoid meeting, and Quin held out his hand in token of peace; it was accepted, and they immediately adjourned to the Shakspeare, "to enact," as Quin said, "the play of *Measure for Measure*." They were soon very jovial, but at last Foote said, "Quin, I can't be happy till I tell you one thing." "Tell it then, and be happy, Sam," replied Quin. "Why," said Foote, "you said I had only one shirt, and that I laid in bed until it was washed." "I never said it, Sam," replied Quin; "indeed, I'll soon convince you that I never could have said it. *I never thought you had a shirt to wash!*"

— A friend furnishes the following:—To Preserve Black Lead-Pencil Drawings—Apply a thin wash of isinglass, which will prevent rubbing off of either black-lead, or of hard black chalk. The simple application of skimmed milk will produce the same effect. In using the latter, lay the drawing flat on the surface of the milk; then taking it up expeditiously, hang it up by one corner, till it

drains and dries. The milk must be perfectly free from cream, or it will grease the paper.

—When Mr. Sheridan, Dr. Ford, and Mr. Linley, commenced their management of Drury Lane theatre, each of the gentlemen had a private box appropriated for their several families. Doctor Ford being more economical than the rest, became proverbial behind the scenes for superintending the bits of candles unconsumed the preceding evening. Shortly after, when all the parties were standing behind the scenes at a rehearsal, the late duke of Norfolk paid them a visit, and inquiring into the state of the theatre, Mr. Sheridan pointed to all the private boxes, except Doctor Ford's, which made his Grace inquire "what box the Doctor had?" "The candle-box, my Lord," said Charles Bannister, who was present.

—We are told by an author that the full-bottomed wigs, which were worn in England in the days of Addison and Pope, were first contrived by the French barber Duville, to conceal the duke of Burgundy's hump-back, and so became fashionable; for it is always a rule with courtiers to ape their king or prince of the blood. The English then imported all their fashions from France. Lewis the fourteenth, that grand monarch, was so persuaded of the necessity of an uninterrupted appearance of majesty, that no human being was ever permitted to see him without his wig. Luckily the following little affair did not happen to Lewis, that august wig fancier. During the assembly of the Diet, in Dresden, Augustus the Strong invited several of the principal members to an entertainment; champagne was, of course, not wanting; a page stole a bottle of it; and put it in his coat-pocket. Being incessantly employed, he was unhappily unable to put his booty in a place of security; but his constant motion having caused the wine to ferment, just as he was standing behind the king, it exploded; the cork flew up to the ceiling, and the champagne rushed out of the pocket, in the direction of the king's wig, and bathed it so effectually, that the wine ran in streams from the curls. One part of the company was frightened, while another part could scarcely refrain from laughter. The page, more dead than alive, threw himself at the king's feet, and his majesty immediately sent the pilferer away, not from his service, but for a dry wig, advising him, at the same time, never to carry bottles with such liquor so long about him.

—We call attention to the advertisement of the third volume of BIZARRE, which will be found on our cover. Many improvements will be introduced in accordance with the "sperret" of the age.

—A stupendous poet winds up some rhyme on the subject "What is Life?" thus:

"Life—is what?"

It is the swallow's sojournment,
Who, ere the summer's robe is rent,
Flies to some distant bourne, by instinct taught,
And such is man—
He rents his dwelling for a span,
And flits forgot."

So then, "such is life;" man

—"rents his dwelling for a span,
And flits forgot!"

Beautiful alliteration, that; "FLITS FORGOT!"

—Dreadful murder that in Southwark! The assassin, however, has unquestionably been discovered. There will be another capital trial, and another execution. "On horror's head horrors accumulate." What avarice! To murder two unoffending women—brutally murder them, too—for only \$170! Is this truly the "city of brotherly love?" So they say.

—One half of our exchange papers do not reach us.

—The wonderful Chinese are at Musical Fund, where they are drawing immense houses. They are leagued, one would think, with the very evil one himself. We had heard of their feats before we saw them, and the half was not told us.

—We have a word to say to those who visit the sanctum. Make your calls short during business hours, which we call the hours between eight o'clock, A. M., and six o'clock, P. M. We have a living to earn, and it can't be done unless we have the benefit of all the day-light which is vouchsafed, to say the least.

—A recent visit to New York convinced us that it was one of the dirtiest of cities. The mud on Broadway during a rain-storm, such as we encountered, is three to four inches deep!

—Mr. Perelli gives another of his delightful *Soirees* in a few days. The other-side-of-the-Schuylkill *belle* will not be among the performers; for they say she is on her way to California. So: it seems treasures are sent to California for the treasures which California sends to us. Among Perelli's stars the heroines of the "Polka Aria" and "Eckert Swiss Song" remain, with many others of great attractiveness.

—Winter has turned back upon us as we write. He had started for the north-pole, and must have been well on his way, when back he comes again.

—The *National Portrait Gallery*, lately commenced by R. E. Petersen & Co., of this city, has been sold out to a Southern house, for twelve thousand dollars! Cheap—we of course mean the price, not the publication.

—The Trade Sales of Messrs. Thomas & Sons close in our city on the 19th instant. The bidding has been very active; unusually so, indeed, for the Spring sales.

"BIZARRE, BIZARRE, WHAT SAY YOU, MADCAP?"—*Farquhar.*

Bizarre.

FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.

VOLUME II. }
No. 24. }

FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1853.

{ SINGLE COPIES
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SCOTTISH POETRY

True genuine feeling, is seldom found in this world; upon whose arena, self-interest, self-love, and morbid passions, are too frequently the sole combatants for the mastery. Artificial emotions have in many instances usurped the place of sincere affections: the impulses of a generous bosom are fettered by the trammels of time and circumstance, while the "leal, leal heart" wanders as a weary pilgrim in a deserted village, seeking some sympathizing companion who may indeed prove a sharer of its joys and sorrows. Yet the reare times and places where true feeling exists, and that, in all its freshness and vigor—countries where the warrior's sword has gleamed brightly in noble causes—where the notes of triumph have sounded—not in honor of reigning oppression, but in support of principles, which would alike nerve the arm of the hoary head, and cause the breast of the young peasant to beat high with manly, patriotic zeal,—countries where there are no lipogrammatists, no anagrammatists—whose poet emulate, not those masters who, in the times of monkish ignorance, were forever ringing changes upon these eight words: *Tot tibi sunt, virgo, dotes, quot sidera cælo*—but whose bards, discarding all such cold and abstract topics, remote from all feeling and sentiment, and as little connected with nature and the present occasion as if man had no heart, and the present was possessed of no interest—have embodied in all their strength and all their purity, the opinions and characteristics of their age, as connected with the manners and customs, the natural scenes and the historic incidents of their own fair land—poets who have consecrated the peasant's cottage as the temples of their fame—who have struck their

"Moorland harp
Wi' gleesome touch,"

to throw the enchantment of ideal beauty over the most familiar scenes—over cottage joys and sorrows. Such a land is Scotland,

and such have been, and still are her warriors and poets. At the bare mention of that name, what clustering emotions fill the mind—what catalogues of heroic deeds appear—what remembrances of all that is lovely and engaging gather round the soul! Every spot is hallowed ground. The soil has been consecrated by patriot blood; each blade of grass is eloquent; every stone has a hundred tongues "to tell of deeds above heroic." Each rugged rock and desolate moor is mantled with the hoary memories of by-gone days; every vale and rivulet has been invested with all the charms of poetry and romance. A wizard beauty dwells upon the bosoms of those fairy lakes, and smiles from the lovely lawns. A deep solemnity abides in the depths of those mountain forests, and sublimity clothes the summits of the towering chronicles of centuries. The beetling crags have again and again echoed and re-echoed to their fellows, the stern strains and defying war-songs of her chieftains, as springing from rock to rock amid mountain-fastnesses, they prepared to expel the invaders from their land. The lover of liberty still repairs to those battle-fields, where a gallant Bruce and his noble comrades contended for the freedom of Scotia, and pays his homage there, "where sleep the brave"—

"Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock;
Land of the beautiful and brave,
The freeman's home, the martyr's grave,
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen
The magic of a warrior's name."

From the cloud-capt summit of Ben Lomond, to the fairy islets of Lock Katrine—from the moss-clad ruins and shattered arches of Melrose Abbey, to the thatched cottage of Ayr—upon every object have been hung the garlands of poesy. True feeling is a grand characteristic element of all Scottish poetry. They were no mere metre ballad-mongers, who from Aurora's dawn until the twilight of evening, invoked the unwilling muse; nor did they, like the poet satirized by Perseus,

sit in the market upon lofty seats, combed, with new gowns, and their birth-day sardonyx. Theirs were no productions of Accius, drunk with hellebore—no “filling of fierce horns with Mimmallonean blasts.” They were not of that number, who in despair and in anguish at the tardy flow of rhyme, “*plutea cœdunt, demersos sapientique ungues.*” The Euge and Belle of a vicious rabble were not their incentives to action—nor did they labor for that pitiful distinction so much coveted by the aspirants of former times, “*digito monstrari, et dici Hic est.*” Nor will they be classed with those

“Whose labor’d lines in chilling numbers flow,
To paint a pang the author ne’er can know;”

but their songs gushed forth from the heart, as showers from the clouds of summer. The brave Cincinnatus was called from the retirement of his family and farm, to assume the responsibility of the chief magistracy of his nation—and so did they leave the furrow half-traced and the sickle in the unmown field, to obey the calls of the muse. They wrote not until the heart was overflowing, and the streams which welled up were warm and precious. Nor did they busy themselves with the artificial characters of men, or the morbid emotions of a vitiated taste. In their eyes, wild reveries of gorgeous palaces and gilded pageants, were but as mockeries, when compared with those heartfelt joys, kindly sympathies, and that endearing intercourse, which held their undivided, delightful sway beneath the honest roof of every Caledonian. Well did they understand how to employ that “sweet spell o’ witching love.” One of Scotland’s best poets has thus beautifully presented us with the true secret of his success:

“Gie me a spark o’ nature’s fire,
That’s a’ the learning I desire;
Then though I drudge thro’ dub an’ mire
At plough or cart,
My muse though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.”

To embody these joys of a peasant’s home—to throw a charm around every-day occurrences, and invest them with the novelty of romance—to pour forth the strains of a heart warmed into healthy action by its own love and the love of others, was their chief ambition. Not to cause the great Titi to tremble, or with singular invention, to trace the simile where there is scarce a shadow of resemblance; not to exhibit the feigned emotions of a heart grown callous under the discipline of an artificial society; but with sentiments of love, that great master-passion of the soul, they sought to bring back into poetry all those topics of universal and eternal interest, which had been almost entirely banished by the later school of English literature. The abstract discussion of topics which can only be comprehended by few—a pompous exhibition of regular measures and cadences, pro-

tracted metaphors, and far-fetched comparisons—may please a certain class whose tastes desire rather the curious and the uncommon; yet to the man of sensibility, who loves Nature as she is, and finds delight in true representations of human hearts as they are, with all their passions and emotions—such attempts seem little less than mere effusions and constrained efforts of a poetic ambition, which overleaps itself when it attempts to vault beyond nature. There is a child-like simplicity, a purity of feeling, and a peculiarly happy mode of expression, which characterizes the writings of all the Scottish poets. They felt that their great work was to “touch the heart.” In order to effect this, they did not forsake the social circle, and like the cloistered monks in solitude, indulge in thoughts which savored only of discontent and reproach towards the rest of the world; nor did they in glowing colors attempt to frame an ideal earth—the creature of a morbid fancy—thus catering to that literary taste of the age, which was severely cold; but in their native and unrestrained freshness of thought and feeling, they took from the hand of nature her own harp, and tuned its strings to songs of sweetest melody—strains that told of Scotland’s glory; of all that was great and good in her history; of all that was beautiful amid her valleys and hills; of whatever was fearful and majestic amid her towering mountains, rocky glens, dark forests, and roaring water-falls; of all that was lovely, of all that was happy and peaceful beneath the hospitable roofs of her sons. Hence they were national poets: and where the heart that would not beat in unison at the mention of their country’s charms? Where the breast that would not swell with emotions of the proudest character, at the recital of the brave deeds of those daring men who had carved out for her a name bright upon the roll of nations—where the eye that would not sparkle at the picture so well presented of those very green fields, and that lovely scenery which it beheld on every hand, and the beauties which decked its own fair home? Where the Scottish mind that would not trace in those natural lines the forms of his own mountains, the voices of his own dashing streams, or the deep gloom and terrible suggestions of his own dark forests? Where the parent, who as he perused the page, would not turn and gaze upon the tender form of the partner of his bosom, and the prattling babe upon his knee—the cheerful blaze upon his hearth, and the comforts of his cottage—and see in the poet’s portrayal, a representation of his own dear home? No wonder then that the whole nation should have been electrified at these natural and happy efforts. Poetry had indeed forsaken her empyrean fields and Uto-

pian realms, to embalm the memories and consecrate the joys of life. She had ceased her wanderings among the mausoleums of the far-off dead, and had come to walk among the living. No longer did she burn to commemorate only such worthies as dwelt in marble palaces, or reclined on silken couches; but now longs to take up her abode amid the green fields, within the family circle, and to converse with men as men. The people now felt their hearts kindled by one common sympathy—saw that true happiness resided not alone in gilded halls and purple vestments—that love was not all a dream—and were taught that all orders of society should be brought into affiliation, and were persuaded that all men, despite the barriers which rank and false pretences may have erected, were members of one great family, possessing like emotions and similar affections. In the "Cotter's Saturday Night," the poet's soul glows with life and animation—the scene becomes magical. Every peasant throughout Scotland, feels the beauty, harmony and peaceful tranquility of that life which before he might have regarded as a toilsome reality. So exquisite are the touches of nature—such is the living reality of the entire scene, that every heart responds to the truthfulness of the picture—every father and mother, young man and maiden, are convinced, that in such a life, with such sentiments, and in so happy a home, they could live and die in the fruition of joy unalloyed. The noblest tributes of respect have been paid by the poets of Scotland to the endearments and sanctity of the family circle. Every object has received its meed of praise, from the ivy-mantled towers and gray old walls of the baronial castle, to the humble cot with its homely furniture. The peasant cannot look upon the daisy that blooms in modesty beneath his feet, but his lips move in the lines of him who has commemorated its loveliness in song. Even around the "mouse's nest," torn up by his plough-share, he feels that a sweet charm has been thrown by his beloved Burns, which has rendered it sacred. It is thus that the poets have linked their names with the most common occurrences of life, and shed a halo of beauty upon every scene. They wrote and spoke from the depths of their own hearts, and thus held direct communion with the hearts of others, causing them to vibrate in happy unison.

Among the number of those whose strains were sweetest, and whose hearts were purest, *William Motherwell* must ever hold a prominent position—prominent in the affections of his countrymen—prominent in the esteem of all those who have ever become acquainted with the delightful effusions of his gifted and disciplined mind. The names of Burns, Scott, Pollok and others, are in every one's

mouth, and their names have become as familiar as household words wherever the English language is spoken. Is it not singular, then, that the tones of Motherwell's finely-tuned harp should not sooner have reached us? Yet the sweetest songsters frequently court the deepest recesses of the grove, where they may, undisturbed, warble their clearest notes into the ear of Nature, amid her most retired and beautiful works. The brilliant diamond may for a time lie concealed, still, it will be eagerly sought after, and when found, will be finally placed in a costly casket, there, by its own intrinsic value and brilliancy, winning the admiration of all beholders. So true merit will ensure its own reward, and although the unworthy aspirant may for a time seem victorious, still, public opinion will eventually advance the deserving, and award each his proper station in the graduated scale. When the great Kepler had, after years of severe application, discovered those harmonic laws that keep a world in position and regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies, he exclaimed: "Whether my discoveries will be read by posterity or by my contemporaries, is a matter that concerns them more than me. I may well be contented to wait one century for a reader, when God himself, during so many thousand years, has waited for an observer like myself." Fame will eventually attend the efforts of the truly deserving, although they may for a season have passed unnoticed; while the feeble attempts of the upstart will perish with the author who gave them birth. This was the consolation which in the darkest cell of the damp dungeon, cheered the heart of Dante, and guided his pen when his fainting spirits had well nigh failed under the heavy loads of disappointment, and the atrocious treatment which he experienced at the hands of his inferiors. Reputation is the recompense not of the living, but of the dead, and those indeed worthy of esteem, may rest assured that their memorials will not ultimately lie neglected, but be cherished. Their names will live after them. Thus has it been with William Motherwell. His reputation is not now confined to the beautiful vales amid which he roved, nor to the circle whose ears had so often listened to the soft notes of his lute; but it has crossed the sea, has found its way into the literary groups of our land, and his memory is embalmed as well in the American heart as in that of the Scottish peasant.

We shall examine Williams Motherwell's writings hereafter.

Back volumes of "Bizarre" will be bound at the lowest rates by the publishers.

SPIRITUAL DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE XII.

CORINNA. LADY JANE GREY.

Cor. Why, my dear host, you seem embarrassed? What ails you?

W. the Elder. Well, to say truth, I did shudder somewhat, at my own presumption, in having invited ladies so illustrious to quarters so humble; nor have I quite recovered yet from the surprise of this so sudden and gracious response on your part. But do, pray, be seated. Most deeply do I regret that I have no accommodations to offer you more worthy of such genius and goodness.

Lady J. Come, come, my old friend; there is no occasion for this profusion of apologies, or extravagance of language.

W. the Elder. I beg your Grace's pardon. The mere mention of your name on earth, is quite sufficient to create a delightful excitement; but when the dear spectre herself condescends to come, in person, it is asking too much of an impulsive old fellow like me, to keep cool on the occasion.

Lady J. Well, well, as you will. I would not find fault with an honest enthusiasm.

W. the Elder. But, pray tell me, Corinna, where did you get that exquisite bouquet?

Cor. It was given me by my sweet sister here, just as we met at your door. Charming little family-gathering, is it not?

W. the Elder. Superb—superb!

Lady J. There are worse in the universe, certainly. Ah! dear, 'tis but a little hour ago that these play-things were blooming and nodding their pretty heads to each other, millions and millions of leagues from here. Little did they dream of such a strange translation as this.

W. the Elder. They don't seem to have suffered much from the journey. But what curious varieties! I'm quite among strangers here, I assure you. To be sure, I'm not over-well-read in our earthly flowers. If my dear little niece were only here now, she'd have a world of questions to ask you about them.

Cor. Far more than we should feel at liberty to answer, I dare say. But suppose you give them to her, (my dear friend here permitting,) with my love.

W. the Elder. I shall be most proud to be the medium of such a gift; nay more, I shall enjoin it upon her to keep them, and their precious dust (for they *must* die, I suppose, like our poor terrestrial ones,) ever sacred, as a memorial of this angel-visit. By the way, Corinna, I take it for granted, from what you said just now, that her Ladyship and you are old acquaintances.

Cor. Yes, indeed, we are old and firm friends. I consider the enjoyment of her

society as among the very highest of my spiritual privileges. And then, such a discreet adviser as she is; correcting my blunders, and checking my giddiness in such a gentle, pretty way, that I am almost tempted to do wrong, for the sake of her sweet reproof.

Lady J. Corinna, Corinna, don't talk so. *Cor.* And then, so accomplished! Do you know, my old friend, that she actually talks and writes a prettier Greek than I do, myself; yes, beats me on my own ground; makes sweeter music; composes lovelier hymns.

W. the Elder. I took it for granted, of course, that her Grace was all-accomplished. I have often regretted, indeed, that she was not permitted to live out her days on earth. Our terrestrial literature and music would, I am sure, have been great gainers in consequence. But I ask ten thousand pardons for alluding to a theme so painful.

Lady J. Not at all—not at all, my friend. Your allusion was perfectly natural and proper. My earthly career was, indeed, a brief one, and its close stained with sorrow and suffering; but, on the whole, there was far more sunshine than gloom in it. Nay, up to the last few months of my pilgrimage, when the ill-judged, wicked ambition of my kindred, placed that fatal bauble on my brow, all had been bright and beautiful around me; not a moment, laden with care or guilt, can I recall; but many, indeed, that kind teachers, pleasant books, sweet meditations, made precious. And even the last, sad, closing scene—even that, my friend, I have long ago discovered, was all for the best—all for the best.

W. the Elder. And yet, that bigoted, cruel, bloody Mary—

Lady J. Blame her not—blame her not. Ah, there was far more that was good and loveable about her, than you are aware of. Remember the troublous times in which she lived; remember the civil and religious storms that were perpetually raging about her; her bad advisers, her profligate father, the crafty priests that were plying her continually with their false suggestions and poisonous sophisms; remember the innumerable temptations to injustice and cruelty, that surrounded her, and be charitable.

W. the Elder. Oh, you're the same blessed angel of forgiveness as ever.

Lady J. (not heeding the remark.) But, above all, my friend, remember her bitter sufferings since leaving earth; the blessed change that has come over her; her deep and hearty penitence, our sweet reconciliation, and renewed vows, in the land of spirits. Think, think of all these things, and you will surely be less ready to denounce her; nay more, may doubt, perhaps, whether

my little, ten days' royalty, and untimely death, were not, after all, a more desirable destiny, than her tumultuous and blood-stained reign.

W. the Elder, (after a pause.) Indeed, indeed they were. Yes, yes; the more I reflect upon it, the more rejoiced, the more grateful am I, that you died just as you did. Had it been otherwise, what a sweet martyr would have been lost to us—what a precious example for our inspiration! Heaven only knows how many drooping souls that example has already cheered—how much faltering virtue it has confirmed—how many unreasonable murmurs it has stifled! What are the accessions; indeed, to our literature and philosophy, that might have grown out of your prolonged years, compared with that dear image of murdered innocence, and the lessons that it teaches, and *will* teach, through all coming time! Again, had your Grace been spared, who knows—but pardon me; I am too bold.

Lady J. Not so—not so. I like this honest, truth-seeking disposition of yours. Finish your speech.

W. the Elder. I was merely about to add, that had you lived, trouble and grief would too surely have overtaken you. I speak not of the mere loss of that lustrous beauty, of the clouding of that bright mind, which years must have brought, at last; but might not even *your* fair fame have been tarnished? might not "black scandal and foul-faced reproach" have dimmed somewhat its brightness, and in a way that the faithful chronicler, however, convinced in his own heart, of your innocence, could not have exposed or answered? Ah yes, 'twas indeed for the best, this early translation of yours, to more blessed realms. You would have been quite out of place in that tumultuous, wicked court of Mary; as much so as dear Ophelia was in the corrupt and riotous one of Denmark. How is it, by the way, that Shakspeare should have overlooked such a glorious opportunity of commemorating genius and virtue, and not have composed a play in your honor—no, nor even a poor sonnet. I can't comprehend it.

Cor. Do you know that I was rallying the bard, myself, not long ago, on that very point; and so successfully, that he sat down instantly, and constructed a most exquisite sonnet upon the dear theme.

W. the Elder. Lives it in your memory? If so, with her Grace's permission, should be delighted to hear it.

*Cor. (Repeats the verses in question.)**

W. the Elder. Delicious! delicious! The true Shakspearian smack. What ineffably

*The editor can neither comprehend, nor justify, the strange negligence of his kinsman, in not having secured, on the spot, a copy of said sonnet.

small beer, brother Akenside's lines on her Ladyship, seem in comparison!

Cor. I shouldn't wonder, by the way, my old host, if you were a bit of a poet yourself. You have an enthusiastic, fanciful kind of way about you, certainly.

W. the Elder. I a poet? No, indeed; your swan-ship never made a greater mistake.

Cor. I don't believe you. Your blushes belie your words. Nay, your whole air and manner betray the votary of Phœbus. Is it not so, sister?

Lady J. Well, our friend certainly has an honest, hearty kind of a face. I have seen greater harmony and symmetry of features, to be sure; but on the whole, I rather like the expression.

Cor. Come, come, my old friend; own up, now, and strike up. I have just given you a sonnet, and I insist on having one in exchange.

W. the Elder. I assure you again, my dear ghostess, I have no such gift. I did venture once, to be sure, on a few stanzas, commemorative of a certain cough-candy, which an enterprising friend was then introducing to the metropolis. They, and a tribute of gratitude to an eminent chiropodist, and a page of *Bonbon-disticks*, and a stray charade or two, constitute my entire poetical works. Ah yes, there *was* one other transcendent performance, I remember.

Cor. What was that?

W. the Elder. An elegy on a dear Philadelphia friend, who perished in the flower of his youth, of a *succotash-surfeit*.

Cor. Pource enfant! But really, my dear host, I am surprised that you did not occasionally venture on themes more worthy of your genius.

W. the Elder. I beg your pardon. Those were the very themes that suited my genius. Whenever I have undertaken more lofty subjects, such as the services of Lafayette, for instance, or the Landing of the Pilgrims, or the Passage of the Delaware, I have failed signally; as much so, indeed, as some of our foreign fiddlers, who have recently attempted to transfer the sublimity and beauty of Niagara to their violins.

Cor. That was a bold undertaking, certainly; sufficiently difficult, I should say, for the pencil; but quite beyond the grasp, nay, foreign to the mission, either of stringed or wind instrument.

W. the Elder, (aside.) The very remark which I made myself, to one of the artists in question; but I got nothing but the epithet of old fog in reply. You are no believer, then, Corinna, in descriptive music?

Cor. Of course not. What perverseness thus to attempt to blend arts which the Creator himself hath separated! Why, under

heaven, have nine Muses, if each is to usurp the other's functions?

W. the Elder. True, true; and you, as the tenth, ought besides to be conclusive authority on such a subject. But I am afraid her Serene Highness is displeased at my frivolity.

Lady J. Not at all, old friend; though, I must say, you are a most strange compound. No, no; I like a bit of innocent fun, as well as any body, in any world.

W. the Elder. I am delighted to hear you say so. I confess I had my misgivings whether much joking was allowed in those blessed regions which you are in the habit of frequenting.

Lady J. And do you suppose that our blessed Father in heaven hath banished innocent mirth from any star in his universe? No, indeed.

W. the Elder. Well, I have always had a vague kind of feeling that it must be so; but it would mightily astonish some of my orthodox neighbors to hear it, I assure you. They have drawn very different pictures both of the happiness and misery beyond the grave, from those which you have hinted at.

Lady J. All mortal speculations touching immortal experiences, must, of course, be more or less tinged with error and presumption. The good Book hath said but little about these mysteries, and thereby hath left all the more spacious play-ground for poor human fancies to disport themselves in; and they certainly have led their owners a most strange and capricious dance of it; framing both joys and terrors alike removed from reason and the truth. Far be it from me, my friend, to encourage any unprofitable conferences on these themes; still less, to disclose secrets which are not for mortal ears; but those same sour, puritanical notions, to which you just now alluded, (and which were quite too common in my own little day on earth,) are so radically unsound, so unworthy of God or of his children, so calculated to rob human life of its true relish and significance, that I feel bound, as a truthful spirit, to protest against them wherever I may be. But no more on this head.

W. the Elder. Go on, your Ladyship, go on. I don't hear such preaching often, I assure you.

Cor. No, indeed; our sister is truly a charming talker, when she gets fairly roused.

Lady J. You must excuse me, friends. The theme is too grave a one to be lightly treated. I fear I have said too much, as it is. But, bless me, my worthy host, does your time-piece tell the truth? Mid-day already! Why, I have an appointment with Plato this very moment; so farewell, friends.

W. the Elder. And must your Grace really leave us so abruptly?

Lady J. I must, indeed, and without fur-

ther delay or ceremony; and so, once more, adieu! You'll not forget that little affair I was speaking to you about, Cora?

Cor. You may depend upon me, without fail. (*Exit Lady Jane.*)

W. the Elder. What a divine being!

Cor. A perfect Psyche, is she not?

W. the Elder. She is, indeed. Raphael himself never painted anything half so lovely. May I, without impropriety, inquire what engagement she had reference to?

Cor. What, with Plato? Oh certainly. She is pursuing her metaphysical studies under his direction, and I need hardly add, that she is, by all odds, his pet pupil.

W. the Elder. Indeed! It was the appointment with yourself, however, that I was asking about.

Cor. Ah, true, true. That's quite another affair. Well, I see no harm in telling. You must know, then, that her Ladyship has been occupying some of her leisure hours, lately, in putting Comus into Greek, and she feels somewhat delicate about presenting the bard with her version of his poem, till she has consulted me as to its accuracy. She might far better have referred the matter to Plato; for, as I told you before, she is more of a Hellenist than I am myself.

W. the Elder. By the way, have you seen Corinne lately, Corinna?

Cor. I have.

W. the Elder. Where, and how is she, and what is she doing?

Cor. Well, to respond in your own style, she is in charming quarters in the star Cenerentola, in tip-top health and spirits, and writing more delightful romances than ever. You don't often get such rapid and satisfactory answers, do you, my old boy?

W. the Elder. You're not quizzing me, now?

Cor. Honor bright. More than that, she is, as usual, the centre of a most agreeable circle, and is living on the borders of a lake, as much lovelier than Leman, as Jupiter is larger than Earth. I ought to know, for it's hardly a week since I met your friends, Malibran and Byron, there.

W. the Elder. The dewee you did! And is Malibran the same syren, in the spirit, that she was in the body?

Cor. Oh, don't ask so many questions. Of course she is; a most fascinating creature. But I must be off.

W. the Elder. What, so soon?

Cor. Immediately, I have not a very long journey before me, however.

W. the Elder. No, I suppose not more than a thousand millions of aerial leagues, or so.

Cor. Only to the Fifth Avenue.

W. the Elder. Indeed!

Cor. And pray, what is there so strange

in that? I have been paying visits to a young friend there, more or less, for the last six months.

W. the Elder. And so you know all about us New Yorkers?

Cor. Well, I have seen some little of your best society, as you call it.

W. the Elder. And I should infer, from that sarcastic tone, that you didn't think much of it.

Cor. Candidly, I do not. It may seem ungracious to say so, after partaking of its hospitalities; but so it is. Especially do the evening entertainments, to which it is so addicted, appear to me to be liable to criticism.

W. the Elder. Your reasons, sweet swan, your reasons.

Cor. Well, in the first place, there is always such a mob of people present; which, of itself, most grievously offends my eye, as an artist. What signifies, indeed, elegance of figure, or brilliancy of costume, where we are all jammed together, like so many berries in a basket? And then, the infelicitous arrangement of the lights, not collected in grand masses, and with due regard to *chiaro-scuro*, but scattered all about, in a way to destroy the whole effect of the picture. And then, the absurdly extravagant display of the supper-tables, loaded down with all manner of dainties and perishable knick-knacks and conceits in sugar; contrasting most painfully, my friend, with the entire absence of works of art, and of objects suggestive of bright thoughts and brilliant repartee; which to us Greeks, you know, were almost necessities of life. Not to speak of the hot, stifling air, the mad flow of wine, and I regret to add, the painful predominance of bad manners.

W. the Elder. You certainly are rather severe on us, Corinna.

Cor. Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean to say that I haven't stumbled over some dear, delightful old ladies and gentlemen, on these occasions, and a few young folks worth looking at and listening to. But far too many of the guests have been miserable foplings, strutting about, with their meagre figures encased in grotesque garments, and with an insolence in their manner only equalled by their inanity; and bold young women, with high-pitched voices, and low-cut dresses, in whose faces I could see but faint traces of that gentleness, delicacy, sensibility, which are the glory of our sex.

W. the Elder. You haven't met with many of Shakespeare's women, then, at these soirées?

Cor. What, the Perditas, the Rosalinds, the Imogens? Oh no, no—no, no, no. You introduced this subject, my old friend, remember; and so you mustn't blame me for speaking out, in my own frank way, about it.

W. the Elder. You're right, perfectly right. We deserve every word of it. I have sometimes ventured on the same strain of remark, myself, but have uniformly been called a miserable old misanthrope for my pains. We certainly do behave very ridiculously, and spend our money most absurdly.

Cor. So it appears to me. I see a grand display of jewelry, furniture, equipages, in this fine town of yours, and a brilliant sight it is, I confess. But then there are other things, far more interesting, that I miss vastly. Where is your Glyptotheca, and your Pinacotheca? Where is your *Jardin des Plantes*, your Flower-Garden, and above all, your Metropolitan Park, for the poor folks to taste the air in on holidays?

W. the Elder. Where, indeed? I not only see nothing of the sort, myself, but am very much afraid my great-great-grand-children never will, either.

Cor. Where, too, are the statues of your *Illustrissimi*? Did we treat our benefactors in this style? When I think of our own dear little Athens, that never, in its most prosperous state, had more than a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants in it, and yet was adorned with such a brilliant marble population, and then of this vast and flourishing metropolis of yours, and the strange contrast it presents, in this regard, I feel as if you ought to be taken to task most severely, for such negligence and perverseness.

W. the Elder. Your rebuke is a most righteous one.

Cor. But I must positively be off.

W. the Elder. I am very sorry. Do pray stay, and scold us a little longer. Abuse from Corinna is more agreeable than praise from most people.

Cor. Ah, you're a wicked old wag, I fear, for all that solemn phiz of yours.

W. the Elder. By the way, have you seen Pindar recently?

Cor. Not for a great while.

W. the Elder. I had the honor of a call from him not long since.

Cor. Indeed! You found him agreeable, I hope.

W. the Elder. Very pleasant and chatty, I assure you.

Cor. But, my old host, are you in the habit of having these spiritual receptions?

W. the Elder. Well, I see a few select ghosts occasionally; seldom one of your beauty and brilliancy, however.

Cor. Ah, now you're beginning your compliments again—off I fly.

W. the Elder. Well, if you must, you must. But do drop down soon again.

Cor. I will, and so, bye-bye.

W. the Elder. Adieu, sweet Muse, adieu! (*Exeunt.*)

"UNCLE TOM" IN FRANCE.

"La Case du Père Tom, ou Vie des Nègres en Amérique, par Henriette Beecher Stowe. Traduction de la Bédollière. Illustrations Anglaises." We had heard of the translation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," into French, as well as into many other European tongues, and felt a great curiosity to see this popular story in a foreign dress. We, therefore, procured a French copy, printed with excellent type, on good paper, embellished with fifty engravings, and sold at the very low rate of 1 franc, 50 centimes. To translate the negro idiom, is, of course, impossible; and, indeed, a translation of many parts, would require more than a mere acquaintance with the English language; some knowledge of the peculiar manners and customs at the South, would be indispensable. One can imagine the amusement excited in a French theatre when Shakespeare's "Othello" was being performed; and the actor, alluding to the handkerchief which caused so much mischief, raved frantically for his "*mouchoir*." In the French translation of "PARADISE LOST," "Hail, horrors, hail!" is thus rendered: "*Comment vous portez vous, les horreurs, comment vous portez vous?*" In Voltaire's translation of one of Shakespeare's plays, we find this curious error: One of the characters declares his resolution to *carve* for himself a fortune with his sword. Voltaire put it into French, which means—

"What care I for lands! With my sword
I will make a fortune cutting meat."

Another writer, shocked at such a blunder, undertook a more correct translation of the immortal bard. Coming to the following passage:

"Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woo-begone,"

he converted the italicized words into "So grief! be off with you!" Recollecting these amusing anecdotes, we anticipated some diversion from our witnessing the metamorphoses effected upon Sambo and Topsy, Adolphe and Ross, when changed into French gentlemen and ladies.

The translator says: "We have been blamed for not having translated the title of the American work, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' by 'La Case de l'Oncle Tom.' This would be literal, but not correct, and would convey the idea of the hero being an uncle surrounded by his nephews. This is not the fact. Certain aged persons of respectable character are called *uncles*, or *aunts*, in America, as we call them *pères* or *mères* in France. They say, '*Uncle Tom*,' '*Aunt Dorcas*,' as we say '*Père Antoine*,' or '*Mère Jeannie*.'" After this sensible defence, no one can question the propriety of the title. The preface contains an extract from an article in the

"*Journal des Débats*, by Mr. Lemoine, a competent critic, who speaks of the work in such terms as the following:—

"Here is a small volume, which contains in some hundreds of pages, all the elements of a revolution. * * * Philosophical maxims only influence a small number of literary and cultivated minds, but painting and the drama affect the mass, and every individual. Now this book is a succession of living pictures, of representations of martyrs, who rise one after the other, exhibiting their wounds, their blood, and their chains, and who demand justice in the name of humanity, and above all, in the name of that Saviour who suffered and died for them, as well as for us."

The translator declares that, if his readers do not consider the story as one of the most remarkable productions which have appeared for many years, the fault will be his, not theirs.

It may be amusing to our readers to see how the humor and spirit of several passages have evaporated by the process of translation. The sin which Miss Ophelia held in especial abhorrence and contempt, was "shiftlessness," which we find rendered "*légers*." This may be a very good word, and approach as nearly as possible to the original idea; but any one will admit that it is much less expressive to us. Many words and phrases are entirely omitted in the French volume; perhaps from the impossibility of conveying their meaning to the reader. Topsy's result of her reflections on her origin—"spect I grow'd"—is not given. Her plea for condemning herself about theft—"Misses said I must 'fess—is translated, "Madame m'avait dit d'avouer." Chloe, Dinah, and all the other negroes, converse in the same style as their masters and mistresses; and thus not only their amusing remarks, but their touching expressions of grief, suffer much by the translation. Still there is quite enough to enchain the attention and affect the risible and lachrymal organs; so that we found ourselves laughing over Topsy's pranks, and weeping by Eva's death-bed, although these scenes were described in a foreign language.

DEATH OF PLINY THE ELDER. *

Pliny the Elder, the distinguished member of an ancient and noble family, was born at Verona, A. D. 23. From his earliest youth he manifested surprising eagerness for

* Related in a letter from Pliny the Younger, to his friend S-pitius—also the appearance of Mount Vesuvius during that memorable eruption, which destroyed Pompeii.

the acquisition of knowledge, displaying an aptitude far beyond his years. This disposition was most fully developed in opening manhood, and still remained with undiminished power, when business and professional cares necessarily absorbed much of his attention. Deeming every moment lost, which was not dedicated to study, or spent in profitable employment, his devotion to political and literary pursuits was only equalled by the successful results of his efforts. It is related of him, that while at dinner, his custom was to make one of his attendants read aloud to him from such works of a valuable character as he might select. Fulfilling the injunction of Seneca, "*Probatos itaque libros semper lege*"—being thus placed in contact with the best society in every period of former history—with the wisest, the best, the bravest, the purest characters who had adorned humanity, and at the same time bringing his superior judgment to bear upon what he read, is it surprising that he should have reaped the merited rewards of such a course? The profundity of his acquirements, his irreproachable character, and well-disciplined mind, all secured for him the respect and esteem of his countrymen. At one time a brave officer in the field, again, an Augur at Rome, and then Governor of Spain, he discharged the duties incumbent upon each of these positions with an accuracy, a promptitude, and a propriety, which elicited the approval of every one. He has left behind him many testimonials of his diligent and profitable literary labors, in numerous valuable treatises. No small degree of that notoriety which attaches to the name of Pliny, is due to the particular manner of his death, concerning which erroneous opinions are not unfrequently entertained. Some have supposed that he, while casually visiting Mount Vesuvius, in consequence of a sudden eruption, was unexpectedly overtaken by a shower of ashes, and buried beneath it. Others, indulging in more poetic details, have portrayed his death in such romantic colors, that the reader is at once induced to regard the entire account as little less than another Empedoclean story. It is then truly interesting, as well as gratifying, to the student of history, to find presented before him a faithful history of the occurrence, as related by one who was himself a partial observer of those scenes which there transpired.

The following is a translation of a letter from Pliny the Younger to his friend Septimius, containing a description of this eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and the circumstances attending the death of his uncle Pliny the Elder. The facts are stated in such a plain, candid and familiar manner, that they commend the narrative directly to the notice and belief of every reader. Pliny's death occur-

red in the seventy-ninth year of the Christian era, he being then in the fifty-sixth year of his age. It is a well-known fact, that Pompeii was overwhelmed at this time, and covered to the depth of many feet, by the vast quantities of ashes and stones which ejected, together with the melted lava, from the craters, descended upon that city and the surrounding plain. The general interest which has been awakened by the subsequent exhuming of Pompeii and Herculaneum, with all their thousand curiosities, will, we hope, justify us in presenting this sketch of the manner in which they were for many years entirely blotted out from among the cities of the earth. The circumstances of the philosopher's death have gained for him the appellation of the "*Martyr of Nature*."

LETTER.

"You desire me to furnish you with an account of the death of my uncle, in order that you may with greater accuracy transmit the facts to posterity. It affords me pleasure to comply with your wish: for I see that an immortality of glory will attend his death, if it be commemorated by you. Although he died under circumstances of such a character, that he will always live in the record of the destruction of this beautiful country—as cities and nations are immortalized by a remarkable event—although he himself has penned very many works, which will survive him, still, the enduring nature of your productions will add much to the perpetuity of his fame. I deem those truly happy to whom it has been granted through the gifts of the Gods, either to perform acts worthy of being recorded, or to write matter worthy of being read. Those are the most favored who excel in each of these. Among the number of the latter will my uncle ever be found, both because of his own and your literary productions. I undertake this account the more readily since I also demand a fulfilment of your promise. He (i. e. Pliny the Elder) was at Misenum, and was in person commanding the fleet. The ninth day before the Kalends of September, (or the 23d of August,) the seventh hour having nearly arrived, my mother informed him that a cloud had appeared, of uncommon size and appearance. He, having previously enjoyed the pleasant sun, and afterwards a cold bath, had taken his meals, and was now reclining, engaged in study. Calling for his slippers, he gained an elevated position, whence this remarkable phenomenon could be best observed. A cloud arose, (it was a matter of uncertainty to those regarding it at a distance, from what mountain it ascended; afterwards it was found to have been Vesuvius,) whose appearance and shape no other tree can so accurately represent as a pine:

for rising aloft with a very long trunk, it spread out above into several branches. I suppose that this form may have been due to the fact, that being elevated by the force of some vigorous blast, then deserted by it as it failed, or borne down by its own weight, it disappeared in a lateral direction. The cloud appeared at one time white, at another dusky, and sometimes filled with dark spots, just as it contained either earth or ashes. The phenomenon seemed to this learned man remarkable, and one deserving a closer examination. He orders a fast-sailing vessel to be prepared, and gives me leave to accompany him if I desired. I replied that I preferred to study, and that he himself had perhaps given me some writing which should be attended to. He left the house, taking with him his writing tablets. The sailors on board the fleet belonging to Retina, terrified at the imminent danger, (for that village was near the mountain, nor was there any way of escape therefrom, except with the assistance of ships—besought him to flee from the alarming danger. His design is changed, and what he at first commenced, from a spirit of inquiry alone, he now determines to perform from a feeling of the noblest benevolence. The galleys are launched, and he embarks with the intention of rescuing not only the inhabitants of Retina, but also many others: for the pleasant character of the shore had attracted a dense population. Hastening to that spot whence others had just fled, with a steady helm he steers directly for the scene of peril, in so composed and fearless a state of mind, that he dictated and noted down all the changes, all the phases of the phenomenon, as they were observed with his own eyes. Now a shower of ashes fell upon the ship; as he approached nearer, it became warmer and more dense. Pumice stones also followed, and fragments of rock, blackened, burnt, and broken, by the action of the fire. There was then a sudden shoaling of the water, and the shore was obstructed by the masses thrown from the mountain. Hesitating a little whether he should return soon, to the pilot advising him to that effect, he replied, "*Fortune favors the brave—seek Pomponianus!*" He (i. e. Pomponianus) was at Stabiz, separated by an intervening bay; for there the sea rolls in upon the shore, which winds and curves inward. Pomponianus, although the danger was not as yet very imminent, yet truly obvious, finding it increasing, collected all his baggage from the nearest positions, and deposited it in his ships, confident of being able to escape, if the wind should subside, with which blowing exactly fair, my uncle had then entered the port. Landing, he embraces him trembling, encourages, and exhorts him to be of a stout heart. In order

that he might forget his fears in a sense of his security, he orders himself to be carried to the bath. Having washed, he reclined, supped, and appeared really cheerful, or, what is equally remarkable, behaved as one would who was in fine spirits. Meanwhile, from Mount Vesuvius, in many places, blazed very broad flames, and lofty fires, whose brilliancy and splendor were augmented by the darkness of the night. In order to dissipate the fears of those around him, he commanded the villas which had been deserted and left without inhabitants, in consequence of the alarm of the peasants, to be set on fire. He then sought rest, and slept very soundly; for the passage of his breath, which, on account of his large person, was deeper and more sonorous than usual, was heard by those who were watching at his threshold. But the entrance to the eating-room was so rapidly filling up with ashes mixed with pumice stones, that had he remained longer on his couch, it would have been impossible for him to have gotten out. Aroused from his sleep, he came forth and returned to Pomponianus and others, who remained awake on guard. A consultation is now held, whether they should remain within the houses, or walk out into the open fields. The houses swayed to and fro in consequence of the frequent and powerful tremblings of the earth, and, as it were, moved from their foundations, seemed to totter hither and thither. In the open air, on the other hand, was to be feared the fall of the pumice stones, although they were comparatively light and porous. A comparison of dangers, however, decided the latter to be the least, and while one reason conquered another in him, one fear prevailed over another in his companions. Having placed pillows upon their heads, they bound them there with linen girdles. This served as a protection against the falling fragments. Now at one instant the light of day shone forth; at another, there was night, darker and denser than all other nights, which neither the countless torch-like emissions of flame nor the various lights could irradiate. It pleased him now to approach the sea-shore, and from the nearest point discover whether there was any chance of escape by the sea, which up to this time had remained rough and boisterous. There, reclining upon a linen cloth, which had been spread down for him, he twice called for cold water and drank. Then the flames and the smell of sulphur—a sure precursor of flame—drove away his companions, in flight, and awoke him. Supported by two attendants, he rose up, yet immediately fell. I suppose his breath was obstructed by the dense smoke, and his stomach closed, which was naturally weak, and subject to nausea, producing fre-

quent eruptions: Three days afterwards his body was found, perfect, uninjured, and with no article of his dress displaced. The general aspect of the body was rather that of one asleep, than of one who was dead. During this time, I and my mother were at Misenum. But you have asked nothing relating to his history, nor do you wish any other facts save those connected with his death. I will therefore conclude, adding only this single remark, that I have truly related all the circumstances which transpired while I was present, and such as I learned immediately, at a time when the facts could be most accurately stated. Of these you can select those most worthy of note. The former properly belong to a letter—the latter to a history. The former you may communicate to a friend—the latter to the public generality. Farewell."

MULE-TRACKS IN SOUTH-AMERICA.

THIRD PART.

From any height which commands a view of the campagna, streams that have their sources in the Sierra are to be seen running southerly and eastward. Unequal in volume, and allowing of no navigation, they serve but to enrich and keep alive the almost tropical vegetation. To cross these, one must not calculate on bridges; horses must ford and men must wade. If there exist a bridge, it may, if not already, be buried in a swollen torrent. Like the violent passions that suddenly break on the calm and serene countenance of one of Italia's daughters, or the storms that spring, without forewarning, over the long calms of the equator, so the *rio* that to-day you despise, is to-morrow like a terrible avenger, with a wrath to be appeased only by some sweeping devastation, and a noise to be heard, though only to wailing forests or some benighted traveller. But speaking of water, let us not forget the fountains. With Pagan, or if you will, Catholic titles, and running from mouths of sculptured stone beneath the shadow of some church, or up-walling from rude rocks which the hand of man may have fashioned but has not arranged, they are ever welcome and pleasant. Who knows not how the ancient painters sought their ideal, whether of pastoral scenery or the expression of human form and character, around fountains, the most ancient as well as most permanent of Asiatic erections? We find fountains in South America by churches that have fallen into ruins—the living water still running fresh and free, where the living voice has been silenced, and the listeners turned to dust.

That the Moors were the first conquerors

of South America is evidenced on every hand. Earthquakes have not effaced the tokens of their architecture. From the steeples of cathedral churches to their bases, from the meanest hut of *pita* to the high-storied brick dwelling, the influence of Asiatic taste may be easily traced.

An awful scent is in the air. A mule laden with garlic is tramping by, and seems fain to keep us company as we leave the chief plaza, and, accoutred for a further journey, turn our horses' heads towards the Garaguata—a swift-running stream, watering the valley of Antimano—having in view the village of Las Juntas, elevated on its southern ridge, and known for a *posada* stored with sausages and pork, puddings and dried beef, for the entertainment of travellers. Till we arrive there we must subsist on cold boiled poultry and hard boiled eggs. Thence over picturesque ground we pass by the valley of Aragua to Victoria, reaching it by the bed of a torrent that has long since given up the ghost. What waving hills, and plains, and slopes have girded us in our nimble passage. The whole country seems alive with motion. Trees and shrubs, sugar, indigo, maize and cacao plantations, beneath bright skies, give a light and airy aspect, that cheers the heart, and inclines one rather to loiter than urge his beast forward. But a good ragout is necessary for the cravings of a South American stomach, and a good ragout cannot be got without due preparation. Perhaps you prefer mutton or kid, and these articles, certainly, don't drop down from the clouds. Passing from Victoria to San Mateo, we come in sight of the estate of Bolivar, where is still a vast sugar mill. San Mateo, leads on to Tulmero a great mercantile depot. The direction is now west, and our line of march is around the base of mountains. Pushing on from Maracay to the lake of Valencico, we avail ourselves of a boat to push out upon the ruffled water, and leaving our mules to be taken round by a *hombre de provechero*, adopt this long and circuitous route to the city. Mountains, like natural bastions, hem us round, shutting out from sight all further view. It is on these heights armies have been stayed, by a voice sterner than by which imperial Rome fixed her limits at the Rubicon. Here battles have been fought, and armies, long subject to disaster, cut off from retreat, have regained the trophies of their victors, and "ruled, for the time, sovereigns of the ascendant." It would require but a modicum of imagination to see those armies again marshalled in the mist that rests upon these hills, or even their mighty conflicts as the sheeted flames of a descending sun break up this mist into strange and moving masses.

But to make the present past. This lake

was the scene of one of my most tragic American adventures. As we flew—a joyous company—in our light sail-boat, the roving song of an English smuggler came, by some strange fantasy, into our mind:

On, through the ground-sea, shove!
Light on the larboard bow!
There's a nine-knot breeze above,
And a sucking tide below!

Hush! for the beacon falls:
The skulking gauger's fly,
Down with your studding sails,
Let jib and fore-sail fly!

Hurrah, for the light once more!
Point her for Shark's Nose Head,
Our friends can keep the shore,
Or the skulking gauger's dead.

On, through the ground-sea, shove!
Light on the larboard bow!
There's a nine-knot breeze above,
And a sucking tide below!

The cool breeze, fresh from the mountains, the broad expanse of water, ruffled now and then into white foam, the sounding of the waves as they beat upon a rocky shore, or were almost smothered within the latticed foliage of some fallen trees, engendered an elasticity of feeling that to a traveller through the sultry heats of South America, is apt to be as novel as it is welcome. Our craft was soon drawn into a rapid current—the “sucking tide” that I had somewhat prophetically anticipated in my far-drawn song. More than once a strong eagle swooped down, and before dropping on our wake for whatever fish might chance to turn up, wheeled in ever-narrowing circles round us. The last adventurer met a deadly fate. My rifle was true to its aim; and, with a few additional paces gained, the lord of the dreary solitudes of space was my victim. Such, alas! had been the fate too often of liberty in this republic. Whilst soaring high, with a feeling that seemed capable of spurning all restraints, and glorying in its own inherent strength and might, it has stooped but to its doom, and in place of finding a refuge amidst men, human power and will have been arrayed against it. The struggles of the States of South America for political independence, has illustrated every article in the creed of tyrants, as well as every principle in the heart of patriots. But whither is our vessel veering? Voices hail it from the shore. Alarm seems to seize our helmsman. The *bogas* share it. *Gracias Dios!* What is going to happen?

It was in vain we shouted. The sails were being furled by the *bogas*, and the boat glided gently towards a thicket. Soon, dark, lurking, Spanish forms were discoverable—low, short-built men of sinister aspect, who carried stealth in their very features, as an

acknowledgment they had no right to live. We were hailed and demanded the meaning of this; but before answer could be returned, the boat had grounded, and was surrounded by men armed with muskets, and defiant looks. No choice was left but to step ashore, which we did not do, however, without a somewhat urgent invitation.

“We have seen you lurking along the shore,” said the chief, “and have no doubt of your intentions. We will have no intruders here, however, on our *mining rights*. So it is best you should take warning. Indeed, it will be a matter of consultation with us, whether you are not in the pay of the government.”

Upon this, doubly environed, we were led along through a narrow defile, to a coverture of shrubbery, that rose in circular form around. Sitting on the verdant turf that formed the bottom, we could discover the golden metal glittering wherever the rock above protruded. We were not allowed to suffer either hunger or thirst. The idea of taking away a specimen of the imbedded mineral haunted me. My companion, engaging, as the safest method, to stay by the boat, or rather by the chances the captors might allow for return, I was the more ready to trust myself to the hazards of curiosity. Up I sprang into the thicket, mounting higher and higher. The loose soil crumbled beneath the working of my hands and feet. It was truly an auriferous mould. Wherever sunlight could break through, the golden particles, sometimes in solid mass, were gleaming. When gaining the highland, I was still protected by trees and plants from observation. It was occasionally next to impossible to force a passage. Suddenly, I heard a low hammering. An opening in a crumbling quartz rock to my right, which might have been the work of nature or art, gave me a glimpse of a scene which brought to mind the wealth of the later Incas and the early glories of Pizarro. There, in the open air, in an immense hollow and with the cop-pice cleared away, low furnaces were glowing. I observed no smoke ascended. Moving by, hurriedly, and with ladles of what appeared molten metal, were some ten or twelve men. Again and again these returned to the furnaces, that seemed to burn more brightly with the decline of day. With night these fires were extinguished. The smiths left their forges, to go Heaven knows where! For myself, I had no covert, and a storm was rising. Masses of broken cloud dashed across the sky above. I heard the cry of sea-birds hastening inland. I will defer describing a tropical storm of which this might be the bordering edge. Enough that every element of nature seemed invoked—fire, air, earth and water. Impelled by

curiosity, I stole down into this unlegalized retreat, gently and cautiously. A low, Indian figure was crouching by the smouldering embers of a furnace—crouching so low, and presenting such a rolled up figure, that I doubted whether it were man or woman. I stooped to the form, and addressed it in Spanish. My object was to secure a guide to Valencia. To linger in this place of treasure were certain death. It was a woman who returned my answer. With a searching look, and a change of expression, that the embers she had blown with her mouth more completely to distinguish me, revealed, she sprang up with an agility that alarmed me, and bid me wait a few moments. Those few moments, how terrible and long they proved! But this was my only hope. I had already, on gaining a full view of the country, distrusted my power of traversing it. The Indian woman, on making her appearance, bore a somewhat heavy bundle on her back, and held in her hand what proved a portion of a broken bar of gold. How through the watches of the night we threaded the long waste of country that lay between this spot and Valencia, halting at day-break, might well find a place on the record of the marvellous. There was nothing like a path. We followed the course of a torrent. Trees, rocks and hills assumed, in the gloom, the strangest forms. I saw the ancient Titans hewing into the bowels of the earth, and armies led along in chains by spectre victors. What images will not a pained, excited, and alarmed imagination throw up! On approaching Valencia, I felt in my pocket for my passport. It was damp, and the characters were almost effaced. Nevertheless it was sufficient for identity. The Indian woman handed me the mass of gold for safer keeping, lest she should be searched at the barrier. We did not, however, enter together. She requested me to enter first, promising to meet me in the grand square, which she never did, though I lingered in Valencia for weeks. So her treasure was unreclaimed. She had won her freedom, and, it may be, feared to be again enslaved.

Freedom is above gold; and the child of Nature may be happy without the luxuries of life.

"And is this the great lesson you learnt from your sojourn in South America?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what of your companion?"

"He had the privilege of water conveyance in the direction of Caraccas."

The "National Portrait Gallery" under its new proprietors promises to be a splendid work. The gentlemen who now have it in charge are fully up to their task.

BIZARRE AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

THE PLANTER; OR, THIRTEEN YEARS IN THE SOUTH. By a *Northern Man*.

It is the Southern side—the sunny side of slavery—which this book takes, and really the pictures of comfort are such as the poor of any country might envy. The author speaks from his own observation, and he makes "Uncle Tom's Cabin," generally, an abode of peace, well furnished with the necessities of life, and not unfrequently with its comforts, and even elegancies. It is a book on one side, and those who have read the other should read this. It is impossible to read it, without seeing that justice is not generally done to the South, in what is written and spoken. The general rule is, that slaves are well treated, well content, well fed and clothed, well cared for in sickness and old age. It is further remarkable, as this work shows, that, as a class, they are more moral in mass, and more in number religious, than the lower classes of any other race or country;—that the benefit to the poor African of captivity, and of his retention here in bondage, over anything he could have enjoyed in Africa, or can, or ever has enjoyed in freedom here—is decided—marked as by the broad seal of Providence. And lastly, it is shown that the sympathy of the North—of England, of the world, has more fitting objects at home, or anywhere else, than in disturbing the peaceful relations of slaves in the South with their masters, who care more, and really and ever do more for them, than intervening humanity has ever done or proposed to do. On the whole, the book is sprightly in style, thrilling in incident, and puts things, all along, right side up. Its narratives are well conducted, and distinguished by such variety, wit and satire, as will agreeably entertain, while the moral tone and christian sincerity of the author will inspire full confidence in his statements. H. Hooker, Publisher, Philadelphia.

MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS.—Messrs. Lipincott, Grambo & Co., of Philadelphia, have just published the complete works of John Milton, in an elegant 12mo. volume, bound after the antique style. The work is edited with marked industry, by Mr. Charles Dexter Cleveland, who furnishes a well-written preface. It contains also a life of the author, and preliminary dissertations on each poem, with notes critical and explanatory. Besides, there is a general index to the subjects of *Paradise Lost*, and a verbal one to the other poems. The editor states, that in presenting a correct text of Milton, he has consulted Sir Edgerton Bridges', Todd's, Mitford's, and the editions of all others having the slightest reputation. He does not say that his work "is immaculate;" but this he asserts, and very

justly we suspect:—"I can truly say, that great and unwearied pains have been taken to avoid errors both in the text and the index." Todd's Milton, we have ever considered, a very imperfect one; but we had no idea, until we read Mr. Cleaveland's assertion, that the errors of his Indexes could reach the large number of *three thousand three hundred and sixty-two*. Mr. Cleaveland states, that in bringing out this edition of Milton, he sought to make it one which should be critical enough for the scholar, full enough for the general reader, and beautiful enough for the table of the opulent; while it should be cheap enough for the school-room, and for the dwellings of those, whose limited means prevent them from buying expensive books. Its popularity, we hope, will show that he has succeeded.

HAND BOOK OF UNIVERSAL GEOGRAPHY.—This book forms a volume of Putnam's Cyclopaedia, and will unquestionably meet with a large demand. It is prepared with care, and especially with an adaptation to the American reader. That it is perfect, we do not think; but that it is as perfect as any book of the kind which has recently appeared, is very clear. The editor has consulted the best authorities in the country, acknowledging his indebtedness to some of them;—for instance, Gov. Seward, M. de Sartiges, and Mr. Kennedy, late superintendent of the Census Bureau, at Washington. A list of abbreviations is a very valuable addendum to this work; the whole thing, indeed, is a credit to all concerned. It is quite as valuable in all parts, to the American reader, as McCulloch; indeed, it possesses accounts of new places, which are not contained even in that admirable gazetter.

LIVES OF THE BROTHERS HUMBOLDT.—The Harpers have just issued a very neat 12mo. of 398 pages, containing the lives of Alexander and William Humboldt. It is translated and arranged from the German of Klencke and Schlesier, by Juliette Bouer, and is embellished with portraits of the eminent brothers. The life of each has its claims to favor; the first, by reason of its adventure in various parts of the world; the last, on account of the scholarship and statesmanship of its hero. Old and young will gain much useful knowledge by a perusal of this book, especially that part of it comprising the traveller's adventures, necessarily of the most interesting quality and character.

DR. COX'S INTERVIEWS, MEMORABLE AND USEFUL; forms the subject of a neat 12mo. volume, of about 330 pages, which comes to us from the Harpers. The venerable author is settled over the first Presbyterian Church, in the city of Brooklyn, and has been long prominent in the world, not only among his own denomination, but among all the other

sects and creeds. He is a very clever though somewhat eccentric man, and ought to be able to make a valuable book; which, let us add, the one in notice, barring its classical pendants, unquestionably is. The interviews it embraces, are those had by its author with Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Emmons, John Quincy Adams, "two pseudo-apostles," and a fashionable lady at Calais, France; and they are preceded by reflections miscellaneous, in an inscription to twelve ruling elders in the Presbyterian Church. The style of the revered author is very peculiar; yet what it lacks in roundness and cleanliness—if we may so express ourselves of its sentences—it makes up in effectiveness. We have read the book thus far but cursorily, but shall examine it more closely at the earliest moment we can do so.

ROLAND TREVOR.—This is a personal narrative, from the press of Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of our city, the object of which originally was to influence and direct the career of a son of the author. The hero is certainly a very sensible gentleman, and possessed of high moral qualities. The end sought by his book would justify an autobiography far more meagre in incident than is his. One is not disposed to criticise thought, style, or plot, in a book written with so warmly affectionate an object as that which we notice. "I wanted to benefit an only son who is now no more," says the author. "Good sir," we reply, "your motive was admirable; we cannot view, with a critic's eye, the literary character of your book: its simple, common-place incidents excite regard at once, because of the noble purpose for which they were written." "Roland Trevor," however, contains more to recommend it than the mere high purpose of its author in writing. There is information touching manners and customs in various parts of our country, which is valuable; while young men generally may gather from its pages much knowledge as to the best method of piloting themselves along the voyage of life. Such a book, if young folks would only read it, is calculated to neutralize the pernicious influences wielded by your Reynoldses, your Ainsworths, your Melvilles and—we add, with hat in hand—the productions of certain lady writers, who shall be nameless. But young folks have had their palates vitiated by these high-seasoned entremets, and they are loth to feed on plain joints.

WORDSWORTH'S AMERICAN MISCELLANY.—The second volume of this prettily-printed and useful book of entertaining knowledge, has been issued by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston. It cannot fail to be popular, for it is exactly in keeping with the peculiar pictorial wants of the times. The author knows what he is about.

LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, have just issued the first volume of a new edition of this work, which they propose to complete in ten volumes. It is printed from the last London edition, published in 1849-50, and possesses the latest additions of its author, involving at times the re-writing of several pages, and the reversal of many opinions formerly expressed. It is the fourth American edition which has appeared, the first being published as early as 1819. The editor has added some notes to illustrate the text, but generally speaking, a close copy of the last London edition has been studied. Dr. Lingard was, up to the time of his death—13th July, 1851—a catholic. At one time, he was offered high honors in the church, which he declined, a cardinal's hat even having been tendered to him by Pope Leo XII. He writes, considering his church predilections, quite impartially; indeed, as authority, we consider him quite as reliable as the careless and prejudiced infidel Hume, or the polished, but at times, unscrupulous Macaulay.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. W. A. B. JOHNSON.—Messrs. Robert Carter & Sons, of New York, have sent us a 12mo. of 385 pages, neatly bound in cloth, with this title. It embraces a record of the life of an excellent man, who devoted himself to the offices of a missionary at Sierra Leone, in Africa; and is prefaced by a notice from Dr. Tyng. It is indeed a truly valuable book, in all respects. The subject of the memoir was a remarkable man. Well may Dr. Tyng say his course was effective, though short; intelligent, though with little of preparation; elevated, though possessed of but little of world's greatness. It will truly "appeal to young men to stir up the gift within them." It will show what great things the love of Christ may accomplish with very feeble outward means of influence."

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—The first volume of this work, now in course of publication in Household Words, has been issued by the Harpers. Dickens being the author, its excellence is a matter of course.

A HISTORY OF NERO.—This is another volume of Jacob Abbot's series of lives of celebrated characters, now being published by the Harpers. It is got up in beautiful style, like all its predecessors; binding, typography, engravings, &c., all of the most admirable character. The author is one of three very clever brothers, all of whom at present are employing their very available talents in behalf of the wealthy Clift street publishers.

"PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS."—"The Fat Contributor," and "Travels in London," form the contents of another volume of Appleton's Popular Library. These contents are all pro-

ductions of Thackeray, and possess the peculiar charms of that admirable author. Where a man trifles so sensibly as does Thackeray, the most stolid dignity may doff his cap to him, and yet stand perfectly well at the court of propriety. Comic writing, so called, is generally like a mere succession of grotesque contortions of the face in a circus clown; comic writing, to be really effective or classical, must be modelled after Shakespeare, Swift, Sterne, Dickens, Irving, Paulding, and Thackeray.

HISTORIC DOUBTS RELATIVE TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, AND HISTORICAL CERTAINTIES RESPECTING THE EARLY HISTORY OF AMERICA. This wonderful book has just been republished by Robert Carter & Brothers, New York. It first appeared in 1819, and as the preface indicates, many things spoken of in the present tense to which the past would now be applicable. It was written by Whately, and the object of it was to meet and overthrow arguments used by Hume and others, touching the superiority of evidence, of experience over evidence of testimony; or, rather, the importance of having one corroborated by the other, in order to a full conviction of the truth. Both would seem to favor the supposition that there was a Napoleon Bonaparte, and yet when one examines the arguments of our author to the contrary, he may well be pardoned for thinking a doubt not altogether ridiculous. Infidels find this book a hard one to master.

THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE.—Appleton & Co. send forth a republication of an English novel, with this title. It embraces two volumes, and is from the pen of the author of the "Two Guardians," "Henrietta's Wish," "The Kings of England," &c. We think we shall venture to read the Heir of Redcliffe; first, because it has an entertaining look, and second, because those whose judgment we consider good, speak of it most favorably.

"AGATHA'S HUSBAND" forms No. 181 of Harper's Library of Select Novels, and is from the pen of the author of "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "The Hero of the Family," &c. From the rapid glance we have given its pages, we pronounce it a tolerable story. The author certainly has a tolerable reputation, and hence one might readily suppose, would hardly make an intolerable book.

FOUR SEASONS.—A neatly executed volume is this, from Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. It embraces religious lectures on peculiar phenomena in the four seasons; viz, the resurrection of spring, the triumphal arch of summer, the euthanasia of autumn, and the coronation of winter, which lectures were delivered to the students in Amherst College in 1845, '47, '48, and '49, by President Hitchcock. Three editions have been

published, an evidence of public appreciation, fully indicating that public taste has still a leaven of purity, which if well kneaded in, will make a healthy and moral literature once more a paying investment.

GENESIS AND GEOLOGY.—Another good book is this; written for a good end, which has just been issued by Phillips, Sampson & Co. It comprises an investigation into the reconciliation of the modern doctrines of Geology, with the declarations of scripture, and was written by Denis Crofton, B. A. An introduction by President Hitchcock accompanies the volume.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

Messrs. King & Baird have printed in very neat style—a matter of course—the last address of Dr. Potts, before the Alumni of the University of Pennsylvania; and it is for sale by Joseph M. Wilson, Chestnut Street, below Ninth, to whom we acknowledge ourselves indebted for a copy.

The April number of "Graham" is superb, the embellishments in particular. An article on the "Songs of Morris" is a sensible tribute to the genius of the American Moore. The General, besides being a charming poet, is on all hands conceded to be a most noble-hearted man. It affords us pleasure to hear that his "Home Journal" is every day becoming more and more an essential to a complete home. We say all this about the General because he deserves it, as well as because ever since we have been in the editorial field, there have been those going between us, who have been disposed to keep us "at odds." The old "Mirror" had a correspondent in the person of a somewhat fat boy, of eighteen, whose *nom de plume* was "Theodore Crimp." Do you recollect him, General? Of course you do.

The London *Athenæum*, speaking of Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll's History of the second war with Great Britain, says among other things, the following:—

"The work, though professedly a history of the Second War between Great Britain and the United States, might more properly be entitled 'An American's views of European politics, and of the mutual relations of Europe and America, a *propos* of the events of 1814-15.'" Though the author occasionally pursues a continuous narrative, he is constantly branching out into all kinds of discussions; and it is in these discussions that the chief value of the work, at least for European readers, will be found to lie. Indeed, three-fourths of the first volume are entirely taken up with what the writer intrudes as what he evidently considers an attractive digression,—namely, a dissertation from the American point of view on the character and career of Napoleon, as General, First Consul, Emperor, and Exile. It is to this portion of

the work, which ought properly to have been published as an independent essay, that the reader will turn with most relish. In the remaining and more strictly narrative portions, however, there are many passages which will excite attention—none the less, that they are, as we have said, full of an intense national spirit, and therefore likely to provoke controversy on the part of British patriotism. One of the favorite topics of Mr. Ingersoll is, the naval superiority of America over England. According to his account, the results of the war here discussed, demonstrated that England can no longer claim the title of Queen of the Seas. This view he supports by a detailed account of the exploits of American privateers against the English navy and merchant ships. It was not only as a maritime nation, however, according to Mr. Ingersoll, that America asserted her character in 1814-15. She exhibited at the same time, he maintains, more particularly in the person of General Jackson—for whom Mr. Ingersoll has a particular regard, and whom he exalts into the character of a truly American hero—her military prowess by land—performing through her volunteers and militia the same feats of superiority over the regular British troops which her fast-sailing privateers enacted over British ships of battle. The peculiarity of America as a belligerent power seems to lie, if we may judge from Mr. Ingersoll's representations, in the immense development which she has given, and is still capable of giving to this system of volunteer warfare both by land and by sea. Leaving this subject, however—a subject calculated to excite bad blood, especially when brought forward in such a vehement and even braggart spirit as Mr. Ingersoll displays—it is more pleasant to follow the author into his discussions as to the influence exerted by America over Europe during the last fifty years in the realm of "ideas." It is America, he maintains, that has furnished, and is still likely to furnish, those new views and doctrines both as to the government of individual States, and as to international law which are likely to penetrate the social mind of the world, and describe in their course the great circle of the globe."

The same paper, on the subject of the probable ratification of the international copyright treaty at Washington, says: "Not only is a great moral wrong set right—a cause of bitterness removed from among men cultivating the same arts—but the one grand impediment to the growth of a national literature in America is hereby cleared away. The result is one in which both countries may well be congratulated—but America will be the greater gainer in the end. For a time, books will perhaps be dearer on that great

continent—English writers will receive some share of the proceeds of their industry, which the consumers will have to pay; but the native writers will, for the first time in their lives, find a profitable market for their productions in their own country; and the effect of this will be, in the long run, that the American mind will come to be nourished from American fountains.”

The following persons have contributed to the Moore monument fund, in England:—Tennyson, two guineas; Hallam, five guineas; Macaulay, five guineas; Rogers, five guineas; Lord John Russell, fifty pounds; Longman and Co., fifty pounds; John Murray, twenty pounds; Moxon, two guineas; Marquis of Lansdowne, twenty-five pounds; Duke of Devonshire, five pounds. The whole sum contributed, thus far, is three hundred and fifty pounds.

In the library of Neander, recently brought to this country, says the *Home Journal*, not a single volume of his own writings could be found, nor scarcely a work merely literary in its character. The latter fact we cannot construe to the credit of Neander, as do some of his admirers.

The same authority informs us that Washington Irving has been occupying himself, during a part of his visit in Washington, with researches in the public offices, for his “Personal Memoirs” of the father of his country.

Currer Bell's (Miss Brontë's) last novel, “*Villette*,” recently republished by the Harpers, is thus spoken of by the *London Literary Gazette*:—“This book would have made Currer Bell famous, had she not so been already. It retrieves all the ground she lost in ‘*Shirley*,’ and it will engage a wider circle of readers than ‘*Jane Eyre*,’ for it has all the best qualities of that remarkable book. There is throughout a charm of freshness, which is infinitely delightful: freshness in observation, freshness in feeling, freshness in expression.”

It is owing to the exertions of Eliza Cook, the poetess, that four hundred pounds have been raised for the purpose of erecting a monument to Thomas Hood. It is added that four distinguished sculptors, applied to, by the committee of the Whittington Club, to execute a monument to Hood, after a design to be supplied by the committee themselves, have declined the commission.

At a late meeting of the London Royal Geographical Society, on Monday, Sir R. I. Murchison communicated the fact that a pension had been obtained by Lord Palmerston for the widow of Mr. Richardson, the lamented fellow-traveller, in Africa, of Dr. Barth, and of the equally lamented Dr. Overweg.

Dr. Edward Stolle, of Berlin, who recently

received the gold medal of the Society of Arts, for his researches and inventions for improving the manufacture of sugar, is about to publish two maps indicating the state of sugar fabrication in the various countries.

Hildreth's *White Slave* has been prohibited at Rome, and is, therefore, in great demand. Another translation of Mrs. Stowe's work has come out under the title of *Papa Tom*, the first being denominated *Zio Tom*.

A daguerreotypist of Paris has proposed to the government to have the likenesses of all persons who would obtain passports taken instantaneously, on paper, by a private invention of his own. A correspondent of one of the New York papers says on the subject:—“I am told that the Prefect of Police has presented the project to the Emperor, and that this plan is to be immediately carried into execution. It will now be impossible for robbers and thieves to kill a man in order to take possession of a passport, which would be of no use to them.” The daguerreotypist will make a good thing of it.

Nathaniel Hawthorne has been appointed Consul at Liverpool. The *Home Journal* thinks, and, we may add, with truth, “that in selecting this lucrative post for his friend, General Pierce has displayed excellent sense. Honor and glory Mr. Hawthorne has already, in abundance. No office whatever could increase his fame, or elevate his position. Money, on the contrary, is the precise commodity of which he stands in need, and money, therefore, has been placed within his reach. To a literary man, pecuniary independence is a blessing beyond estimate. It bestows upon him that leisure in which alone immortal books can be composed, and that freedom from care which he, beyond all other men, requires, for the cheerful elaboration of his works.”

EDITOR'S SANS-SOUCI.

—A new volume of “*BIZARRE*” commences April 16th, from which time it will be published as a WEEKLY. The same form will be preserved, as well as the general features which have marked the work from its commencement, one year ago. In the aggregate of a volume, we shall, under the new arrangement, give an addition of 192 pages of matter; at the same time we shall adhere to old subscription prices, where payments are made in advance. We have published articles already from some of the most distinguished writers of the country, though we have not paraded their names: and have promise for our coming volume of assistance from the same high sources, as well as from others of no less distinction. Appearing of

tener, we shall be enabled to present a fresher record of literature and the arts, as well as a "Sans-Souci" which shall have in it more of things actually passing. Our labors of course will be enhanced; but we look to the public for increased encouragement and support, so that we may prosecute them with the greater vigor. In the past, we have received solid encouragement in kind words and acts from friends; while the fact that we have attracted to our subscription lists many of the most learned, as well as the most respectable of the citizens of Philadelphia and other places, gives us assurance, that we hope not vainly for the future. Touching our pecuniary profits in the past, they have been small enough, if anything; there is a comfort in the thought however, that so far as we can discover, "BIZARRE" has paid its way. Much of our success in this respect has been owing to the liberal advertising patronage bestowed, particularly by eminent book publishers here and in New York. We think these gentlemen have received some *quid pro quo* alone in the fact, that every number of "BIZARRE" has gone to between four and five hundred book-sellers in the country; yet we are satisfied they deserve something more under the circumstances, and the balance due, we here tender in heartfelt gratitude. We trust as they have stood by us when a comparative stranger, they will stick to us now that we are at least an acquaintance, and an acquaintance disposed to serve them. Philadelphia should certainly have one paper with a main literary feature, such as we have endeavored to impart to "BIZARRE;" and we may add, those whose interests are especially identified with such a journal, can certainly lose nothing by continuing to give it a helping hand. It will be printed on the finest paper, and in new and beautiful-faced type, ordered expressly for it. Moreover, each number will be promptly served on subscribers at their places of business or residences as they shall order; while the mailing lists will be despatched with the same promptness as formerly. A few words more: We have noticed, somewhat sharply, certain persons and things, legitimate subjects for criticism; but never with the desire to gratify any private malice. We entered the arena of the press, feeling kindly towards all; and we are not aware that any circumstances which have been tossed up in the sea of time, have calculated to produce any permanent changes on this point in our bosom. To our brethren of the press we feel ourselves deeply indebted, and particularly to the majority of those who reside in Philadelphia. The favorable things they have said of us, have been far beyond our deserts; while the few words that have been written of an opposite character, were probably designed to be serviceable to us. At

any rate, we are willing to think so, and despite these cuffs, to hold forth a friendly hand. Here "BIZARRE" may be understood to walk up to the front of the stage, place his hand upon his heart, and bow himself off after the most approved fashion.

—The following are from the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, (Franklin's paper):—

"October 16, 1729.—And sometime last week, we are informed that one Pills, a fidler, with his wife, was overset in a canoe, near Newtown Creek. The good man, 'tis said, prudently secured his fiddle, and let his wife go to the bottom!"

"February 15, 1731-2.—We hear from the Jersey side, that a man near Sabaikan, being disordered in his senses, protested to his wife that he would kill her immediately if she did not put her tongue into his mouth. She, through fear, complying, he bit off a large piece of it; and, taking it between his fingers, threw it into the fire, with these words: 'Let this be for a burnt offering!'"

"January 11, 1733.—Yesterday being market-day, Watt, who was concerned in the counterfeit money, as mentioned in one of our late papers, received part of his punishment, being whipt, pilloried, and cropt. He behaved so as to move the compassion of the mob, and they did not fling at him—as was expected—neither snow-balls nor any thing else."

"April 17, 1735.—We hear from Chester County, that last week at a vendue there, a man being uncommonly abusive to his wife, upon some trifling occasion, the women formed themselves into a Court, ordered him to be apprehended by their officers and brought to trial: being found guilty, he was condemned to be ducked three times in a neighboring pond, and to have one-half cut off of his hair and beard, (which it seems he wore at full length); and the sentence was accordingly executed to the great diversion of the spectators."

"April 24, 1735.—From Paris.—A woman at Rheims, having had nine husbands and bred up twenty-six children, died there lately, at the age of 102. She was attended to the grave by 153 sons, grand-sons, and great-grandsons; many of the former going upon crutches, or led along blind, and borne down with the weight of old age. She had herself 8 brothers and 13 sisters, all of whom made such good use of their time, that the old woman was aunt and grand-aunt to upwards of one thousand people."

"September 30, 1736.—Thursday last, Wm. Allen, Esq., Mayor of this City for the year past, made a feast for his citizens at the State House, to which all the strangers in town of note were also invited. Those who are judges of such things say that, considering the delicacy of the viands, the variety and excellency

of the wines, the great number of guests, and yet the easiness and order with which the whole was conducted, it was the most grand and the most elegant entertainment that has been made in these parts of America."

—The admirable series of local sketches which we have been publishing for some time past, under the title of "The Romance of Blockley," are suspended for the present; Rev. E. C. Jones, the accomplished author, being prevented from continuing them by sickness in his family. They will be resumed in a short time, possibly in our next number. The reverend author has attained an enviable popularity by these sketches; indeed, it has been said by many, that they fall little, if any, short of Dickens' productions of the same class. The compliments which the press have bestowed on them have been numerous and decided. The editor of the Lancaster "Express," for instance, speaks of them as a well-written series of papers; and adds, that they increase in interest with each number. The author intends, when these papers are concluded in "BIZARRE," to collect them and publish them in book form, and we think the purpose is a wise one. Meantime, we trust those who are near and dear to him, and who are now suffering from indisposition, will be speedily restored to perfect health, and that we shall again see the smiling face of our highly-esteemed friend at the Sanctum.

—The April number of "Putnam's Magazine," which Messrs. Getz, Buck & Co. have handed to us, has another article on the pretensions of Rev. Eleazer Williams to the Dauphinship of France. It is interesting, especially as containing a letter from the secretary of the Prince de Joinville, who, on the part of his "noble master," denies certain important features of an interview had with the Prince on the western lakes, as related by Mr. Williams, wherein that reverend individual was informed of his being truly the Dauphin as aforesaid. The question hence arises, who is to be believed?—Prince Eleazer or Prince de Joinville? Apropos: the whole of this story about a Bourbon being among us, in the person of Rev. Mr. Williams, is a rehash of an old tale started many years ago in the "Democratic Review," and causing then, little, if any excitement. Putnam has reproduced it, and, clever publisher that he is, it has brought grist to his mill, which will, perhaps, be the means of making the fortunes of his magazine. The work should have been established on the strength of its high literary and critical merits, independent of clap-trap; but "shall be" is by no manner of means a consequence of "should be," in estimating the "to be" of a new publication. The public want bright colors, startling stories, something that gives an

electrical shock, to get them in the track; when you once have them there, whether you propel them with steam, or caloric, or donkey power, is a matter which does not concern them. Putnam says, he has already a circulation of 30,000. If this be true—and no publisher, of course, over-rates his edition!—the success of his magazine is wonderful; such, indeed, as to make the great Cliff Street house look to their laurels.

—We have a superb opera *troupe* here at present, with Sontag as Prima Donna, and Badiali, Pozzolini, Rocco, and others of merit, as accessories. The National Theatre is the arena for the performances of this *troupe*—the best place (with shame be it said) to be had in such a city as Philadelphia. All the ingredients of the *troupe* are good—the orchestra and chorus included—the latter having Carl Eckert for director, and Herr Noll for leader. The first opera presented was "La Sonnambula," and a fitting introduction was it to what promises to be a splendid whole. It is our purpose to devote a slice of "BIZARRE" to notices of opera, a portion of our readers being opera-goers; and moreover the public naturally expects something on the subject from a work devoted to the higher branches of art, as ours professes to be. What may be said, will be honestly said; and hence, with a single design to do exact and equal justice. As our notices of the current literature of the times have been candid, so shall be those which concern music, and indeed all subjects involving criticism. A desire has been expressed that Madam Sontag and her entire *troupe*, should give concerts while in the city; many persons desiring to hear them who are unwilling to visit a theatre. No doubt, too, she will gratify the public in this respect, and at the old scene of her triumphs, the Musical Fund Hall; the best adapted place for entertainments of the kind, which the country offers.

—The city papers have been recently filled with notices of the trial of Arthur Spring, the murderer of Mrs. Lynch and Mrs. Shaw, unquestionably one of the most unblushing villains of the day. We got a glimpse of the prisoner as he sat in the dock; while his son, too, was giving in his testimony; and we shall never forget the peculiar expression which, during the long examination, his countenance wore. Once or twice he smiled derisively as the boy told the tale of horror, and once he indulged in a hollow laugh. For a moment the boy paused, and there was a sensible impression produced upon the whole court-room. A laugh from a man, too, whose hands were red with innocent blood, and who was even then listening to a recountal of the butchery from the lips of his own son! Hell never prompted a mockery of more atrocious quality. Arthur

Spring has more butcheries than one lying at his door, we are convinced; and it is possible the scaffold, when he stands upon it, will bring them to light. We shall see.

—"Putnam's Magazine" for April has an extraordinary poetical effort, called "The Mill-Pond". The subject of this poem is decidedly a fever-and-agueish one. Observe this Mill-Pond is:

"Clear, and calm, and still as death,
Save where the south-wind's blurring breath,
Like an angel's pinion, fluttereth."

Think of things being clear, calm, and still as death! think of standing on the banks of a fresh-water pond, which,

"The south wind moveth, but maketh no noise,
Nor ever disturbeth the delicate poise
Of the little fishing-floats, the boys
Sit idly watching on log and ledge:
It toucheth but softly the languid sedge,
Drooping all day o'er the water's edge."

Dullness here is personified; dullness fed by scene and atmosphere of the most unhealthy qualities. The blood must become stagnant; indeed, we are not sure that there is not bilious-fever in the locality; especially as it has—

"Thicketts, shady and cool."

Very unhealthy those shady and cool thickets, the doctors will tell you; especially, when near a mill-pond. You see sights here though according to our poet; yes sights, which make you forget you are drinking in death; for in those trickets, "Shady and cool,"

"The white sheep tear their tender wool;
Pensive and calm, one snowy lamb
Stands sighing beside the grassy dam;
Shaking and breaking the heavy boughs,
The limber colts and the sober cows
Down from the woody hillside come,
To lave in the wave, and hark to the hum
Of the waterfall, beating its airy drum."

The "sighing lamb," the "limber colts," the "sober cows," a water-fall beating an "airy drum" to its own humming! Such a combination of curious sights and sounds would, could they be collected, largely add to the fortunes of our excellent friend Barnum. Thanks to the poet for a change from such languor-distilling scenes; thanks to him for imparting activity to our sluggish, swollen liver, by carrying us rapidly to the Mill-Pond.

"When the angry March winds blow,
And rain descends, and freshets flow
In torrent and rill from mountain and hill,
And the ponderous wheels from the sunken mill
Go round and round, with a sullen sound,
Rumbling, mumbling, half under ground,—
Hoarsely the waterfall singeth all day,
And the waters are streaked with marl and clay,
Obscure, impure, black, greenish, and gray."

There is a bold change for you. Don't you feel like a new man? With a "rumbling," "mumbling," semi-subterranean sound; the

water no longer humming like a devil's darning-needle, or blue bottle-fly; but singing as hoarsely as an opera man who has got the influenza, to charm you. Oh, fortunate diablerie of the muse! That change from sultry summer to boisterous spring, has saved us a doctor's bill.

—The Prince and Princess Murat, late of Bordentown, have inaugurated their new hotel, Rue de Rivoli, in Paris, where they have given a grand *soirée*, at which were invited all the political and diplomatic *sourmatis*. Princess Mathilde, Princess Cumarati, Princess Bacchiochi, all the Bonapartes, and many men and ladies of rank were present; but among the Americans, the only persons present were Mr. Rives, his family, and the Secretary of Legation.

—A correspondent of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, who writes from New Grenada, where Santa Anna has resided since his expulsion from his own country, remarks that—"Although he was beaten by us, (the French,) before serving as a pedestal, by his defeats, for the glory of the American generals, he retains no unpleasant feelings towards France, to which he may ascribe even the loss of his limb. *His whole hatred is concentrated upon the United States.*" Well may the wooden-leg hero hate Americans. He comes by the feeling in a most natural way, through the affairs of San Jacinto and Buena Vista, as well as those of the city of Mexico.

—A foreign correspondent of one of the papers, says:—"It is for a moment to be wondered at that the projected assassination of sovereigns has of late years been a matter of frequent occurrence, whilst, (if my memory serves me right,) no such an attempt has ever been made on the life of an American President," and adds:—"The reason is obvious. Emperors, kings, and queens, are no longer *a la mode*. Like powder, Hessian boots, and knee unwhisperables, royalty should long since have been replaced. We would have free and enlightened governments, far less expensive, and better calculated to insure the prosperity of nations, than the presumed exercise of "divine grace," which thrusts the most callous-hearted, blood-thirsty miscreants upon European thrones, and gives them power to crush the best impulses of man beneath the savage yoke of their abominable despotisms."

—We learn by London papers that the Koh-i-Noor diamond (that looked in the Great Exhibition like a dingy chandelier drop) has now—after an expenditure of £2,000 in bringing it to light—been finally set in an exquisite circle of small diamonds, and made the "Mountain of Light" on a most graceful tiara of diamonds for the brow of Queen Victoria. The "Athenæum" says:

—"To show a jewel of this character to numbers, and to due advantage, is impossible; but by the kind invitation of Mr. Garrard, of the Haymarket, we had the opportunity of examining and admiring it before it was sent on Friday week in its new setting to Buckingham Palace. The old setting as worn by Runjeet Singh has been preserved, with beautiful counterfeits of the stones as they were seen on the arm of the Lion of Lahore. The large rubies surrendered to Great Britain on the same occasion remain, with their Persian inscription untouched—as we hope indeed they will long remain."

—It is said, that "Oberon" will be the opening opera for the coming season at Covent Garden, London. Ere long, however, we shall have Mr. Gye's *programme*. Mdle. Bosio and Castellani are engaged.

—We are indebted to some one of the honorable M. C.'s, for a copy of Senator Seward's speech on our "Relations with Mexico, &c.," but the Hebrew-like chirography on the envelope prevents us from saying which. Just as much obliged, nevertheless. Senator Seward is a brilliant man, and if he had left abolition alone, might have made a formidable opponent for General Pierce during the last canvass. It was about his time. A gentleman—who shall be nameless, and who sits within touch of our pen as we write—says he lived a number of years within six or seven miles of Seward's home, in western New York, and always looked upon him, though then only a clever country lawyer, as destined to cut a big figure in the world.

—A notice of the exquisite group of statuary, at St. Stephen's Church, will appear in our next. It is the work of Steinhäusser, and as many think, is his masterpiece. The subject is a glorious one, and it has been gloriously treated.

—The third and last paper on "Autographs"—containing notices of prominent collectors of the same, both in Philadelphia and other American cities, with their specialities—necessarily lies over till *number one* of the new volume. It is a production of great value. We shall give articles hereafter frequently of the same kind, and from the same competent pen. The author also promises us a series of translations from the Russian.

—Madam Sontag, and the principal members of her *troupe*, were at St. Augustine's Church on Sunday the 27th ult., and attracted no little attention. We learn that a grand Mass will be performed there on Sunday the 10th of the present month, in which the illustrious Prima Donna, Pozzolini, Badiali, and the other distinguished artists she has with her, will take a part.

—"Ragged Schools" are occupying considerable attention at present, in New York and Philadelphia. The movement is a good

one, and Mr. Duganne's paper warmly engaged in the cause—viz: "the Ragged School Reporter"—ought to be encouraged. We do not like the name by which these schools are designated. It indicates an invidious classification of the scholars attending, which cannot be altogether acceptable; it is a mark of dependence, of penury, indeed, which in itself keeps down many a spirit that is disposed to mount. The pride of the human heart is often an obstacle to progress, particularly in enterprises of this kind. The name is of English origin, as is the reform which it indicates, and it does very well in England, where institutions of government give distinctiveness to each grade of society, and where rags are hence claimed by those who wear them, as a badge of class. "Industrial Schools," or something of the kind, should be the title. We shall return to this subject again.

—A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from Naples under a late date says: that among the attractions of the evening, at a réunion of Americans, were the songs of Mrs. Eastcote, who is at present prima donna at the Nuovo, and creating a great *furor* in the city. The correspondent adds:—"She is an American—from Springfield, Mass., I believe, and is decidedly a charming artiste. It is thought by some no small honor for an American to become so eminent in song-singing Italy; and that on her return to her native land she will create a great sensation; I suppose, in that as in other things, the prophet is not without honor, &c."

—We have received another letter from Grant Thorburn, including an article lately written by him for the New York "Observer," and which we would gladly copy, had we the space.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED, AWAITING NOTICE.

"Stray Yankee in Texas."—Redfield, New York.

"Nick of the Woods." do. do.

"Elements of the Laws."—Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

"Harry Muir."—D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Brass Founder's Guide."—A. Hart, Philadelphia.

"The Monarchist." do. do.

BOUND VOLUMES, &c.—It should be remembered by those who bind up the volume which concludes with this number, that the advertisements are so arranged that they can readily be detached. In this connection, by the way, we would add that we are prepared to furnish volume two, neatly bound, at a low rate, or to get subscribers' volumes bound for them probably at much more reasonable rates than they themselves can.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLISHERS' BIZARRE.

MANAGER PERHAM, it will be seen from the papers, proposes giving away \$12,000 in gifts, to all such as bring dollar tickets of admission to his panorama of California, within the coming few weeks. This is a great bargain, as, in addition to your chance of obtaining a panorama, priced at \$10,000, or a gold watch worth \$100, or something else of minor value, you have four admissions to the exhibition. The enterprise is in good hands, and will, unquestionably, be carried out to the letter. Manager Perham is a worthy and industrious man, and we may add, deserves all the good luck he enjoys. There is some talk of his establishing a museum in Philadelphia. He must go to England first, however, he says, in order to exhibit his famous Seven-Mile Mirror of the Lakes, Upper and Lower Canada, &c., an effort which has nettled him since it came into his hands, somewhere between twenty-five and seventy-five thousand dollars.

LET us briefly say to-day of our intelligent friend, Wm. T. Fry, Arch street above Sixth, that he has many things suitable for gifts, such as elegantly finished and furnished enamel work-boxes, dressing-cases, reticules, and indeed all kinds of toilet articles. He has also superior razors, exquisite perfumes, fragrant soaps, and more than all the superior *Fine pen*. His store, like some of the best men, has a very unostentatious exterior. Strangers who come to Philadelphia the present Spring, should hunt Fry out. They can buy goods of him lower than they can be had at many other establishments in town.

COL. MAURICE, at 108 Chestnut street, comes in for extraordinary praises on all hands, and particularly from those who know him well. He commenced life a poor boy, and has raised himself up, inch by inch, until he now stands upon the top-most landing of the stair-flight of life. He contemplates, we are told, leaving the old place he has so long occupied, having secured the spacious and elegant brown-stone building above Franklin Place, on the opposite side of the street. His stock of stationery will, of course, be greatly enlarged. He will retain his old prices, which are of the lowest stamp.

CONRAD MEYER'S piano rooms continue to be in Fourth street, below Chestnut, where they are daily visited by a large number of customers, and from all parts of the Union. Meyer makes, as is well known, one of the best pianos to be obtained in the world. His reputation, too, is not simply confined to this country, but widely known in Europe. He obtained a medal at the London World's Exposition, and has received the most honorable testimonials from various quarters of England and the Continent. His instruments are of superior tone, and then, they are of most durable quality. They retain their freshness and elasticity for years. If there is any reader who doubts what we say about Meyer and his pianos, let him go to his place and judge for himself.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

BIZARRE has now a large circulation, which is constantly increasing. Each number goes to from four to five hundred booksellers, in various parts of the country. The more genteel classes of the city and districts are constantly ordering the work, with back numbers. We have volume one, bound in a substantial style, which we can sell for \$1.25 the copy. Copies of the same, in richer binding, we sell at \$1.50 each. We will send copies by mail, in the first named style, for \$1.37½ and in the last for \$1.62½, free of postage.

BIZARRE.—This is a semi-monthly periodical, issued

at Philadelphia, but for sale here by Sherman and Adair, No. 2 Astor House. It contains papers similar in aim to those of Household Words, together with literary notices, news, gossip, etc. Mr. Church was formerly a resident of New York, where he was held in deservedly high repute as a writer and as a gentleman.—*Morris and Willis' Home Journal*.

The Philadelphia "Bizarre," conducted by J. M. Church Esq., is one of the most agreeable publications that reaches our centre-table. Mr. Church, as most of our readers are aware, is an exceedingly graceful writer.—*Prov. General Advertiser*.

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VL ab.

